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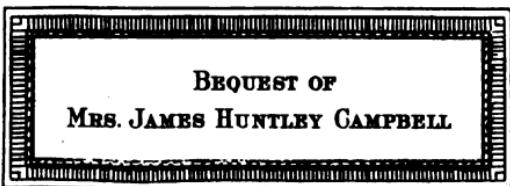
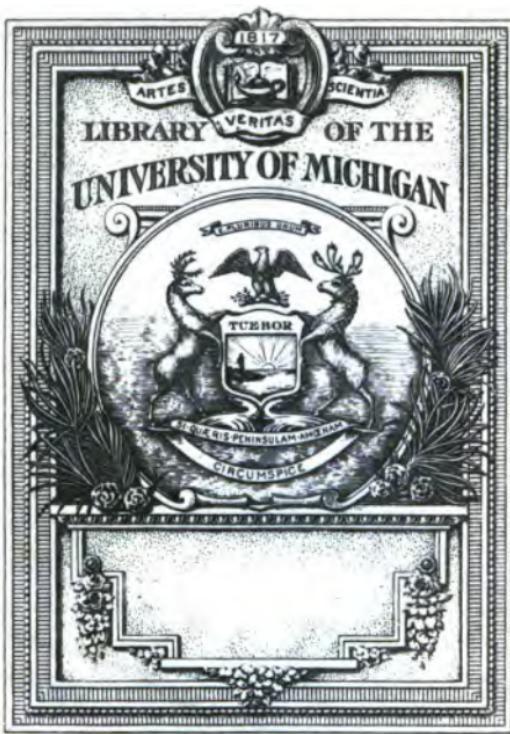
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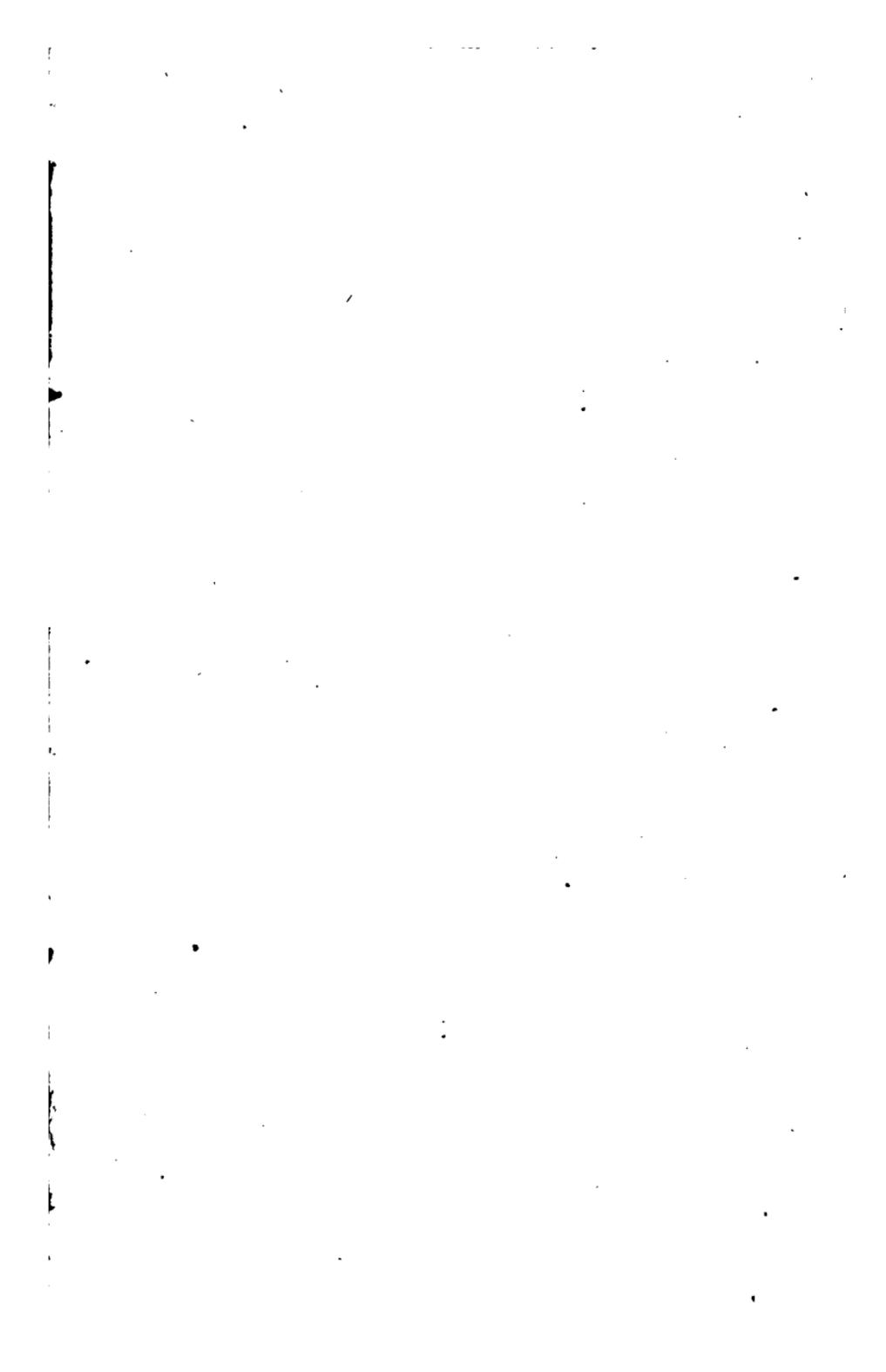
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H. M. Chamberlain, Esq.
from his friend — — — — —
Wm B. Tappan.
March 11 1840.











William B. Tappan







THE POET'S TRIBUTE.

Poems of
WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.



T. Moore, Boston.

"The same thy hills and dells, those skies the same.
Of rich October - and the same gray walls.
Reared in New England's infancy are those."

Brookline. Page 258.

BOSTON.

PUBLISHED BY D. S. KING AND CROCKER & BREWSTER.

1840.



THE POET'S TRIBUTE.

POEMS

OF



WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

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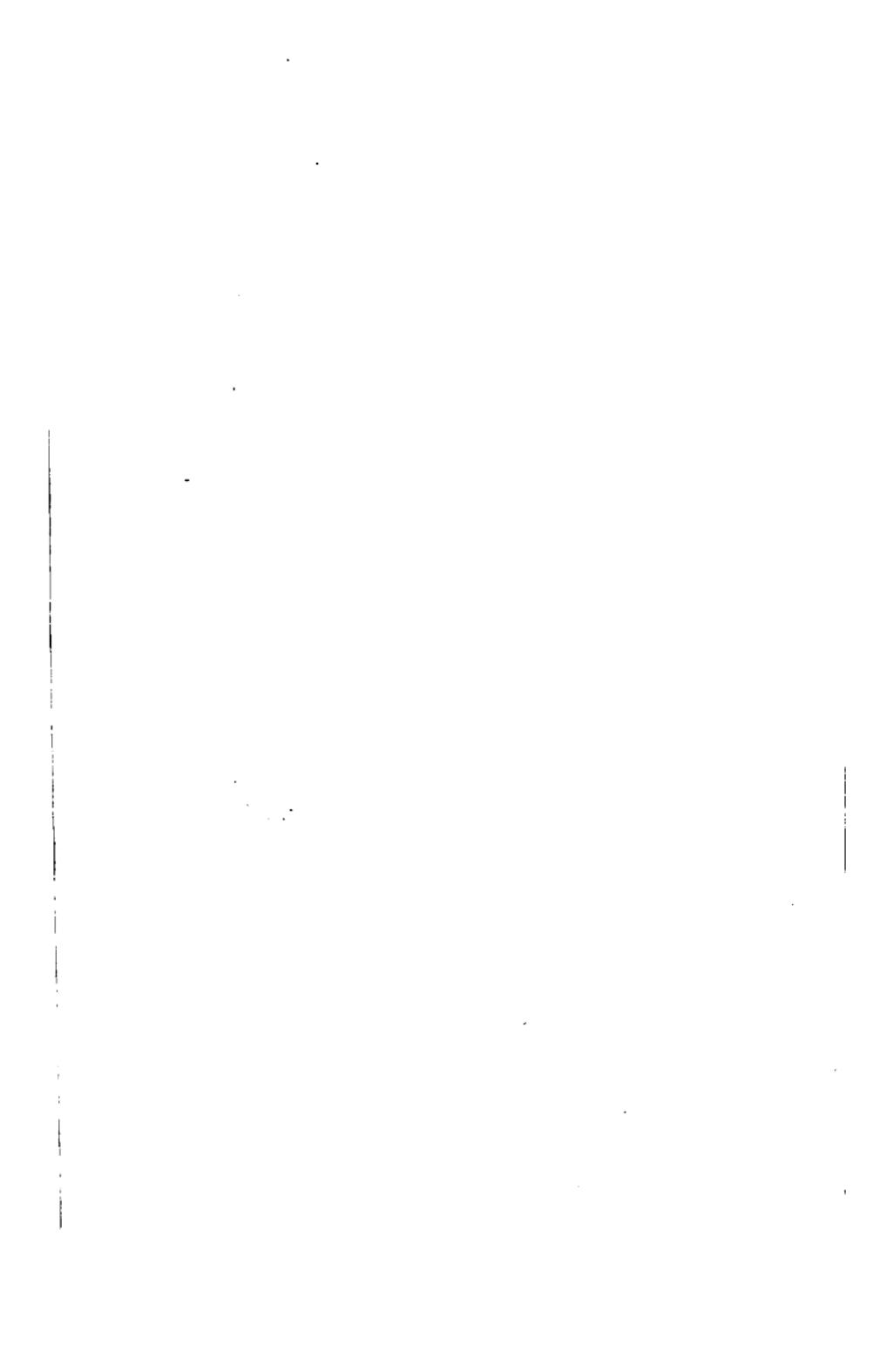
EVERY sound poet, who does justice to his own faculties, and to the great subjects prepared for their exercise, is of a sacred order. Let us not, then, seek to limit the sphere of the child of song, save by a deep sense of the worthiness and responsibility of his calling. Free let him remain to shift his delighted "glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;"—to expatriate, unfettered, wherever nature invites, or imagination bears him.—*Introductory Essay to Sacred Poetry of the Seventeenth Century.*

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WIFE AND COMPANION! — WILT THOU TAKE FROM ME
THIS BOOK, A TRIBUTE TO OLD LOVE AND THEE?



Bequest of
Mrs. James Huntley Campbell
2-9-1935

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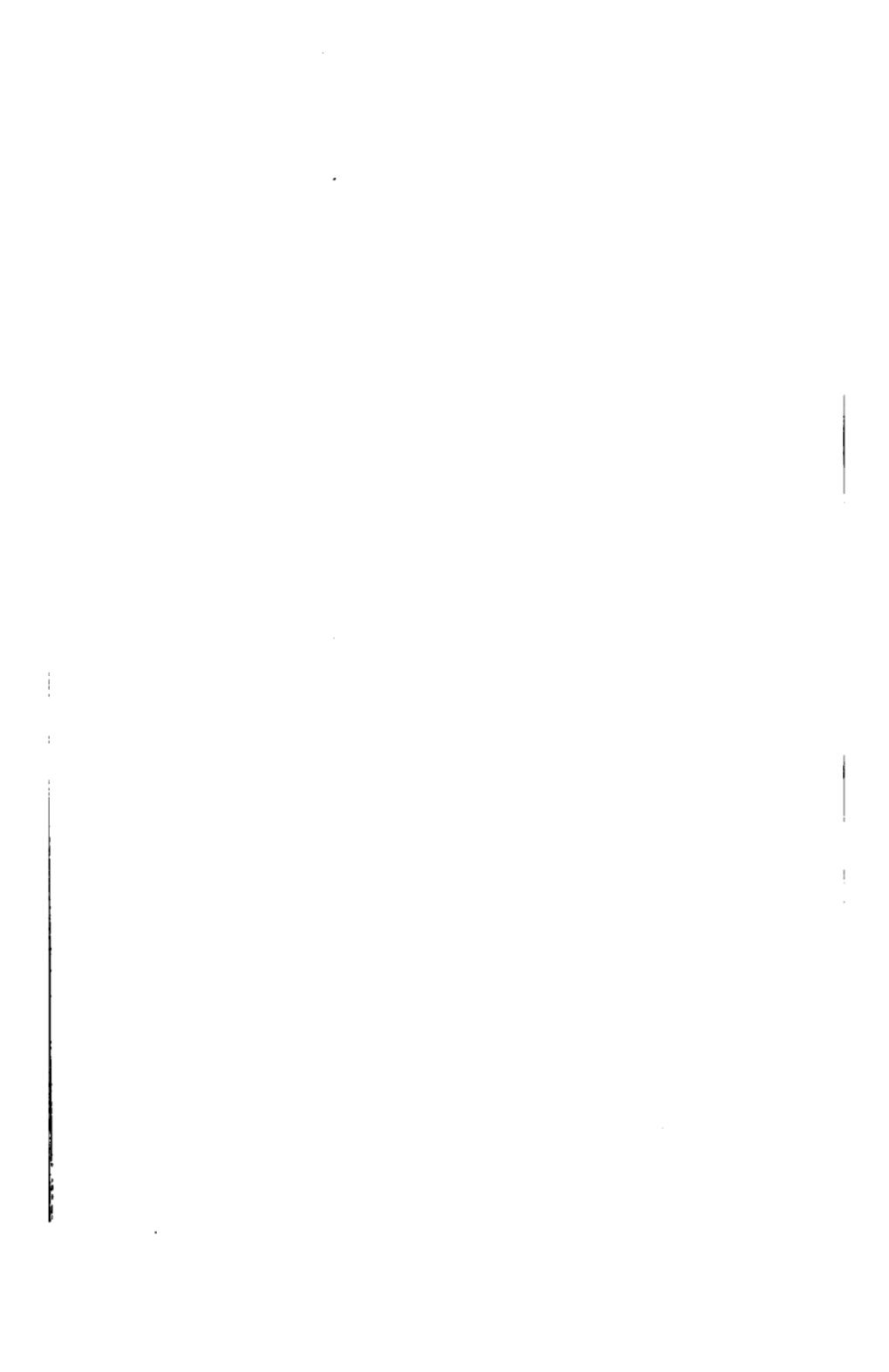
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P O E M S.

THE GOOD WINE.

Oh ! thou only God of wine,
Comfort this poor heart of mine,
With that nectar of thy blood.

Alexander Rosse, 1650.

WINE of Cyprus, not for me,
Thou, nor juice of Italy ;
Nor Atlantic's luscious pride,
From Madeira's sunny side ;
Nor from Caprea's royal hoard,
Nor from Lisbon's modern board,
Nor from elder Egypt's crypt,
Which Mark Antony hath stripped —
Nor from Rhine or laughing France,
Where Garonne's blue ripples dance,
Nor from banks of classic river,
Winding Po or Guadalquiver.

All the grapes in vintage crushed,
Could not satisfy my thirst ;
Purple flood in chrysolite,
Where it moves itself aright,

Freely poured in princely hall,
 Sparkling at high festival,
 Well refined, or on the lees,
 Could not my ambition please ;
 Draught that passing pleasure brings,
 Leaving ever during stings.

When my lips the beaker kiss,
 I have other wine than this,
 Taken from the fruitful hill,
 Which doth live in poesy still ;
 Where for vine, a cross of wood,
 Guarded by the Roman, stood ;
 Whose rich spoil was gathered when
 Triumphed hell and triumphed men :
 Crushed and mangled was whose grape,
 While the heavens looked agape,
 And in sackcloth hid — whose wine
 Streaming, dimmed the mid-day's shine,
 Fermented in nature's sigh,
 Ripened in the earthquake's cry.

How it stirs my languid blood !
 How it cheers my soul, like food !
 Drink, ye kings ! and cares forget,
 Drink, ye sad ! and triumph yet.
 Drink, ye aged ! strength renew,
 Drink, ye children ! 'tis for you.
 Drink, ye pilgrims ! while 'tis nigh —
 Drink, nor in the desert die.
 Drink, ye fainting ! thirst ye never,
 Drink, ye dying ! live for ever.

WOMAN.

By Woman's words to man so well seducing,
 Came sin's accursed entrance and our wo;
 She, the unhallowed science introducing,
 Of good, forbidden, taught us ill to know.

By Woman's lips were first the accents spoken
 To cheer a world whose hope was in the grave;
 That Jesus had the three-days slumber broken,
 And, rising, showed that He was strong to save.

She, from free Eden to the earth's dark prison,
 Led Adam by the flattery of her tongue;
 She unto Peter told, "the Lord is risen!"
 In melody like that to sweet harps strung.

By Woman, then, though sometimes cometh sorrow,
 (And who of mortals is exempt from this?)
 By Woman's love, besides the hope of morrow,
 There's full fruition of the present bliss.

She, in life's sunshine, will increase life's pleasure
 By social converse, and the charms of mind;
 She, in affliction, will be found a treasure,
 To soothe the heart and banish care, unkind.

She, in youth's journey, from the wayside flower
 Will pluck the thorn, lest it should give thee pain;
 In age still constant, and in death's last hour
 A helper when all other help is vain.

Go, then, ye heartless ! to whom Woman never
 Brings up pure images of peace and home,
 And fireside joys, and faithful care, whenever
 Pale Sickness seizes, or afflictions come ;

Go to that selfish love the cold world offers,
 And find your solace, if indeed ye can ;
 For me, I'll ever seek, despising scoffers,
 Her virtuous smile — God's richest boon to man !

THE CHOIR.

I WENT to Chapel some few Sundays since
 In Chatham street, New York ; a stranger there,
 And yet at home within those hallowed walls
 Where all are welcome. It was early yet,
 So I awhile surveyed the edifice,
 Admiring at the growth of piety,
 Or growth of that fair city, which had changed
 Its Theatres to temples. Soon the seats,
 Spacious, and free to poor and rich alike,
 Were filled. The holy man of God his place
 Ascended ; silence reigned and hearts seemed hushed
 At consciousness that Jesus was within ;
 When presently the Choir, whose ample place,
 Unwonted, was behind the sacred desk,
 And in full view of worshippers, began :
He dies ! the Friend of Sinners dies !

In low

And sweetly plaintive notes, in which I thought
 The very soul of harmony spake out,
 Did many voices, well attuned, reply
 Subduingly — *Here's love beyond degree!*
 So rich, so melancholy, and so soft
 The strains that rose and fell upon the ear, —
 So fitly modulation of the tones
 Was married to the language, blending sense
 With melody, and to the heart and head
 Conveying truly, sweetly, mournfully,
 The import, — that my soul was satisfied,
 And yet was troubled. Could I help but go
 With the sad story? — could I help but hear
 The voice of Salem's daughters, as they wept? —
 Or could I then resist the plaintive call:
 “Come, saints, and drop a tear or two for Him
 Who groaned beneath your load!” — Could I refrain
 From joyful tears, as the triumphant burst
 Gave token that the God had left the tomb,
 And risen, Conqueror and King? —

I gazed

Upon the leader of this wondrous power
 Of minstrelsy concentrate, as he sat
 Midst of the choir, upon the farthest seat,
 And highest — the spirit he of music
 Personified. His frame, obedient to
 The stirring impulse of the mellow sounds,
 Involuntarily bent, now at the close,
 Symphonious, and now to full extent

Expanded, as pealed up the harmony,
 While every nerve and every fibre seemed
 Compelled to the sweet service. He, I saw—
 Blest necromancer—had infused his soul
 Into the soul of each, and each as one,
 Gave voice,—one master spirit moving all.

It speeds devotion, when intelligence
 And skill, and piety, in concord join,
 Producing music. Softened by its power,
 The heart flows forth, and meekly entertains
 The gospel message. Let not tuneless choirs,
 Where life is not, nor melody, nor taste,
 Essay the lofty praises of the King :—
 For to his shrines should such false fire be brought,
 'Twould mar the sacrifice. How heavily,
 How wearily would grieved Devotion's wing
 Soar then ! New unction must the soul require,
 If thus disturbed, to worship God aright.

BETTER THOUGHTS.

“A WEARY world,” forever cry
 The stricken, troubled, and the sad ;
 And openly, alike the bad,
 Alike the good, in secret sigh ;
 And “weary, weary world,” is still
 The burden in their song of ill.

Aforetime, I have strung some lays
 In idleness, to theme like this ;
 And shut my wilful eyes on bliss,
 That round me lay in' noontide blaze ;
 And chose the darkness which, in stour,
 Fancy beheld around me lower.

Well pleased me then to say or sing,
 " This world is all a fleeting show ; "
 And all its joys, as well as wo,
 Are sombre as the raven's wing,
 And flat as dreams of folly past,
 That charm awhile, and cheat at last.

I've wiser grown ; and this fair world
 Seems fraught with something of the grace,
 Which God inscribed upon its face,
 When he the lovely planet hurled
 Away, — as Time began his years, —
 To join the dances of the spheres.

" My heart leaps up," when I am fanned
 By morning's fragrance-laden air ;
 How blessed is the night ! how fair
 The landscape where I spy His hand !
 The hill and vale have charms for me ;
 The river, and the broad blue sea.

Yes ! and its fields, and fruits, and flowers,
 Its sun, and stars, and glorious frame,
 Now tell me of the Maker's name.

I read it in the flying hours,
 I feel it in the summer's glow,
 'Tis spangled on the winter's snow.

His love I welcome in the joy
 Of friendship, and I need not roam
 For sweeter proof; my humble home,
 Where pleasures dwell that never cloy,
 Where peace has dove-like wing unfurled,
 Tells me 'tis not a "weary" world.

"Sin makes it weary;" true, yet here
 Thy argument doth blindly halt;
 'Tis not the world, but man's in fault;
 And were to such the heavens brought near,
 And could sin there one moment dwell,
 Heaven would be but a "weary" hell.

And spirit! can that weary be,
 Disgusting, vexing, on whose front
 (Too deeply writ for ruin's brunt,
 Or change,) stands thy eternity?
 This, on which spleen in judgment sat,
 Thy one probation-place for that!

God never wrought with ill intent,
 Nor vainly; and this glorious world,
 O'er which his starry skies are curled,
 O'er which his bow of love is bent—
 Scene of his Son's accomplished plan—
 Is not a "weary" world for man.

I'll love it, and with holy love ;
 For its high mysteries will employ
 Thought, language, love, in worlds of joy.
 There — and such be my bliss above ! —
 Earth has sweet portion in the soul,
 And shall, as countless ages roll.

CHARITY.

“ Go, heal the sick, go, raise the dead,”
 The Saviour to the Seventy said ; —
 They straightway spread abroad the flame
 Of sacred Mercy, in his name.

Lord, we are not commissioned thus ;
 To quell disease is not for us ;
 We cannot bid insensate dust
 To rise, and tomb and cerement burst.

But we can cheer the dwelling, where
 Is found the son of want and care ;
 And smooth the couch on which at last
 The daughter of despair is cast.

And we may hush the orphan's fear,
 And wipe away the widow's tear :
 Win back the wand'ring and undone,
 And clothe and feed the needy one.

Thus seeking such as thou didst know,
 Who wast companion, too, of wo ;
 Thus following paths thyself didst tread,
 Who often raised the drooping head ;

Humbled, if, when the blessed stand
 In judgment at thy high right hand,
 We hear thee say, " Whatever ye
 Have done to these, ye did to Me."

THE FARM SCHOOL,

ON THOMPSON'S ISLAND, BOSTON HARBOR.

'Tis well to gather from your street
 The children of neglect,
 And teach them, in this fair retreat,
 To win deserved respect ;
 And train the twig, so early bent
 To vice, by culture kind ;
 And look for fruit of your intent—
 The tree aright inclined.

'Tis well to snatch from Penury's den
 Its hapless child, and show
 Humanity is godlike, when
 It softens human wo.

'Tis well—for ye of Misery's tomb
 Have burst the iron bars,
 And called up slumbering mind, to bloom
 Above the fading stars!

I marked each youthful eye, and saw
 High purpose kindle there;
 I saw the future statesman, or
 One who shall venture where
 The wise, in elder years have stood;
 Or him, whose honors won
 Shall throne his name among the good,
 His country's choicest son.

Or, moulded here in honest ways,
 And led in ductile youth—
 One who shall fearless go in praise
 And battle for the truth;
 Or go to prove how surely peace
 Lies fallow on the soil,
 When skill and care insure increase
 To crown the yeoman's toil.

I read each look of intellect,
 And Heaven I thanked again,
 That from lost hopes and households wrecked,
 Such treasures yet remain;
 And prayed that those who, still in tears,
 Tread paths of want and sin,
 The thousands of unripened years—
 Might here be garnered in.

THE CHILD OF THE TOMB;

A STORY OF NEWBURYPORT.

The following fact is found in Knapp's "Life of Lord Dexter."

WHERE WHITEFIELD sleeps, remembered, in the dust,
The lowly vault held once a double trust;
And PARSONS, reverend name, that quiet tomb
Possessed — to wait the day of weal and doom.
Another servant of the living God,
PRINCE, who (bereft of sight) his way had trod,
Unerringly and safe, life's journey through—
Now sought admittance to these slumberers too.
As earth receded, and the mansions blest
Rose on his vision — "Let my body rest
With Whitefield's," — said he, yielding up his breath,
In life beloved, and not disjoined in death.
Obedient to his wish, in order then
Were all things done; the tomb was oped to ken
Of curious eyes — made ready to enclose
Another tenant in its hushed repose:
And, lighted with a single lamp, whose ray
Fell dimly down upon the mouldering clay,
Was left, prepared, to silence as of night,
Till hour appointed for the funeral rite.

It chanced, the plodding teacher of a school —
A man of whim, bold, reckless, yet no fool —
Deemed this an opportunity to test

How far the fears of spirits might infest
 The bosom of a child. A likely boy,
 The choicest of his flock, a mother's joy,
 He took, unscrupulous of means, if he
 His ends might gain, and solve the mystery.

Both stood within the mansion of the dead,
 And while the stripling mused, the teacher fled,
 Leaving the child, where the dull cresset shone
 With the dumb relics and his God alone.
 As the trap-door fell suddenly, the stroke,
 Sullen and harsh, his solemn revery broke.
 Where is he? — Barred within the dreadful womb
 Of the cold earth — the living in the tomb!
 The opened coffins showed Death's doings, sad —
 The awful dust in damps and grave-mould clad.
 Though near the haunt of busy, cheerful day,
 He, to drear night and solitude the prey!
 Must he be watcher with these corpses! — Who
 Can tell what sights may rise? Will reason then be true?
 Must he, — a blooming, laughter-loving child, —
 Be mated thus? — The thought was cruel, wild!
 His knees together smote, as first, in fear,
 He gazed around his prison; — then a tear
 Sprang to his eyes in kind relief; and said
 The little boy, “ *I will not be afraid.*
Was ever spirit of the good man known
To injure children whom it found alone? ”
 And straight he taxed his memory, to supply
 Stories and texts, to show he *might* rely
 Most safely, humbly, on his Father's care —

Who hears a child's as well as prelate's prayer.
 And thus he stood — on Whitefield's form his glance
 In reverence fixed — and hoped deliverance.

Meanwhile, the recreant teacher, — where was he ?
 Gone in effrontery to take his tea.
 With the lad's mother ! — Supper done, he told
 Thefeat that should display her son as bold.
 With eye indignant, and with words of flame,
 How showers that mother scorn, rebuke, and shame !
 And bids him haste ! and hastens herself, to bring
 Him from Death's realm who knew not yet its sting :
 And yet believed — so well her son she knew —
 The noble boy would to himself be true :
 He would sustain himself, and she should find
 Him patient and possessed, she trusted well his mind.

The boy yet lives — and from that distant hour
 Dates much of truth that on his heart hath power ; —
 And chiefly this — whate'er of wit is wed
 To word of his — *to reverence the dead.*

SATURDAY EVENING.

My God ! this hour doth thought invite,
 That bird-like would for shelter flee,
 Tired with its six-days' weary flight —
 To fold its wings, and rest with Thee.

I long to soar above the vain
 And false delights that compass me !
 Break, Lord, the world's entangling chain,
 And set the joyful captive free.

'Tis said the time ere that which brings
 The early blush of Sabbath light,
 Is never vexed by evil things,
 Is ne'er disturbed by fiends of night;
 So like that hour, I fain would choose
 My soul to be — its calm delight
 So deep — that Folly must refuse
 To stay, and Sin be loath to fright.

Sweet Evening ! whose delightful air
 Already scents of Sabbath gales ;
 Refresh me ! cheer me ! and repair
 The vigor that so often fails ;
 And fit me for the morrow's toil
 In gardens where the soul inhales
 Rich fragrance, gathering flowery spoil
 On rosy hills, in liled vales.

If such the prospects that may pass
 Before a pilgrim here below,
 Who gazes through the shepherd's glass,
 The far celestial scenes to know —
 How glorious, waking from the dream
 Of life's delusions, care and wo,
 Must that high world of beauty seem
 Whose earthly glimpses ravish so !

THE SABBATH.

The day that God calls his, make not thine own
 By sports, or play, though 'tis a custom grown ;
 God's day of mercy whoso doth profane,
 God's day of judgment doth for him remain.

MS. Poetry of the Seventeenth Century.

Joy for the Sabbath day !
 Day of all days the best, —
 Toil ! with thy thousand cares, away !
 I seek its hallowed rest.
 When virgin Earth was young,
 The word that blest it came ;
 With trumpet's voice the mandate rung
 From Sinai's hill of flame.

Joy for the Sabbath hours !
 My soul, think on thy vow ;
 Lie trembling, ye tumultuous powers !
 Tread softly, worldlings, now !
 This Resurrection Morn
 Broke ancient Midnight's spell,
 When ONE of lowly woman born,
 Spoiled Death and eager Hell.

Up, for retirement's haunt !
 The solemn, secret place,
 Where God supplies the spirit's want
 With treasures of his grace.

Its hushed and early hour
 Invites prevailing men ;
The Sabbath day-break ! — Oh, there's power
 With Him to wrestle then.

Up ! where Devotion waits,
 Where the bowed heart adores ;
 Be lifted, oh, ye temple gates !
 Be opened, joyful doors !
 There, at the organ's peal,
 And choir's melodious tone
 Of rising anthem, humbly kneel
 Before thy Father's throne.

Up ! for the paschal feast —
 The bread and wine are here ;
 Thou, whom thy heart esteems as least,
 Art welcome to the cheer.
 The spousals of the King
 And Church are held to-day ;
 Thy willing gift of gladness bring,
 And bring thy white array.

Weep ! for there is a loss —
 The enemy has gained ;
 Weep, follower, beneath the cross,
The Sabbath is profaned !
 Oh, not alone by *those* : —
 Yet darker is the frown :
 The CHRISTIAN joins the Sabbath foes,
 By him 'tis trodden down !

NIAGARA.

NIAGARA! — the poetry of God !
 Whose numbers tell, in everlasting hymn,
 Only of God ! The morning stars that woke
 Music along their courses, early caught
 Its far off echoes, and in wild delight
 Returned them, softened, round the universe.
 Think not, think not, Earth's triflers ! that for *you*
 And garish Day, these melodies chime on.
 When ye, diminished, lost, are known not, Night,
 Night to the awful anthem ever hearkens,
 And ever with new joy. Oh, how sublime
 The *symphony*, that, under the expanse
 Of stars, peals on in unexhausted power :
 Niagara ! — and the sole listener, Night !

SHIP OF THE LINE PENNSYLVANIA.

“ LEAP forth to the careering seas,”
 Oh, ship of lofty name !
 And toss upon thy native breeze
 The stars and stripes of fame !
 And bear thy thunders o'er the deep
 Where vaunting navies ride ! —
 Thou hast a nation's gems to keep —
 Her honor and her pride !

Oh ! holy is the covenant made
 With thee and us to-day ;—
 None from the compact shrinks afraid,
 No traitor utters nay !
 We pledge our fervent love, and thou
 Thy glorious ribs of oak,
 Alive with men who cannot bow
 To kings, nor kiss the yoke !

Speed lightnings o'er the Carib Sea,
 Which deeds of hell deform ;
 And look ! her hands are spread to thee
 Where Afric's robbers swarm.
 Go ! lie upon the *Æ*gean's breast,
 Where sparkle emerald isles —
 Go ! seek the lawless Suliote's nest,
 And spoil his cruel wiles.
 And keep, where sail the merchant ships,
 Stern watch on their highway,
 And promptly, through thine iron lips,
 When urged, our tribute pay ;
 Yea, show thy bristling teeth of power,
 Wherever tyrants bind,
 In pride of their own little hour,
 A freeborn noble mind.

Spread out those ample wings of thine ! —
 While crime doth govern men,
 'Tis fit such bulwark of the brine
 Should leave the shores of *Penn* ;

For hid within thy giant strength
 Are germs of welcome Peace,
 And such as thou, shalt cause at length
 Man's feverish strifes to cease.
 From every vale, from every crag,
 Word of thy beauty's past,
 And joy we that our country's flag
 Streams from thy towering mast—
 Assured that in thy prowess, thou
 For her wilt win renown,
 Whose sons *can die*, but know not how
 To strike that pennon down.

1837.

SUCH MAY NOT I.

In the hour of my distress,
 When temptations me oppress,
 And when I my sins confess,
 Sweet Spirit! comfort me.

Litany, by Robert Herrick.

Who of our mortal race is he,
 So firmly fixed by fortune's power,
 That from the shock he's counted free,
 Of tossing waves, in trouble's hour?
 Let him still clasp his fancied bliss,
 And look defiance, too, on care,
 Not heeding, in a world like this,
 If there's a better known, or where:—
 Such may not I.

Who of the saints that ever trod
 In outward sheen, this path of sin,
 That never felt—so strong in God—
 The coward weakness full within?
 Let him still gaze on yon clear sky,
 As if his mirror there he sought;
 And challenge Purity to spy
 In his soul's core, one careless thought—
 Such dare not I.

Yet, if there's one, who in the strength
 Of worldliness, is weak indeed,
 Who finds his boasted staff, at length,
 Of wise resolves, a broken reed,
 And from the midst of battle calls—
 While his own goodness sounds retreat—
 On Mercy, and for succor falls,
 A trembling wretch, at Jesus' feet—
 Oh! such am I.

THE UNFRUITFUL.

WHY on this Zion-hill
 Descends no kindly rain—
 Precept on precept still
 Imparted, and in vain?
 No souls these walls to crowd,
 Like doves, or as a cloud?

Its watchman long hath toiled
 In Christ, his Master's name ;
 Yet Error is not foiled,
 Nor Satan put to shame.
 For weary years the stumbling flock
 Have blindly missed salvation's Rock.

With tears and inward strife
 And agony of soul,
 He's wooed the dead to life,
 The broken to be whole.
 But tears and prayers and pain
 Of spirit, have been vain.
 What lacks he ? love ? — His heart
 Beats but to earnest love ;
 Power ? — He hath the art
 To bring heaven from above.
 No wiser lips God's word hath spoken,
 No holier hands God's bread hath broken.

Listen ! — ere vows had bound
 His labors to this spot,
 A message had him found
 Which he regarded not :
 By him should be unfurled
 Peace to the *heathen world* !
 He shunned it. On this hill
 No dews of grace descend ;
 'Tis as Gilboa still,
 And shall be till his end,
 Who judgment for the Jonah sees,
 That to God's will preferred his ease.

FAITHFUL TO HIS CONSTITUENTS.

He journeyed on, and baited at each house,
 Where they do hang out sign to entertain
 Both "man and *beast*." And he was entertained
 With certain glasses of burnt brandy, or
 Of Hollands, or the best New England rum,
 As suited taste ; nor boggled he, nor seemed
 Squeamish, or hard to be well satisfied.
 And thus did he, or if the weather showed
 Or cold or moderate, or rain or shine,—
 'Twas all the same — his quenchless thirst held good ;
 And by the time we reached the bustling town,—
 Where is the seat of government, to which
 The gathered wisdom of the State convenes,
 Yearly, to make or mend the laws—I found
 My friend, the Representative, was drunk !

I marvelled somewhat at this riddle, till,
 Waiting a sober hour, I questioned him,
 And he did thus reply, all unabashed :
 " My good constituents hate the new plans —
 And vile plans are they ! — 'bout the Temperance cause.
 And they elected me, for well they knew
 I should oppose such notions, and thwart
 Endeavors to put down all licenses, —
 Which curst endeavors are against His will
 Who made all things, and who has said that all

The creatures—surely the “good creature” too—
 Are very good. Faithful those friends to me,
 And I must drink,—I love it—for I deem
 A man unfit to sit in yon brave State House,
 And represent such friends,—who stayed at none
 Expedient, or good or bad, to place him there—
 Who will not, on occasion, *every where*
 Be faithful to his tried constituents !”

THE OLD NORTH BURIAL GROUND
 IN PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

I STAND where I have stood before in boyhood’s sunny
 prime,
 The same—yet not the same, but one who wears the
 touch of Time ;
 And gaze around on what was then familiar to the eye,
 But whose inconstant features tell that years have
 journeyed by,

Since o’er this venerable ground a truant child I played,
 And chased the bee and plucked the flower, where
 ancient dust is laid ;
 And hearkened, in my wondering mood, when tolled
 the passing bell,
 And started at the coffin’s cry, as clods upon it fell.

These mossy tombs I recollect, the same o'er which
I pored,
The same these rhymes and texts, with which my
memory was stored ;
These humble tokens, too, that lean, and tell where
resting bones
Are hidden, though their date and name have perished
from the stones.

How rich these precincts with the spoils of ages
buried here !
What hearts have ached, what eyes have given this
conscious earth the tear —
How many friends, whose welcome cheered their now
deserted doors,
Have, since my last sojourning, swelled these melan-
choly stores !

Yon spot, where in the sunset ray a single white stone
gleams,
I've visited, I cannot tell how often, in my dreams, —
That spot o'er which I wept, though then too young
my loss to know,
As I beheld my father's form sepulchred far below.

How freshly every circumstance, though seas swept
wide between,
And years had vanished since that hour, in vagaries
I've seen !
The lifted lid — that countenance — the funeral array,
As vividly as if the scene were but of yesterday.

How pleasant seem the moments now, as up their
 shadows come,
Spent in that domicil which wore the sacred name of
 home,—
How in the vista years have made, they shine with
 mellowed light,
To which meridian bliss has nought so beautiful and
 bright !

How happy were those fireside hours— how happy
 summer's walk,
When listening to my father's words or joining in the
 talk ;
How passed like dreams those early hours, till down
 upon us burst
The avalanche of grief, and laid our pleasures in the
 dust !

They tell of loss, but who can tell how thorough is
 the stroke
By which the tie of sire and son in death's forever
 broke ?
They tell of Time!— though he may heal the heart
 that's wounded sore,
The household bliss thus blighted, Time ! canst thou
 again restore ?

Yet if this spot recalls the dead, and brings from mem-
 ory's leaf
A sentence wrote in bitterness, of raptures, bright and
 brief,

I would not shun it, nor would lose the moral it will
give,
To teach me by the withered past, for better hopes to
live.

And though to warn of future woe, or whisper future
bliss,
One comes not from the spirit world, a witness unto
this,
Yet from memorials of his dust, 'tis wholesome thus
to learn
And print upon our thought the state to which we
must return.

Wherever then my pilgrimage in coming days shall be,
My frequent visions, favorite ground ! shall backward
glance to thee ;
The holy dead, the bygone hours, the precepts early
given,
Shall sweetly soothe and influence my homeward way
to heaven. 1837.

1837.

PURITY.

Oh, glorious Thou ! thy throne of power
Could not remain one single hour,
Were not its deep foundations laid
On laws of holiness, obeyed.

The heavens that look upon this globe,
 The stars that glitter on their robe,
 Yea, the battalions, blest and bright
 Of God, are spotted in his sight.

What, then, is man, who drinks up sin ?
 All stains without, all wounds within —
 Whose guilt embitters every stream
 That, as it shines, should blessings beam.

Oh, from the tree which shadows heaven,
 Let some benignant branch be given ; —
 At Marah, be again revealed,
 And, Lord ! the fountain shall be healed.

THE FUTURE.

My God, I would not long to see
 My fate with curious eyes ;
 What gloomy lines are writ for me,
 Or what bright scenes may rise. — *Watts.*

If in Thy book, within whose lids is sealed
 The checkered fates of mortals, unrevealed,
 Is deeply graven by the eternal pen,
 Among the unaltered weal and wo of men,
 My future story, — or in sombre lines,
 Along which no kind ray of gladness shines,

Or in the characters that brightly tell
 Around me Hope has woven fairy spell,
 And on my future path — unlike the past —
 The sunshine of enjoyment shall be cast —
 And on that page I dare believe 'tis seen —
 Still shall the thought ne'er trouble me. Serene,
 Indifferent, even, will I be, for Thou,
 O God, hast been, and still, I trust, art now
 And ever will be mine. What need I more?
 To me what boots it that the future store
 Of good, or ill, is unrevealed? I must,
 Were all this known, but make my God my trust.
 And this I'll do, unknowing His intent,
 And praise Him still, till life's poor sand is spent, —
 Till I, with others, on the plains above,
 Shall, wondering, spell out all His ways of love;
 And oh, to read in lines of glory, then,
 How God, in all, is justified to men!

BETHESDA.*

THE House of Mercy — sacred pool —
 Whose gracious wave was wont to cure,
 Beneath the Great Physician's rule,
 The lame, blind, halt, and withered poor,

* John, chap. v.

Is theme of sweet instruction, telling
 That errand angels make their dwelling
 With man ; untiring spirits they,
 Who, or to bide, or fly, or roam,
 With willing wings their Lord obey
 On earth, as in their starry home.

Bethesda ! in the lapse of years
 Who may recount the groans and tears,
 The hopes dashed down, the keen despair —
 All that the sickened heart can wear
 Of human ill, that by thy side
 Have clustered, mocking human pride ?
 Or of the thousands who have sat
 Thus by thy well, in hope, how few
 Seizing the precious moment that
 Should heal, stepped in and found it true !
 And what's the world we tread, but one
 Bethesda, where the heirs of pain
 Are watchers — where the lost, undone,
 Expecting, wait, and wait in vain —
 Where multitudes lose Hope's sweet power,
 To one that finds the Angel's hour !

And one, among that waiting crowd,
 For two-score years has, patient, bowed
 Beneath his suff'rings. Time has past —
 His youthful locks of glossy jet
 Have whitened by these waters, yet
 Is he unhealed. His manly cheek
 Is scarred with lines that old age speak ;

And he has seen Bethesda heal,
 While on its virtues lay a seal
 For him, a wretch to misery sold.
 And he has seen the young, the old,
 The timorous, doubting, and the bold
 Go down, while he aside is cast.
 Yet not for want of effort, he
 Is left in his infirmity.
 How often, when despair was nigh,
 He checked the fiend ! — his eager eye
 Kindled once more with hope : — the cry
 Went round, “ **THE ANGEL !** ” — then he strove
 By thought of all that bound his love
 To life, to rise and in the wave
 Of healing, his disease to lave.
 But e'en while coming, feebly, slow,
 The stronger gained the pool below ;
 Another stepped before him, — hand
 Was none to help, or guide his foot —
 Not one of kin, or friendship's band
 The old man in the wave to put.

Yes ! there was *One* drew near him then,
 Of rich compassion, more than men.
 He comes — no conqueror so great —
 In lowly, meek, derided state.
 His followers base esteemed, the scum
 Of earth — the heirs of crowns to come.
 And who is He ! — I know him now
 By that pale cheek and wondrous brow ;

That face with softest pity beaming,
 That awful eye whence God is gleaming.
 "Wilt thou be healed?" he kindly said;—
 Could *He* raise wishes, but to balk?
 Oh, no! when Jesus speaks, the dead
 Shall live, all mortal ills must die;—
 At His command diseases fly,
 The sick shall take his bed and walk!

AFRICA.

God! while dusky Hindostan
 Sees the light that comes from Thee,
 While no more Mahratta's man
 Gives to Boodh the knee,—
 While again the Grecian hears
 On his Mars'-hill, truth, profound,
 While the Crescent disappears
 From Calvary's holy ground,—
 Yea, while Smyrna far hath cast
 Age's seven-fold bigot pall,
 And for China word hath past
 That overleaps her wall—

God! shall not the Negro's land
 As other lands be blest?
 Shall not Ethiopia's band
 Enter into rest?

Shall Sahara's parched ranger
 Never taste the rivulet?
 Still shall Christendom the stranger
 In the Moorish gate forget?
 While thy Dove of Mystery
 Every where is flying,
 Will not leaves of healing be
 Sent to Afric, dying?

Where Cleopatra the pearl
 Mingled, is thy pearl forbid?
 Shall not men the Cross unfurl
 On the Pyramid?
 May not upon night again
 Open the immortal morn,
 Where Cyprian taught, and Origen
 Adorned the priestly lawn?
 May not hamlets that festoon,
 Beautifully, Niger's flood,
 With Alexandria and Wednoon,
 Be given unto God?

On the coast of nations, look!
 Where deceitful beams prevail—
 Shall they not, at thy rebuke,
 Pale, as stars at morning pale?
 Wilt Thou not awake the dead?
 Captive lead captivity—
 May not Ethiopia spread
 Heart and hand to Thee!

May not, for the cries that went
 Skyward, be the hymn of bliss ?
 May not bloom a continent
 Where was only oasis !

WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD.

I hear the voice
 Of the expecting grave.—*Martyr of Antioch.*

THE grave hath voice, and seems to say,
 Weep ye who on my surface tread,
 Condemned to bear the heat of day—
 But weep not for the slumbering dead.
 Weep ye for those for whom no tear
 Is given, the sorrowing, the distressed,
 The troubled, whom there's none to cheer,—
 But not for him that is at rest.

Weep for the living wretch, whose sighs
 Go up for loss of friend and lover ;
 For him that as survivor dies,
 Not him whose parting pangs are over.
 Weep for the living ;—he's *alone* ;—
 Few are the living ; who may know
 How few, compared to the unknown
 Nations of men that sleep below !

Weep for the sufferer who is lost
 On restless seas of pain and ill ;
 But not for him who, having crossed
 The ocean, rides secure and still.
 Weep for the sinner, sadder far !
 Who wanders in the depths of night ;
 But not for him on whom the star
 Of morning trembles out in light.

Weep, weep for her who comes to weep
 Where her sweet infant lies full low ;
 Not for the spark whose upward leap
 Hath made it flame with cherubs so !
 Weep for the prisoner, for the heir
 Of misery, toil, and tears and pain ;
 But not for those, escaped, who share
 Immortal joys, undying gain.

B E A U T Y.

Thus she stood amid the stooks,
 Praising God with sweetest looks. — *Ruth*.

MODEST Beauty praises God,
 When it sends its glance abroad,
 With a look of cheerfulness ;
 Beauty doth the Giver bless,
 When its roses show the hue
 Of bright health, with lip of dew,

And religion of a face
 Where is written all of grace.
 What a holy hymn is ever
 With a sweet expression blent !
 Sending music up, which never
 Skilless, soulless Art hath sent ;
 Rend'ring worship, such as we
 In the lines of Beauty see.
 From the eye of diadems,
 From the mouth of pearls and gems,
 From the smile of calm delight—
 Beaming intellectual light,—
 From the nameless, charming whole
 That holds empire in the soul—
 Doth in harmony arise
 Beauty's homage to the skies.

A SIMILE.

In the dew-drop you behold
 Myriad splendors merged in one ;
 Showing, like a sea of gold,
 All the glories of the sun.

Man, before the throne above,—
 Where no sinful foot hath trod,—
 Thus reflects the perfect love
 Of the awful, glorious God.

THE HEAVENLY REST.

Know ye the earth, on which ye tread,
 Is a pleasant garden, merrily spread
 With fruits of the best, with earliest flowers,
 Dimpled with dells and decked with bowers,—
 That the saint, nigh to faint, may rest him there,
 And the heart may part with its griefs in prayer ;
 And taste those draughts of the ravishing love
 That flows in the bosoms of the blest above ?

Know ye the earth, so pleasant to-day,
 Will pass, with its fruits and flowers, away ?
 That its best and earliest show in their bloom
 The blight of death, and decay of the tomb,—
 And the light so bright to the dazzled eye,
 Which gleams and streams on its morning sky,
 Will fade as the cloud that twilight sees
 Melt from the heavens with evening's breeze—
 And the peace which the pilgrim sought to know,
 He learns, in his sorrow, is not below ?

Know ye there remaineth a heavenly rest
 For the weary one, and the care-opprest—
 That ye need not seek it on earth abroad,
 'Tis barren of bliss for the sons of God,—
 That the saint will faint in its path of care,
 And sigh and die, who rests him there ;

That above, in bowers
 Where the deathless flowers
 Of holiness bloom,
 No blight of the tomb
 Can come, — where sparkling rivers of bliss
 Murmur on, as the margins of beauty they kiss ?

W A T C H N I G H T .

“ Three Watch Nights are mentioned in the Bible — the Egyptian Watch Night, when the Israelites were delivered ; our Lord’s Watch Night in the garden ; Paul and Silas’ Watch Night.”

WATCH Night, of old,
 God’s chosen, bold,
 Held, when their hosts he came,
 From scourge and guile,
 And lands of Nile,
 To lead, in cloud and flame.

His Watch Night, sad,
 When Satan had
 One boastful hour the throne —
 Immanuel kept,
 While angels wept
 To see their Lord alone.

'Twas Watch Night, when
 Philippi's den
 Strange music pour'd on high,—
 And bolts and chain,
 Like threads, in twain,
 Snapt at the earthquake's cry,

Up ! Watch Night, now,
 Hold *we*, who bow
 In joy and trembling here,
 Give louder song !
 Though wait we long,
 The Master will appear.

Up ! Watch Night keep,
 Ye, that in sleep
 Have lain — your torches trim !
 Who of his train,
 When Christ again
 Appears, will wake for *Him* ?

Up ! when burns noon,
 Or when the moon
 Ascends her midnight way,—
 He cometh ! see
 That waiting, ye
 Do greet the Bridegroom's day.

Such, when their shrouds
 Men leave, and clouds

Reveal the throne to view—
 Shall win,—toils past,—
 Bright crowns at last ;
 Soul ! is there crown for you ?

A HEAVEN OF HOLINESS.

The thought of a heaven of holiness is my solace. — *James Brainerd Taylor.*

SWEET heaven ! to know thee holy,
 Were dearer to my soul,
 Than sight of all the glory
 Whose seas about thee roll.
 The floods of splendor, streaming
 From ecstacies of light,
 To purity there beaming,
 My God, were only night !

Sweet heaven ! the song of gladness
 That thrills the upper air,
 To me were note of sadness,
 If "Holy" were not there.
 No more to bright harps given
 On holiness to dwell—
 Its bliss would fly, and heaven
 Be but a better hell.

Sweet heaven ! where saints are singing,
 Where angels join the lay,
 To thee I would be winging
 My upward, homeward way.
 Where crystal walls forever
 Show holiness within ;
 Where golden gates ope never
 To sorrow, death or sin !

JACOB'S WELL.

He journeyed on to Galilee,
 Unheralded by fame,
 And wearily to Jacob's Well
 The heavenly Teacher came.
 Upon that fountain's granite lip,
 He leaned, and gazed below,
 Where the cool waters gushed and foamed,
 And leaped in frolic flow.

Who would have thought that weary man,
 Reclined in mean attire
 Here in Samaria, was the theme
 Of all the angel choir ?
 That for this wanderer, faint with thirst,
 Were heaven and hell at strife,—
 That he possessed the crystal key
 Which opes the Well of Life ?

Oh, when I meet, henceforth, the sad
 And humble man of care,
 Let me not scorn his presence, lest
 I weave myself a snare :
 For in that poor and broken wretch,
 By whom the dunghill's trod,
 Unerring Scrutiny may spy
 A sceptered son of God.

TEXAS.

ADMIT her to the Union ? Yes !
 If our democracy can bow
 To kings, and is prepared to kiss
 The loathsome hem of tyrants now ;
 From principles that years have tried,
 If thus we fall, no longer men,
 And to our fathers' deeds of pride
 Are recreant — why, admit her, then !

If names that moved us, move no more,
 And we, degenerate, are ashamed
 Of fields once wrapt in flame and gore,
 And deem those spirits to be blamed ;
 If Bunker Hill flings up reproach,
 And Lexington's the mock of men, —
 Bid them " God speed " who would encroach
 On justice — and admit her, then !

If **HANCOCK, ADAMS, WARREN**, were
 Deluded fools that chased a dream,
 And **WASHINGTON** ambitious, where
 The patriot's sword was wont to gleam ;
 If all the bright green spots that mark
 The veteran's bed, by stream and glen,
 Hide traitors,—on their memories, dark
 Deep curses rest—admit her, then !

If Slavery's foul and damning spot
 Must here increase, like Ahab's cloud,
 Blackening the firmament, till not
 One star shall blaze upon the proud ;
 If thus, a spectacle of scorn
 To nations, we're content,—let men
 Lift up the consummated horn
 Of infamy—admit her, then !

But if the loud, indignant cry
 Heard round the world, has power ; if soon
 Must hateful error droop and die,
 And truth stand out to burning noon ;
 If down Time's ages lives our land,
 The proudest, last retreat for men,
 Her flag by freedom's breezes fanned,—
 Ye'll not—ye can't admit her, then !

Now is the time, and now's the hour ;
 Through our republic's breadth and length,
 From hall and cot, from town and tower,
 Let answer go in Virtue's strength ;

And peal far round the startling cry—
 We, whose old fathers struck the blow,
 We, who for freedom dare to die—
 In million voices thunder, NO ! 1837.

DEPARTURE OF THE ISRAELITES.

ON SEEING THE PICTURE REPRESENTING THE ABOVE.

I GAZE, and gaze, and willingly confess
 The pencil's triumph. Breathe not, daring Muse !
 Nor language give to trooping thoughts that press
 For utterance. And methinks thou canst not choose
 But to be silent ; dreamingly to lose
 Thyself in witchery of the olden times,
 As Egypt's awful beauty, richly seen
 In morn's grey softness, rises, and the chimes
 Of feet departing ring, with joyous cries between.
 While on the mighty caravan, the sheen
 Of royalty, the century-telling pyramid,
 And obelisk, and gods that frown in stone,—
 Dumb in the tumult ! —gazing —Fancy, chid,
 Retires, to wonder and to weep alone.

Yet it is noble thus to contemplate
 Almighty power. With what a majesty
 Is God encompassed, while are seen the hate
 Of wily priest, and wrath of tyranny,

Impotent to forbid, when He ordains !
 No implements of war, nor chariots armed,
 Move the proud monarch. The same voice that
 calmed
 Chaos to order, tells of One who reigns,
 By whom kings reign ; and once more hath that
 voice
 Spoken to Pharaoh—and the first-born, *dead*,
 Have also spoken, “ Let the people go ! ”
 In songs of glad deliverance they rejoice,
 And by the rod of miracles forth led,
 Depart—that pagan Egypt may Jehovah know.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

O JESUS ! once on Galilee
 Thy voice of power was heard,
 When madly that dark-heaving sea
 Through all its depths was stirred.

The forked lightnings Thee revealed,
 Calm, 'mid the storm's increase,
 And far above where thunders pealed,
 Was heard the whisper, “ PEACE ! ”

How drooped at once that foaming sheet
 Of waters, vexed and wild !
 Each wave came falling at thy feet,
 Just like an humbled child.

So rages my tumultuous breast,
 So chafes my maniac will ;—
 Speak ! and these troubled seas shall rest,
 Speak ! and the storm is still.

ELEGIA C.

MRS. M. A., OF LANDISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

THE few I have tried in this hollow world,
 Like jewels of worth in chaff impearled,
 Have paled as I looked, and faded away
 To shine in coronals of perfect day.
 The few I have loved in its desolate path,
 Who lightened its sorrows and blunted its scath,
 Have followed each other on speedier wing,
 Impatient for glory. O God, what a thing
 Of misery and mocking is one thus bereft ;—
 All gone life's endearments, and he alone left !
 Why is it, the gifted and gracious, who thus
 Almost the whole species redeem from the curse
 Of selfishness, — deeply burnt into the heart, —
 Just show what was Eden, and, pluming, depart —
 Just come on our darkness with light that illumines
 Like the storm-flash that leaves us to drearier glooms ?
 Just make us in love with real goodness, and then
 Vanish like angels from bowers of men ?

Is it to wean us from all that below
Glads us, and cheats with ephemeral show ?
Is it from earth to the heavenly blue
Bidding us look, and feel nothing is true
Or beautiful long on the dust we have trod —
That the true and the lovely are only for God ?
Such, Mary ! wast thou — and invited to range
The pathway of brightness, but little the change
That was needed for thee ; — 'twas only to stop
On the threshold and smile thy farewell, and so drop
The garment of clay that but cumbered, and then,
For transports, mortality never may ken !
I return thy farewell, and hence softly will tread
The path that yet winds 'mid the dying and dead, —
And checking, at thought of thy freedom, the tear,
As Time takes each link up that fetters me here,
Will thank our kind Father, a holier rest,
A balm for the mourner, a home for the blest
Are thine, where is garnered nor falsehood nor folly,
Nor tears of the broken, nor dark melancholy —
But where the sweet fountains that murmur in sounds
Of music, are flowing o'er happier grounds ;
Where wander for ever, in beautiful bloom,
Earth's languid and sick, and the lost of the tomb, —
Where the innocent babe like a bud never dies,
Where the hand of compassion wipes tears from all
eyes ;
Where the city of God shoots its pinnacles high,
Whose walls of clear jasper ne'er echo the sigh ;
Where yet I may hope, in the sapphire-laid street,
Thee, Mary ! with others long wept for, to meet.

Thou canst not, oh, Grave ! *there* thy victory bring,—
 Thou canst not, oh, Death ! follow *there* with thy sting.

I'LL LOOK TO THEE.

I'LL look to thee, my Saviour ! when
 The gales of fortune gently blow,
 And every good, esteemed of men,
 It is my privilege to know.
 I'll look from altars, whereon lie
 The coals of earth's imperfect fire,
 To that bright source beyond the sky,
 Which burns intenser, holier, higher.

I'll look to thee, when sorrows press
 With awful weight upon my head,—
 A wanderer in this wilderness,
 Alone, or with the joyless dead.
 When hope still sleeps, and wakeful thought
 Preys on its hoarded misery,
 Even then, by thy sweet precept taught,
 In tears I'll only look to thee.

I'll look to thee, when sickness pales
 This brow, and wastes this frame away ;
 When strength departs and spirit fails,
 And all my inward powers decay.

Yea, at the hour when nature faints
 In its last mortal agony,
 Strong in the Refuge of the saints,
 I'll look to thee, I'll look to thee.

A PORTRAIT.*

HE ministers where busy men
 Do cluster in the mart of PENN.
 Its northern suburbs well have known
 The light that twenty years hath shone
 In many an alley, lane and street
 Of those thronged Liberties, where meet
 The careless, moral and profane.
 In many a house his ready feet
 Have visited, a soul to gain,
 Whom he hath warned, and not in vain.

Wouldst note him ? Seek yon dome of prayer,
 His 'customed place—behold him there.
 He stands, with form that toil hath bowed,
 In meekness to delight that crowd.
 His furrowed cheek and thin grey hair
 Would tell of age, did not that eye
 Of kindling spark, the thought deny ;—

* Written while its original, Rev. James Patterson, of Philadelphia, was in the midst of his days and usefulness, and six weeks prior to his sudden and lamented death.

Would tell of weakness, did not lips
 Of burning eloquence, and heart
 That into Heaven's mystery dips,
 Instruction, awe and peace impart.

With Saxon strength of language, he
 Pours thoughts that rise in giant strength ;
 With quaint, appropriate imagery,
 Convincing in simplicity,
 He shows his subject's breadth and length.
 The weapon doth he strongly draw,
 Bright, keen and tempered, of the law ;
 And while fools cavil that its edge
 Wears not a nice and useless shine,
 It severs like a mighty wedge
 The gnarled tough heart with power divine.

Dost ask for fruit ? 'Tis ample — some
 Is gathered up to bless him here ;
 And from earth's confines men shall come,
 His crown, when lost are star and sphere.
 "That Day of wrath, that dreadful Day
 When heaven and earth will pass away" —
 As swells abroad the last trump's sound,
 Let me be found where *he* is found !
 As sinks beneath my foot the land,
 Let me but stand where *he* doth stand.

Who shall be greatest deemed of all
 That sit in white on thrones above ?

Not him for gifts esteemed, like Paul,
 But who like Paul hath toiled in love.
Earth's great ones, while abashed they wear
 In heaven, a rayless diadem,
 Shall see such high in glory there,
 Spangled and starred with many a gem.

October, 1837.

IN MEMORY OF THE PRECEDING.

THERE are others who fall on the fields of their fame,
 The warriors of Christ, that on earth have a name,
 And a place in the glorious records on high,
 Who live in applause and in triumph who die,
 And sleep where their tablets to passengers tell
 How bravely they battled, how nobly they fell —
 Yet none stir the depths of such feeling in me,
 As rise, holy man ! when I think upon thee.

There are scribes, well instructed, that rightly divide
 The word, and choice leaders to teach and to guide ;
 There are those in the service, like cedars, how tall !
 And strong for the Lord, like the veteran Paul ;
 With lips whence the music persuasively flows,
 Of a mind that with fervor and eloquence glows, —
 And yet who would buy their renown with one tear
 That comes from the heart of the lowliest here ?

I cannot forget, when but few or none cared
 For a soul in the web of sin's artifice snared,

How kindly thou laboredst to free me — and now,
 Though a robe's on thy form and a light on thy brow,
 And glory, where yesterday lingered decay,
 And wings plumed around thee that bear thee away
 From sickness and sorrow — I cannot but sigh
 One needed to live should so speedily die.

I knew thee to love thee ; but long ere I knew
 Thy faithfulness, goodness and fellowship true,
 Thou didst follow my step while a stranger to both
 Thy God and thyself, and to holiness loath, —
 And watched me and warned me, and showed me the
 way
 Whence youth, just as heedless, unguardedly stray —
 Nor paused thou, till peace, driven far by the rod,
 I sought as one earnest, and found it in God.

There are hearts, perhaps hundreds, where thou wast
 enshrined,
 That will bleed at this blow, — to the Giver resigned, —
 There are thousands whom thou to the Shepherd hast
 led,
 And comforted, chidden, wept over and fed ;
 And some, thy first fruits, have their toils ended
 first,
 And some, in bereavement, have bowed o'er thy dust,
 And a flock thou hast blest, and by whom thou wert
 blest,
 A widow — the fatherless — tears tell the rest.

We muse on this trial, stern, grievous and strange,
 And ask, while despondingly viewing the change

Made where the death-angel has swept his wide
wing—

Art angry, oh, Father? or why is this thing?
We plead in our trouble, wilt Thou, too, depart?
The righteous man dies and none lay it to heart:—
Yet answer is given—“ Away to his home
I've taken him, only from evil to come.”

From evil to come!—if the strength of thy host
Is broke, shall thy cause not be counted as lost?
Yet no! when the faithful is called from the field,
We'll hear but thy voice, “ Cease from man as your
shield !”

And learning from him,—who his sword has laid
down
To take a new harp and receive a glad crown,—
We'll watch for souls wandering, and win them above,
And spend and be spent, like thy servant, in love.

I heard, uttered John, and a voice spake from heaven,
Blessed hence are the dead unto whom it is given
To die in the Lord! Oh, the light is not dim,
That beams in such blessedness now upon *him*,
Who for trials through which he has sorrowing
past,
Has honor and glory and beauty at last;
And for draughts drank in bitterness only, below,
The streams that from fountains of happiness flow.

November 25, 1837.

MADAGASCAR.

“ No man of God shall tread this isle,”
 The queen of Madagascar said ;
 “ Who Christ shall teach, by force or guile,
 Shall pay the forfeit of his head.
 Our gods, that give us weal or curse,
 Abused or praised, will do for us.”

“ Bring forth the wretches who forsake
 The altars which our fathers served ;
 Be theirs the dungeon, stripe and stake,
 Reward of treason, well deserved.
 Draw out the sharp and shining spear,
 With vengeance flushed — impale them here.”

She did not know that One who sits
 Above, doth at the scoffers laugh ;
 And holds in scorn their feeble wits,
 And drives their hopes away as chaff.
 Nor knew that royal David cries
 To kings and queens, “ Be wise, be wise.”

That He, on heaven’s circle, spurns
 What princes deem their fondest joy ;
 And overturns, and overturns
 Their empires, like an idle toy.

And in displeasure, sore, doth vex
The wolves that would His fold perplex.

What though this Madagascar queen
Pursue the conscript men of God ;
And with her sacrifice, obscene,
To horrid demons, mix their blood, —
Let *all* earth's kings his message shun,
They must submit, and kiss the Son.

Though in the galaxy that flames
Before the eye of angels, *she*
Joins to those high immortal names
The lowly, scorned, Ra-sa-la-me,*
Who had for martyr-fame no thirst —
Of Madagascar's martyrs first ; —

We know the light of Beth'lem's star
Shall reach the darkest depths of guilt,
Though edicts swarm of pope and czar,
By pagan sword though blood be spilt.
For has not God declared decree —
“ The earth, my Son, I give to Thee ? ”

* Ra-sa-la-me spoke so boldly in defence of Christianity, that she was fixed upon as the victim to appease the wrath of the queen. She was most severely whipped for several days successively, before she was put to death — a thing never heard of before in Madagascar. She, however, continued steadfast to the end, and met death with such calmness and tranquillity, that the executioners repeatedly declared that “ there was some charm in the religion of the whites, that took away the dread of death.” — *Missionary Herald for February, 1839.*

Then fly, ye ships ! to heathen coasts,
 Deep freighted with salvation's gem,—
 And bear the sacramental hosts
 Where blinded nations wait for them :
 The world by Grace must yet be won ;
 By man the labor must be done.

THE CLEANSING.

Jesus went up to Jerusalem, and found in the temple those that sold oxen, and sheep and doves, and the changers of money sitting ; and when he had made a scourge of small cords, he drove them all out of the temple, and the sheep and the oxen ; and poured out the changers' money, and overthrew the tables ; and said unto those that sold doves, Take these things hence. —
John ii. 13—16.

MESSIAH saw within
 The holy court
 Of his own Temple, grievous sin,
 Traffic and mummery and sport.

The money changers sat,
 Watching for gain,
 Stout oxen, sheep, lambs, sleek and fat,
 That should in sacrifice be slain.

He drove out beast and men
 Forth to the day ;
 And to the fair dove-sellers then
 Said, gently, “ Take these things away.”

How could a corded whip
 Expel those thence,
 Wielded by *one*,— and not a lip
 Move, nor an arm in fierce defence ?

'Twas not the feeble rod
 That made the rout :
 They saw his *eye*— they knew the God,—
 The *present* God, then flashing out !

THE DEDICATION.

Arise, O Lord ! Thou and the ark of thy strength ; let thy priests be clothed with salvation, and let thy saints shout aloud for joy. — *The Psalmist.*

RICHLY arose the diapason's swell,
 That failed not our low praise in heaven to tell.
 Fervently went, on wings of faith, the prayer
 That God indeed would tabernacle there,
 And shed, as silent dew, refreshing grace.
 Earnest the words which set apart the place
 For joyful, solemn worship. Now, then, come !
 Oh, Father ! here record thy awful name.
 Incarnate Jesus ! Thou, the embodied sum
 Of each desire, of every good, here claim
 Souls for thy travail. Holy Ghost ! draw near,
 By the wokē conscience and the secret tear.
 Us, waiting, Triune God ! Sire ! Son ! and Dove !
 Fill with thyself— thyself ! Illimitable Love.

THE OPIUM SHIPS.

Almost incredible quantities of opium have been smuggled into China, under the sanction of the government of British India. At this very time, says a traveller, though efforts so extraordinary and persevering have been put forth by the Chinese authorities to stop this infernal traffic, there are twenty-four opium ships on the coast. Since these verses were written, information has been received that the Chinese authorities have succeeded in their efforts to destroy this trade.

Ay, flap your wings, ill-omened birds,
 Impatient for your prey ;
 Infest in swarms the Chinese seas,
 For who shall say ye " Nay ? "
 Watch for the moment to inflict
 Foul wrong, in spite of interdict.

What though your fearful errand's fraught
 With death, death which is *hell* —
 And by the traffic Mercy bleeds,
 Flock on, for all is well :
 The end shall justify the means,
 Your trade is nursed by kings and queens.

Through all her unoffending realm
 The ripened plague spot bear,
 Till China is one lazar-house
 Of misery and despair.
 Let avarice urge your flowing sails,
 Let selfishness bestow the gales.

The Upas flings its poison forth,—
 In this resembling ye ;
 And wo to bird or beast or man,
 That sees the fatal tree.
 The Upas to one spot's confined,
 Ye carry death on every wind.

And laugh, ye men, as their vile chain
 Your idiot victims hug ;
 And mock, as they suck endless pain
 From your forbidden drug.
 What's law to him who wins the goal ?
 Compared to money, what's the soul ?

Ye may, ye may, for Christians choose
 That deed to line the purse,
 Which " scoundrel pagans " would refuse
 With scorn to do to us.
 Yet pause, beware, and fear the rod,—
 Though conscience sleeps, there wakes a God !

1839.

DAY OF PRAYER FOR COLLEGES.

THE LAST THURSDAY IN FEBRUARY.

Oh, mother, in those college walls
 Thou hast a precious son ;
 A banqueter in learning's halls,
 And yet by want undone.

Arrayed in rings and goodly vest,
 Thick honors near him tread ;
 And yet is he in penury drest,
 Unfriended and unfed.

What boots it that his table groans
 With loads of classic wheat ?
 As well feast craving mind with stones,
 As *only* on this meat.
 What boots it on his robes are starred
 Rare gems and Grecian gold,
 If not to him may be unbarred
 The gates of wealth untold ?

If not to him is oped the lid
 In which the soul may look,
 And gather wisdom, never hid
 Within the Sybil's book ?
 Oh, why is Science racked to give
 Her buried stores to man,
 While Truth, which teaches how to live,
 Is put beneath the ban !

That morn he left thee, far to roam
 On life's uncertain way,
 Far from a mother — far from home,
 What couldst thou do but pray ?
 Ay, prostrate on thy closet floor,
 What *didst* thou do but weep,
 And plead that God, for evermore,
 Thy student-lad would keep ?

Thou knewest the tossing ocean-world
 But little heeds his lot,
 Who to its storms has sail unfurled
 And recks the danger not.
 Thou knewest that many a noble heart,
 As proudly glad as he,
 The light of home, has folly quenched
 In that tumultuous sea.

Ah ! little didst thou deem of feet
 That ever lurk within
 The Muse's most secure retreat,
 To draw her sons to sin ;—
 Or of the outward twining flower,
 Or pearl within the cup,
 That woos them at the unguarded hour
 To drink the poison up.

To prayer ! to prayer ! a teeming cloud
 Is on the land this hour ;
 'Twill rise to heaven, and deep, not loud,
 Will be the plenteous shower.
 Wilt thou not haste with eager joy,
 And in its blessings share ?
 Wilt thou not for thy perilled boy
 Entreat ?—To prayer ! to prayer !

Go ! for on *moments* of rich grace,
 The world's high issues rest ;—
 Not only *he* may find the place
 Of mercy and be blest,

But thousands, through the mighty word
 Thy herald-son will bear,
 Shall live for aye ! — Art thou not stirred ?
 To prayer ! *this hour* to prayer !

THE PALM TREE.

BEAUTIFUL tree of the towering stem !
 Wearing thy flowers like a diadem —
 Whose leafy garlands, always green,
 Always fair and flowing are seen ;
 Whose scarlet fruit, like coral bright,
 To the longing traveller yields delight ;
 Noblest thou of the forest throng !
 To thee I give a simple song.
 I never saw thee, princely plant,
 In Syria's vales, nor in thy haunt —
 "The city of palm trees," Jericho,
 Nor where the Jordan's currents flow,
 Nor where the mighty Lebanon sees,
 In pride, his aged cedar trees.
 Nor where is found the clustering vine,
 Or tempting olive of Palestine.
 Nor in the distant desert, where
 Palmyra's solemn ruins are ; —
 Yet I have loved thee, since a boy,
 It was at home my glad employ
 To read, beneath my father's eye,
 In Holy Writ ; — and gladly I

Did in the blessed Sabbath's calm,
 Read and talk of the stately palm ;
 That the good shall be like the flourishing tree,
 Planted by the gushing river ;
 Which yields in his season his fruit, and he,
 The evergreen, shall never wither.
 The pilgrim eagerly looks for Thee,
 When faint and almost spent with thirst ;
 He knows where thou art, guiding tree !
 The cool deep waters freshly burst.
 O thus may I to my Saviour seek,
 When in this desert faint and weak,
 Assured that He my steps will show
 Where springs of life eternally flow.

SLEEP.

Sleep is awful. — Byron.

To him at strife with conscience, sleep
 Must be a thing of dread ;
 What images of horror leap
 Like fiends about his bed !
 He tosses on the eider down,—
 The finely textured sheet
 That wraps his body, fails to give
 The rest to nature sweet.

Yet *is* sleep “awful?” — Ask the hind
 That plods among the corn,

How seemeth slumber unto him,
 Who toils from rosy morn
 Till welcome evening browns the hills ;
 He laughs at such a word ;
 What is there awful to his breast
 By no ill musings stirred ?

In visions of the night, when earth,
 So late in arms, is dumb,
 And all is hushed, save troubled thoughts
 That like dark phantoms come, —
 How sadly rise, in long array,
 The deeds men deemed were fled !
 How busy cruel memory then,
 With things long fancied dead !

Then sleep is awful — wonder not
 That he who sin did choose,
 Still found all things designed for good,
 To yield him good refuse.
 Or that in his soul's agony,
 With every mercy given
He battled, who in madness waged
 Impotent war with Heaven.*

To such, each gift of love, of life,
 Each than the other worse —
 Can only be, in its abuse,
 A constant, bitter curse.

* Vide Lord Byron's verses on completing his thirty-sixth year :
 The fire that on my bosom preys
 Is lone as some volcanic isle, &c.

For what to virtue *blessings* are,
 Most sweet, and safe and kind,—
 Are *evils*, terrible to him
 Of sin-distempered mind.

IDIOLS.

On receiving from Rev. A. Judson, missionary in Burmah, a *Boodh*, which was taken by him from a deserted temple on the banks of the Selwin.

THE idols of the orient bow
 Abashed, to a superior power ;
 And weeds offend the pilgrim now,
 Where flaunted priest, and glittered tower.

They come ! they come ! from silent shrines
 Of Gunga, and the blue Selwin ;
 Though dumb — to us convincing signs
 Of rising truth and falling sin.

They come ! those conquered gods ! to stir
 Our lagging faith, and show that He
 Whose is the church, will give to her
 The world beyond the Indian sea.

And Boodh ! — that from the sculptor's hand
 Dropped, fresh in marble, years ago,
 Sent me by one of that true band,
 Whose future crowns are starred below —

Though thy recumbent chiselled limbs
 Are spotted now, methinks, with blood,
 Poured ages since, 'mid hellish hymns
 Of praise to guilt's incarnate god;

Yet hail I here thy presence ! not
 Exultingly, o'er senseless stone ;
 Or haughtily, because my lot
 Is cast where better things are known ;

But gladly — for thou tellest me
 The fiend of darkness plumes his wings,
 And earth, enlightened, hastens to be
 Subjected to the King of kings.

DEATH AT THE MIRROR.

The case of a young and beautiful lady is mentioned, who, while arraying herself before the mirror, for her bridal, was struck with death.

Oh, Death ! 'tis thine to choose
 Strange time to execute the stern decree ;
 As if provoked that mortals still refuse,
 In their forgetfulness, to learn of thee.

Not only youth thy dart
 Searches with silent and unerring aim,
 But at the moment when the warm, full heart
 Nourishes hope, and joy's delicious flame,

Thou layest the beauty low.
 And then, in mockery of all that's fair,
 Dost bid us gaze, and see what empty show,
 What dust and ashes our fond idols are.

SONG FROM SCRIPTURE.

And they shall see his face.— *Revelation xxii. 4.*

THEY tell of the region of bliss,
 And its tree of twelve manner of fruits,
 On whose leaf falls the lightest wind's kiss,
 And clearest of streams on its roots.

They tell of the city, whose walls
 Are jasper, whose pavements are gold ;
 The splendor that lightens its halls,
 Immortals may only behold.

They tell me its gates, of one pearl,
 Shall never be folded by day ;
 His curtain night ne'er shall unfurl
 O'er its bright and its beautiful way ;—

That those wearing raiment which flames
 With glory,— who endlessly look
 In beauty, unwrinkled, are names
 Written down in the Lamb's blessed book ;—

That strings tremble there to the touch,
 Delicious, and thrilling, and deep ;—
 The music they utter is such
 As maketh full happiness weep.

They say there shall never be curse,
 For the throne of the Holy is there ;
 Once entered those portals, for us
 No longer is sin or despair.

'Tis wondrous ! — 'tis great to the soul !
 Yet the jewel that crowneth the place,
 And preciousness gives to the whole,
 My Lord ! is the smile of thy face.

SUNDAY SCHOOL MISSIONARY.

He traverses the fertile fields
 Of pleasant Maryland ;
 And in the Old Dominion
 Doth the missionary stand.
 In sunny Carolina's
 Pine and cotton ground,
 By the flooded rice plantation,
 The journeyer is found.
 Along the fervid plains
 Of Georgia, not delaying,
 Among the growth of canes
 Of Alabama, straying.

And onward, onward goeth he,
 Unwearied in his way,
 Till hoarsely thunders on his ear
 The surging Florida.

He climbs the Alleghany's side,
 And seeth from its crown
 Ohio's ever busy tide
 To ocean sweeping down.
 He tempts the waters—on he hies,
 A transitory guest—
 And open to his joyous eyes
 The splendors of the West.
 By vineyards and by villages,
 By island groups that gem
 The river, by the wooded slopes—
 He stayeth not for them.
 Nor pauseth he at Grave creek,
 Nor measureth the mound,—
 There are dead beyond that ought to live,
 And lost that must be found !

Nor minds he Marietta's sheen,
 Nor Blannerhasset's isle ;
 Nor where, confessedly a queen,
 Doth Cincinnati smile.
 Kentucky sees the traveller,
 And in her settlements
 He speaketh, as he journeyeth,
 Of glorious intents.

And Indiana hears him ;
 Anon, his cheerful voice
 Breaks on the flowery prairies
 Of distant Illinois.
 Upon him vast Missouri
 Bursts like a virgin world ;
 And gorgeous Louisiana,
 Where commerce is unfurled.

And wherefore from Atlantic comes
 The traveller, and whence
 The errand that he must impart,
 Before he goeth hence ?
 Why is the Southron's country trod
 By him who needeth rest ?
 Why seeks that zealous man of God
 The valley of the West ?
 From Alleghany to the sea,
 From ocean to the lake —
 From where its solemn echoes
 Niagara doth wake —
To pour the sunlight of the sky
Upon the uncultured wild,
To show the love that God on high
Hath for the little child !

Where nods the giant sycamore,
 Where grows the wild papaw,
 To rear the floweret that from Heaven
 Its nutriment shall draw.

To stud the boundless prairie
 With trees of Lebanon,
 To pierce the noble forest depths
 With glances of the Sun ;—
 To speak of Jordan's healing
 Where Oregon doth rise —
 Of Calvary, where the rocky hills
 Are towering to the skies.
 Where'er a blade of grass is seen,
 Where'er a river flows,
 To bless that waiting heritage
 With Sharon's living rose.

DIRGE

FOR THE THIRTY THOUSAND SLAIN THE PAST YEAR BY
 INTEMPERANCE.

I stood amid the place of graves,
 Where hillocks, thick as combing waves,
 Were clustered far around.
 Death held dominion ; here his reign
 Was absolute, o'er victims slain,
 Imprisoned in the ground.

In sorrow's contemplative mood
 I scanned the mingled multitude,
 Whose sepulchres were new.

One year ago they stood with men,
 And length of days they reckoned then,
 Who now were hid from view.

And yet from these — what fearful fall
 Was theirs ! none cared to lift the pall
 That deep oblivion spread.
 For them no tears of fond regret
 Had midnight's pillow often wet,
 Nor sigh called from the dead.

Here was the aged father laid,
 And by his dust the sleeping maid ;
 The husband, wife, were here.
 The manly youth, his parents' pride,
 The bridegroom, and the peerless bride,
 The foul worm's dainty cheer.

Here lay the poor man, and his niche,
 Hard by, filled up the rotting rich,
 Regardless of his state ;
 Of station high, of low degree,
 The abject slave, the haughty free,
 Corruption for their mate.

The orator of splendid name,
 The chief who taught the foe his fame,
 The giant, godlike mind,—
 The noble, generous, and sincere,
 Those prompt with pity's holy tear,
 The polished and refined.

Whence came they ? From once happy homes,
 From cottages, from lordly domes,
 From fireside bliss and care ;
 From courts of justice, chambers trod
 By senators ; yea, angry God !
 From thine own house of prayer !

Who slew them ? Not night's pestilence,
 That comes and goes, men know not whence,
 Nor arrow at noonday :
 They fell not in the glorious field,
 With right to nerve and Heaven to shield,
 When freedom called away.

They died not as the righteous die,
 When angels, pluming from the sky,
 With songs unloose life's chain.
 By curst *Intemperance* found they hell,
 And Ignominy pealed the knell
 Of thirty thousand slain.

1837.

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

I'm glad that at length the materials appearing,
 Prepared for the builder, and piled in our street,
 Proclaim that the pious, unwearied, are rearing
 A dome where the sons of the pilgrims may meet ;

A place where the cares which the week sets in motion,
 The bustle of business, the world and its dreams,
 May fade in the nobler pursuits of devotion,
 When the Sabbath of rest heaven's antepast seems.

I'm glad, that, with hallowed monition, a spire
 Will rise from these precincts, and touchingly tell
 That here men may come and learn destinies higher
 Than earth's, at the call of the "church-going bell."
 That here is appointed the ark's holy station ;
 And down to posterity, still on this ground
 Made sacred alone by the Dove's consecration,
 Will manna at morning and evening be found.

I'm glad, for the bliss that in boyhood I tasted,
 I hope in this edifice yet to renew ;
 When up to the meeting-house duly I hasted,
 And sat with the rest in the family pew ;
 And listened with reverence, and made my endeavor
 To fasten on memory the chapter and text ;
 And watched the good minister, though I could never
 The argument scan that my reason perplexed.

I'm glad, for remembrance yet lingers around him,
 The man of three-score, whom sincerely I thought
 Unrivalled ; — the ties to his people that bound him,
 I knew nor by meanness nor flattery were bought.
 And years as they passed, more his goodness revealing,
 Refreshing e'en now to the soul's languid feeling,
 Are thoughts of that warrior whose conflict is done !

I'm glad, for though he has his pilgrimage ended,
 And many about him in vigor and bloom,
 And most of the aged, with him have descended
 To final repose, and are lodged in the tomb,
 I love to think of them ; the soothing reflection
 Of days long departed, to me has no dread ;
 'Tis sweet to retrace them, nor is there dejection
 In thoughts of old scenes, old delights, and the dead.

And proudly a son of New England will cherish
 The customs which absence but serves to endear ;
 He may measure earth's kingdoms, but never shall
 perish
 The smile of his childhood, or infancy's tear !
 And, therefore, I'm glad that my fond recollection
 May here be excited to look on the past ;
 This house, with its ritual, will call up affection
 For much that was pleasant, too pleasant to last.

I'm glad, for I know that the heart of the ranger
 These walls will remind of the home of his love,
 As here in his worship he joins with the stranger,
 In the way of his fathers, now gathered above.
 And here the sojourner, with sweeter emotion,
 Will take of the hope that religion inspires,
 As mingle unchecked in the tide of devotion,
 A spiritual thought of the land of his sires.

I'm glad, for unvexed by disquiet that's reigning
 So sadly, where strife, most of all, ought to cease,
 Here a church may be banded, intent upon gaining
 Recruits to the flag of the Captain of Peace.

And ever may concord, the bond of the Spirit,
 In one join its members, thus truly to live ;
 As sons and as daughters, each bosom inherit
 The peace, passing knowledge, He only can give !

I'm glad, for I hope that to ages will flourish
 Within this enclosure, the plants of the Lord ;
 And grace from his treasury like showers will nourish
 The trees that are full of the sap of the word.
 And here would I hope that the principles tested
 So long in old Plymouth — so fitted to mock
 The assaultings of error — may thrive unmolested,
 Our pride, too, as theirs, who first stepped on the rock.

I'm glad, for a watchman they've called to this tower,
 From the shrine of the Stoddards and Edwards he
 came, —
 Whose message already gives token of power,
 Whose zeal is of pure evangelical flame.
 And long may this lamp of the fresh oil be lighted,
 Fed richly by unction that cometh from high ;
 And burn on this pathway, where thousands, benighted,
 Shall gaze, and in penitence turn to the sky.

I'm glad, then, at length the materials appearing,
 Prepared for the builder, and piled in our street,
 Proclaim that the pious, unwearied, are rearing
 A dome where the sons of the pilgrims may meet.
 Oh ! Thou who hast laid, to the shame of the scorner,
 In Zion, foundations — who only art skilled
 To plan thine own glory — the keystone and corner,
 To Thee, blessed Trinity ! only they build.

ROBERT RAIKES, IN THE SUBURBS
OF GLOUCESTER.

" It was his custom to visit in person the families of the poor, and to persuade the parents to feel interested in the well-being of their children ; while at the same time he persuaded the children to come to the Sunday school."

AND who is he that's seeking,
With look and language mild,
To heal the heart that's breaking,
And glad the vagrant child ?
He searches lane and alley, —
The mean and dark abode, —
From Satan's hosts to rally
The conscripts due to God.

With words of kindly greeting,
Warm from an honest heart,
He's ignorance entreating
In knowledge to have part.
With charity unfailing,
He patiently doth take
Rebuke and sinful railing,
For Christ *the Shepherd's* sake.

He wins from vicious mothers
The children of neglect ;
The sisters and the brothers
From households sadly wrecked.

And these, the truth impressing,
 Beneath his gentle rule,
 Have called on him a blessing,
 Who formed the Sunday school.

I'd rather my life's story
 Should have such episode,
 Than all the gorgeous glory
 Napoleon's history showed.
 For when no more war's banner
 With shouting is unfurled,
 Those children's sweet hosanna
 May shake the upper world.

THE ANGER OF MOSES.

WITH angry blow he smote the rock,
 The obedient waters freely ran,—
 Refreshing to the herd and flock,
 Delicious to the lip of man.
 He smote it twice, “ And Israel ! ”
 He muttered thus in scorning then—
 “ Must we bid cool sweet waters well
 From rocks for ye, rebellious men ! ”

Heaven hears, and for this single sin,
 Its high displeasure waxeth hot ;
 The fruitful land he thought to win,
 He may behold, but enter not.

Oh, God, if *now* the wanderer found
 For his one error doom like this,
 Who of our race could feel the ground
 Secure, of hope for Canaan's bliss !

THE FLAG.

On seeing the Bethel Flag, sent to the American Chapel at Havre, by the ladies of the First Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia.

We send the blazoned dove and ark,
 For foreign winds to kiss —
 To her who in our fortunes dark,
 Gave us the *fleur-de-lis* ;
 Which streamed above the artillery's roar,
 And the roll of the warlike drum : —
 That symbol speaks of strife no more,
 That martial strain is dumb.

Not mindless of the debt we owe, —
 Who shall such claim forget ? —
 We would our choicest boon bestow
 On the land of loved *Fayette* !
 No gold or gauds the gift enhance
 Which comes on zephyr's wings ;
 Our simple guerdon bears to France
 Word from the King of kings.

We'll not forget, while memory holds
 Its place, her prowess, nor
 How proudly waved the Bourbon folds
 Above the fields of war.
 But oh, *this* banner tells of fame
 Earth's pennons cannot win,—
 Of victory, in Immanuel's name,
 O'er helmed hosts of sin.

How glorious those old hills of pride
 That lift their tops in green,
 Where Orleans' lilies, side by side,
 With freedom's stars were seen !
 But how much dearer to the mind,
 Thoughts which *these* waken now
 Of peace and pardon, star-entwined,
 That beam from Calvary's brow !

How dazzling was that eagle's flight
 From Notre-dame to Rome,
 Which blasted nations with its light
 And sat at last in doom !
 But this fair type that hath the dove
 Of gentle peace unfurled,
 Doth stir ambition far above
 The conquest of a world.

Then go !— the flag Religion sends,—
 And designate the dome
 Of worship, where the sailor bends
 To **Him** who had no home ;—

Who often taught within the ship,
 Deemed stricken and unblest—
 The lofty mandate of whose lip
 Awed once wild seas to rest.

Not only on the Gallic coasts,
 Or Loire, or winding Seine,—
 Not only o'er her naval hosts
 Or troops of her terrene—
 But let each ocean, river, bay,
 Each vale and mountain crag
 Of Europe—yes, of earth, display,
 Oh, God ! thy victor flag.

BLESSING THE BATTLE.

Father, I call on thee !
 Clouds of the cannon smoke around me are wreathing ;
 Guider of battles, I call on Thee !
Korner's Prayer during Fight.

It may be that the weal of nations,
 Their honor scorned, or questioned right,
 Require, indeed, no lesser umpire
 To arbitrate, than ruthless fight.

It may be that the ringing trumpet,
 And piercing fife, and sullen drum,
 And garments rolled in blood, and murmurs,
 Discordant, of the battle's hum ; —

Shrieks of the wounded and the dying,
 The wreck of limb and waste of life,
 The fury of devouring carnage,
 And all the circumstance of strife,

Are *necessary* to the order
 And comfort of this world of ours,
 Which has no sweet without a bitter,
 Nor without thorns possesses flowers.

And yet when brothers murder brothers,
 To ask God's blessing on the deed—
 And crave his grace where onward slaughter
 Leaves living hearts behind to bleed,

Is urging far the holy mockery,—
 Is acting farce to mercy's view :
 I may be wrong, for Honor's something,—
Man on a death-bed ! what think you ?

MECHANICS' TEMPERANCE HYMN.

SHALL the bone and muscle Heaven
 Lent us, shall subduing skill
 To an enemy be given ?
 Shall the red wine triumph still ?

Each of us, around whose dwelling
 Labor's ample blessings flow,
 Feels his manly bosom swelling
 With indignant answer, No !

Shall the freedom falchions bought us,—
 When our injured land rose up,
 Which to cherish, Time has taught us,
 Be surrendered to the cup ?
 We—God bless them ! love the story
 Of our fathers and the foe,
 And we answer, by their glory,
 And the boon they left us, No !

Raging drink ! thou'lt not enslave us ;
 Sparkling bowl ! thou now art dim ;
 Angel Temperance stoops to save us
 From the death within thy brim.
 Save us ! Yes, though we were spell bound,
 Fixed in very sight of wo,
 Yet THE PLEDGE shall free the hell bound :—
 Will we wear those shackles ? No.

From the flood's o'erwhelming power,
 We unto this ark have fled ;
 Whence we gaze, in safety's hour,
 On the dying and the dead.
 Now, of God, earth's sons and daughters—
 As on high he sets his bow—
 Ask, if shall return those waters ?
 And Jehovah answers, No !

THE BRIDE OF THE CANTICLES.

Who seeks her Lord in glorious guise,
 Unparalleled in grace —
 Love beaming from her wondrous eyes,
 And beauty from her face ?
 With whom all similes must die,
 All power of language faint,
 Whose charms, with pencil from the sky,
 'Twere sacrilege to paint ?

Why droops her head in anguish thus ?
 Whence those delicious tears ?
 As if an angel showed to us
 How angel grief appears.
 What accents murmur like a dream
 Of music, from her lips ?
 As when in sorrow's saddest theme,
 His soul the minstrel dips.

'Tis she — the Saviour's purchased Bride,
 On whom earth's light is dim —
 For whom heaven's brilliance has no pride,
 Reflected not by Him !
 She bows her in her lonely grief;
 Shall she make suit in vain ?
 Come, Thou ! of every joy the chief,
 And take thy Bride again.

TO A YOUNG LADY WHO WAS
BAPTIZED IN INFANCY.

THE seal of the covenant, given
 On your forehead, for ever will tell—
 A star in the brightness of heaven,
 Or spark in the glimm'ring of hell,—
 That you were in infancy laid,
 A bud in its tenderest hour,
 On His bosom, who kindly has said
 That dearer is such than the flower ;
 And that you volition had here,—
 A mortal cast out in your blood,—
 To rise to Infinity's sphere,
 A worm, yet a daughter of God,
 Or fall to a depth of despair
 Which angels undone never knew :
 To one of these portions you are
 Inheritor, *What will you do ?*

The rainbow that rests on the cloud,
 When the wearied out tempest would sleep,
 A sign that God never will shroud
 Earth again in the waves of the deep—
 Was not, to the patriarch Noah,
 Surer test of unchangeable word,
 Than is this, that His own, evermore,
 Are safe from the wrath of the Lord ;—

For the seal on your forehead, the love
 Of Jesus as surely doth show,
 As Mercy's, when woven above,
 Is the fading and beautiful bow.
 This fades not ! — it brightly shall be
 Immortal memento to you
 Of grace, if from peril you flee,
 Or ruin — say, *What will you do ?*

TO THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

Mix me, child, a cup divine,
 Crystal water, ruby wine ;
 Here, upon this flowing bowl,
 I surrender all my soul ! — *Moore's Anacreon.*

Times are altered, Thomas Moore !
 Since this rhapsody of thine ;
 Men, to reason brought, adore
 Other Deity than wine :
 None will madly pledge the soul
 Now, upon the flowing bowl.

Times are altered, Thomas Moore !
 Drinking hard is not genteel —
 Since 'tis found this inner core
 Of the heart is made to feel :

Where the revel once had grace,
Wife and children now have place.

Times are altered, Thomas Moore !
Men, of gaudy vice afraid,
Count, as something worse than bore,
Paphian boy and Bacchante maid ;
Or the butterfly that sips
Sparkling cups and rosy lips.

Times are altered, Thomas Moore !
Doubtful song has had its day ;
If you give us Grecian lore,
Leave *Anacreon* out, we pray.
Purge your book and cleanse your heart,
Ere you from the stage depart.

S M Y R N A . *

To Smyrna's angel Jesus said
That she should sit awhile in dust,--
Be tried, cast down, yet from the dead
Restored by Him who conquered first.

And silent centuries have slept
Since she, beneath the Moslem's power,
In darkness and in shame has wept ;--
Now dawns at length the promised hour.

* Revelation ii. x.

The promised hour ! — devoted men,*
 Whose eager feet are swift to go—
 Shall faith *with us* be languid, when
 Her eagle vision fires *ye* ? No !

We well believe, that as ye toil
 Where trials kindled, sore and sharp,
 In yon Levant, and tread the soil
 That drank the blood of Polycarp ;

And journey where anointed Paul
 With kindred errand, gladly trod,
 Obedient to the heavenly call,
 And chosen also unto God ;

That He will shield you ! Yea, invite,
 When past earth's scornings and renown —
 Where Polycarp is robed in light,
 And Paul in meekness wears the crown.

THEY SAY THE GOBLET'S CROWNED
 WITH FLOWERS.

THEY say the goblet's crowned with flowers,
 And round its brim do brightly shine,
 Like gems, remembered joys and hours,
 The treasures of immortal wine ; —

* Missionaries to Smyrna.



We know the cup is wreathed with plants
 More deadly than the Upas tree ;
 Its richest recollection haunts
 The soul with all that's misery.

They say the draught has potent spell
 To wean the thought from ills away.
 And raise the drooping one to dwell
 Where dreamy night is changed to day.
We deem the wretch may never know
 The meaning of unmixed despair,
 Till, tempted by his direst foe,
 He seeks the cup and finds it there.

Some vow in unextinguished hate,
 With **ALCOHOL** no terms to hold ;—
“From all that can intoxicate !”
 We write upon our banner's fold ;
 For we, the sons, have marshalled strong
 On fields that wear our fathers' name ;
 Their glorious dust gives back the song
 Once more, of freedom and of fame.

Nor marches in our ranks the slave
 That dares his heritage to stain ;
Not one to clank above the grave
 Of tyranny, a sensual chain.
 Oh, no ! — did round it pleasant flowers
 Of wooing tints and fragrance twine,
 We are the free, and 'tis not ours
 In bonds to tarry at the wine.

PATIENT BECAUSE ETERNAL.*

YEA, thou forbearest, Lord,
 Thou renderest not reward
 Due to my sin.
 Thou knowest all my heart,
 Yet with me patient art,
 Me, vile within !

Though irritable these
 My passions are, — like seas
 Raging aloud, —
 Tempests that mock control,
 Vexing my weary soul,
 Yet am I *proud*.

Yea, proud — though of a day
 That's vanishing away :
 Lord, I would learn
 Meekness of thee, and bear
 Whate'er thou send'st of care,
 Nor trials spurn.

Rebelliously doth flesh
 Involve me in the mesh
 Of hurtful strife.

* St. Augustine.

Within my nature dwell
 The sparks that kindle hell ;
 Help, for my life !

Like touchwood, I the flame
 Do catch. Lord, 'tis with shame
 My shame I own.
 Bathe me anew in blood
 That gushes, in rich flood,
 Fast from thy throne.

Thou wast ! Thou art ! wilt be !
 Vouchsafe to lesson me
 To bear thy will.
 From open foes, false friends,
 And all thy love intends,
 Submissive still.

Even as thy blessed Son,
 The meekly suffering One,
 The Deity ;
 Patient, when woke the sword,
 From whom fell never word
 Vindictively.

Who did not inward fret
 When sorely him beset
 The powers infernal :
 Most patiently who cried,
 Most patiently who died,
 Because Eternal !

A POSTROPHE

TO THE FELLOW THAT INHUMANLY SHOT THE FIRST BIRD OF
SPRING IN NEW HAVEN.—1838.

WHO art thou, caitiff! that with borrowed gun
And stolen powder, aimed thy felon shot,
In cruelty's mere wantonness, at one,
Much thy superior, that had harmed thee not?

Art thou not some most miserable bore—
No freshman, but an old experienced cheat?
Thou canst not senior be, or sophomore—
Perhaps a tailor out of Chapel street?

No! for a tailor is an honest man;
But thou art nothing that can be of use;
A heartless sinner against nature's plan,
Who ne'er designed such an unfeathered goose.

Diana's temple at old Ephesus,
Was burnt once by a fool that wanted fame;
But thou, whose deed of cruelty men curse,
More knave than fool, concealdest thy foul name.

Whoe'er thou art, I only wish that ghost
Of murdered swallow, or poor bob-a-link,
May perch at midnight on thy scant bedpost
And see a coward 'neath the blanket slink.

And that whene'er for music thou dost sigh,
 Instead of bird's, a termagant's shrill note
 Thou'l hear, and when thou wouldest devour duck pie,
 A piece of bone might tarry in thy throat.

COMMUNION HYMN.

Behold his pallid face, his heavy frown,
 And what a throng of thieves him mocking stand !
 Come forth, ye empyrean troops ! come forth,
 Preserve this sacred blood that earth adorns,
 Gather those liquid roses off his thorns.

Drummond of Hawthornden, 1585.

To see, my Lord, thy body thus
 In ruins, is a fearful thing ;
 And yet it bore away the curse
 From sin, and drew the Spoiler's sting.
 These fragments of thy bruised flesh
 Are sweet as breath of morning's bloom, —
 Like eastern spices, that, afresh,
 Do, broken, yield their best perfume.

To drink thy blood, so freely spilt,
 Methinks is awful, strange delight, —
 And yet each drop effaces guilt,
 Its currents wash my crimson white.
 As new in vintage drank, the wine
 Lies choicest on the palate, so
 This, tasted, while I press the vine,
 Doth depth and life and richness show.

To manifest, till thou shalt come,
 Thy dreadful death by type so frail,
 Is wondrous, — yet, till gathered home,
 Thy church to do it, will not fail.
 While dark neglect wraps realms and kings,
 How live in light, years cannot dim,
 Memorials of most precious things —
 The bread and wine and simple hymn !

NOBILITY.

During the delivery of the medals at the Franklin school, one of the youthful candidates, on receiving this symbol of approbation, overcome by his emotion, burst into tears.

I CANNOT choose but think this noble lad
 Hath something great within him. This full tide
 That flows so freely, tokenes that a spring
 Of generous feeling wells up in his breast.
 And these are precious tears ! — a bosom glad —
 A heart alive to just ambition's pride —
 A spirit, that in eager strife will fling
 Away all obstacles, are here contest.
 Go on ! — the path is open, and the same
 In which trod Franklin and our Washington !
 What hinders, that in future day thy name
 Is with theirs named — undying honors won —
 And thou, a parent's triumph, a republic's joy,
 Who now, the modest victor, art a BOSTON BOY !

"NIPPED I' THE BUD."

I.

OUR little cousin died, and when *such* die
 Verse doth embalm them ; wealth of imagery
 Is clustered, to show forth their perfect bliss
 In that high world which has no taint of this ;
 And they are likened to the cherubim —
 Their infant pipes tuned to the mighty hymn
 Whose sound is that of waters, or a germ
 Of floweret, men deem such, which the foul worm
 In secret preyed on — and it withered — died, —
 Only to live again, and bloom in pride
 With plants of pleasant hue and smell, where trod
 Never the spoiler, yea, with amaranths of God.

II.

Our cousin died. Sufficeth it to say
 That if beyond the illimitable way,
 Where helplessness lifts not beseeching eye,
 Imploring succor, — where the innocent sigh
 Of childhood, and its frequent tear are not, —
 If there are gathered infants, she, we wot,
 Is with them ; and to-day, while we in sadness
 Dwell on her fond remembrance, she in gladness
 Is casting at His feet the harp and crown,
 Who calls such little ones, and bends no frown
 On children, but doth willingly prepare [there.
 Room in his heart for such. **ABBY** ! we leave thee

DECAY.

One day in merry June, I, then a lad,
Strolled forth with a companion — one who had
Strange curiosity, that sometimes led
His footsteps to the mansions of the dead ;
And he the way directed thither. Soon
We stumbled on the grave-stones that in noon
Glared scorchingly. Anon, along the grass
In thoughtlessness we passed and did repass, —
Reading quaint rhymes ; and sometimes, too, we knelt,
Closely to search how epitaphs were spelt,
Trying in cherub's stony face to scan
Some likeness, or of angel or of man.
Till, presently, we chanced upon a tomb,
Whose rusty bolt had been forced backward : — room
Wanted for some new tenant. Cheerful day
Looked on its sullen chamber : sunbeams lay,
Unwonted, on the floor, and glanced along
On coffins, ranged in undistinguished throng.
I was but wary then, about all things
Connected with the dead : the secret springs
That move imagination, I nor knew
Nor cared about ; but as religion, true,
Held all the stories which do appertain
To spirit-worlds, nor had such learned in vain ;
And therefore, tremblingly, I stole a glance
At the dread cavern's secrets. Not so he,
My comrade, who with jesting, carelessly

Groped down the steps, and rudely raised a lid,
That from the eye Decay's sad doings hid.

I never may forget what then I saw.
Years have passed since, but, true to memory's law,
That spectacle is fresh to memory now,
As when I bent o'er that sepulchre's brow.
I see her still ! how painfully ! — a woman, young
She seemed, who lay there. As if she had flung
But lately, her tired limbs along that bed ; —
Pressing its pillow, easily, her head
Did seem reclining. Yet methought sweet sleep
It was not like ; — but a repose more deep,
That stirred not, when the hungry reptile left
His slime upon her cheeks. Ay, when he left
His hourly meal from lips that chid him not !
Suffice it that I, shuddering, left the spot,
With thoughts which time has but confirmed, that we
Should render all due rites that decency,
Love and religion ask, to those who die ;
But never, the tomb's mysteries to descry,
Should we with curiosity explore
The place of the departed. Buried, then,
Oh, let their dust be sacred from the ken
Of human eye ! Not tomb of Pere-la-Chaise,
Mount Auburn, Laurel Hill, with sculpture gay,
Or gayer flowers, to me hath any charm ; —
'Tis but a *tomb*. Give me, for slumber, calm,
The quiet *GRAVE*, where dust, once hid, may lie
Secure from vulgar handling ; where the eye
Of love is satisfied, if on the sod
It rests, of him whose spirit is with God.

JOHN ELIOT, OF ROXBURY. Obit. 1690.

“ Such priest as Chaucer sang in fervent lays,
 Such as the heaven taught skill of Herbert drew.”

THERE are, who leaving house and lands and home,
 Take up the exile’s lot, and far hence go
 Unto the Gentiles, winning them from wo ;
 And sweetly teaching such as wildly roam,
 Stedfast to be in Christ. Their temple dome
 None other than what woods and skies bestow.
 Foremost of these, Apostle ! thee we know ;—
 And when at judgment to award do come
 The self-denying servants of the King,
 Thou, faithful with the faithful, wilt be seen.
 And for thy jewels wilt, triumphant, bring —
 To which the starry gems of heaven are mean —
 The INDIAN, by the Spirit rendered free,
 Through Truth translated, taught, and *lived* by thee.

NAMES OF CHRIST.

JESUS OF BETHLEHEM, some delight to name
 My gracious Master, and the word doth claim
 Sweet thoughts of innocence and gentle youth,
 And helplessness of Him, the Life and Truth.
 JESUS OF NAZARETH, the Galilean,
 Despised of men, thus titled of men’s spleen,

Yet style delighted in by humble hearts ;—
 Which of these pleaseth most ?— The early parts
 Of his great tragedy have interest,
 Yet that which endeth, noblest is, and best.
 Bethlehem and Nazareth cannot else but fail
 Tokening the blood that doth with God prevail ;
 And therefore, other choosing, fondly, I
 Know him and love, JESUS OF CALVARY.

WHITEFIELD.

On seeing his remains in their resting place, at Newburyport,
 Massachusetts, Sept. 11, 1837.

AND this was WHITEFIELD !— this, the dust now
 blending
 With kindred dust, that wrapt his soul of fire,—
 Which, from the mantle freed, is still ascending
 Through regions of far glory, holier, higher.

Oh, as I gaze here with a solemn joy
 And awful reverence, in which shares Decay,
 Who, this fair frame reluctant to destroy,
 Yields it not yet to doom which all obey,—
 How follows thought his flight, at Love's command,
 From hemispheres in sin, to hemispheres,
 Warning uncounted multitudes with tears,—
 Preaching the risen Christ on sea and land,—
 And now those angel journeyings above !
 Souls, his companions, saved by such unwearied
 love !

HARRIET NEWELL.

STRANGER ! that in this Isle-of-France doth tarry,
 Seek out our HARRIET's solitary grave,
 Marked by the evergreen ; so mayest thou carry
 Hence, wholesome thought, returning o'er the wave.
 For this is she, whose death hath given sweet life
 To thousands. Yea, whose pangs of mortal strife
 Have yielded to the pagan precious bliss.
 This island is her monument ;—it doth belong
 To Christendom. Lo, every one in this
 Loved soil hath portion, that in Christ hath part.
 Though dear to early romance, by the song
 Of simple Indian loves, told to the heart
 In charming story — not thy power, St. Pierre,*
 Endeared it, as *her* patient griefs and death endear.

THE BANDS OF PRAYER.

MEN meet as strangers, and as strangers part,
 In pleasure, or in mysteries of the mart
 Engaged. In politics they mix, and deem
 In all, their comrades cold, and separate,
 Each in the other owning no esteem.

* Bernardine St. Pierre, the scene of whose "Paul and Virginia" is laid in the Isle-of-France.

The world, indeed, is but a barren state !
 The plants of kindness, exotic there,
 Grow languidly and perish. Yet we see
 Revealed from heaven, though not in heaven known,—
 For songs, and not requests are rife before the throne,—
 A tie that binds Christ's brotherhood. They share,
 Herein initiated — though they be
 Strangers, yet thus well known — the willing knee,
 And heart they bind to heart, in fellowship of Prayer.

THOMAS SHEPARD.

“ That gracious, sweete, and soule-ravishing minister, in whose soule the Lord shed abroad his love so abundantly, that thousands have cause to blesse God for him, even at this very day, who are the seale of his ministrey, and hee a man of a thousand, indued with abundance of true saving knowledge for himselfe and others ; founder of the Congregational Church of Christ in Cambridge, died August 25, 1649, and was honourably buried there, at Cambridge in New England.”

SHEPARD — a worthy of the olden time,
 Skilled in the heavenly craft, and well inclined
 To serve his Lord with substance, body, mind —
 Passed from Old England to this virgin clime,
 Where he might freely breathe the breath of life.
 Yea, left behind the regions vexed with strife,
 To plant in peace the nursery that should rear
 Younglings for heaven. — Shepard sojourned here.

And this fair spot he fertilized with tears ;
 And these green landscapes witnessed his retreat
 For wrestling prayer. Albeit, two hundred years
 On things that die have deeply writ their name —
 While on Mount Zion beauteous are his feet —
 Posterity revives and cherishes his fame.

THE FORGOTTEN.

“ Of the delusions incident to ill health, old age, or mental aberration, many are wild and grotesque. Of the former kind is an instance which we find recorded, that led to the self-destruction of a female in Silesia. She had reached the age of one hundred years. All her family having successively been conveyed to the tomb, she labored under the idea that God had forgotten to call her out of the world ! ”

To be, and not to be ! to live, and ne'er to die !
 How terrible an endless life below !
 To be by Heaven forgotten, while roll by
 Century after century ; and when
 The weary sojourner would gladly yield
 To long infirmity and fly the field,
 And humbly ask, blest boon, to perish — then
 To hear upon his hope, stern answer, No !
 Friend after friend to see departing, deep
 Yawn the coy grave beneath, but not for *him*.
 Over dead friends and lovely ones to weep —
 The beautiful, the young, the lithe of limb —
 Yet *he* to linger still ; yea, watch yon sun
 Wax old and die, yet live — the sad forgotten one !

TEMPERANCE SONG.

Or old, Anacreon woke the song
 In praise of wine ; the joyous throng
 He led, and with seducing strain
 Allured, they drank and drank again.
 His lyre to witching measure strung,
 The poet thus of pleasure sung :
 “ Within this goblet, rich and deep,
 I cradle all my woes to sleep.”

In latter days, the Teian’s theme
 Was still the same — the drunkard’s dream,
 The drunkard’s waking thoughts’ employ,
 Was still to catch the flying joy ;
 In social mirth, in secret hour,
 He owned the tempter’s subtle power,
 And in the goblet, rich and deep,
 Would fain have cradled care to sleep.

Yet praise we give ! — it could not last ;
 The red cup’s tyranny is past ;
 No more the soul of sensual song
 “ Expires the silver harp along ; ”
 Exalted man shakes off, at length,
 The sordid sin, and rallies strength ;
 For in the goblet, rich and deep,
 He sees is Virtue lulled to sleep.

With more than Bacchanalian zest
 Our lip the healthful cup has pressed ;
 The chrysolite itself is dim
 To waters sparkling on its brim ;
 No ruined joys are here, no child
 Of beggary, no mother wild ;
 Such woes *this* goblet, rich and deep,
 Has cradled to eternal sleep.

JAMES IV. 13, 14.

Go to, now, ye that say, To-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain : whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow : for what is your life ? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.

HEAR ye now, what James, the Apostle doth say :
 Go to, ye presumptuous ! who boast that to-day
 Ye'll toil, or to-morrow will seek such a town,
 Such a city of wealth, such a mart of renown,
 And dwell there a year, buy and sell and get gain.
 Hear now ! and be humble — your schemings are vain :
 He that sits on the circle of heaven doth laugh
 At hopes sown in wind, which shall pass like the chaff.
 Poor worms ! ye know not what shall be on the morrow,
 Or riches or poverty, pleasure or sorrow.

Unknowing — to-day in possession of breath —
 If the next may not come with commission of death ;
 For what is your life ? 'Tis a thin vapor, even,
 Now here, — yet a moment and far away driven.
 The dew of the morning, the slenderest flower,
 But faintly type out the brief stay of an hour.
 As a post, as a shuttle, a meteor, a dream,
 A journey, a slumber, a race doth it seem.
 Decay hath a voice and the tomb hath a chime,
 Mournfully telling, a shadow is Time ;
 And wasting and sickness and ruin give token
 At the cistern the pitcher ere long shall be broken.
 And what, then, is man, that buildeth on high
 His Babel of cobweb to rival the sky ?
 Oh, what is this boaster of arrogant claim,
 The thought of whose nothingness crimsoned with
 shame
 The angels that gaze, and still wonder at pride
 That swells, and is swept like a mote down the tide !
 Should he not in his lowliness, meekly and still,
 Rather base all his wishes on *If the Lord will* ?
 Feeling his poverty, leanness and sin,
 Turn to the Stronghold from weakness within ?
 To rise up betimes, bread of carefulness eat,
 To walk in his duty with diligent feet,
 Yet still with humility, labor and plan,
 Devise and perform all is seemly in man ?
 Oh, surely his path is the easiest trod,
 And safest, who trustingly stays on his God.
 Surely 'tis sweet for the finite to own
 His vision, how dim, to the light of the throne, —

How puny his arm, in its manliest might,
 To His that holds worlds up, the diamonds of night !
 His strength how like feebleness, wisdom how small,
 To the Lord of Creation, the Maker of all !

LAZARUS.

BETHANY ! on thy site, as travellers tell,
 Rude and forlorn, the warlike Arabs dwell :
 Children of penury, slaves of miscalled fate,
 One God, their God, and Allah theirs, as great.
 Who that surveys thy miserable state,
 Silent and dreary, could suppose that thou,
 Ruined and vile, despised, forgotten, now,
 Wast honored, once, with presence of the Blessed,
 Salvation's Prince — the world's neglected Guest ?
 Who could suppose, where solitude is wed
 To death, that life came springing from the dead —
 When on the grave was light of victory cast,
 And he restored, who had its portals past ?
 And who would deem domestic bliss, so dear
 To God, earth's choicest flower, was cultured here ?
 Bethany ! name that eighteen hundred years
 Has tribute called of sweet, delicious tears !
 Bethany ! name at which glad visions come
 Of friendship, love, and sacred charms of home !
 With thee, how surely rise to fancy's view,
 Martha and Mary, and their brother, too !

Lazarus, the brother, of these much beloved,—
 And more — disciple Jesus well approved ;
 Martha, with serving cumbered for her Lord ;
 Mary, that meekly sat to hear His word.
 Blest household ! — simple, poor, yet free from sin,
 And rich beyond compare, with Christ within.

Lazarus, diseased, has sought the couch of pain ;
 The sisters ask for Jesus — but in vain.
 To do his work, on Jordan's farther side
 Is He whose presence could this sickness chide.
 Fraternal care wings thither strong appeal —
 “ He whom thou lovest is sick : Lord, come and heal ! ”
 He comes not. Surely he will message send
 That shall rebuke disease, and save his friend.
 No — death must have its victim, so the hour
 Of man's extreme, may show that God hath power.

Lazarus is dead ! Is not the Saviour here ?
 Not to restore, but give the kindly tear :
 Oh, is He absent ? absent ne'er before
 From low abodes, where Sorrow keeps the door.
 How many weary hours they've looked for him,
 And hearts are faint, and heavy eyes are dim !
 Come, mournful music ! soothe the weeper's breast,
 That pours out troubled song for him at rest.

Brother ! thou wast our youth's delight,
 The pleasant stay of riper years ;
 Climbing with thee life's joyous height,
 What knew we of a vale of tears !

Thou wast the branch on which, in weakness,
 We, early tendrils, fondly hung ;
 Around thy glorious strength, in meekness,
 Our timid woman's love was flung.

Brother ! a tie, whose mighty power
 Death breaks not, sweetly held us three —
 Not that we each, in life's first hour,
 Drank at one breast, and clasped one knee :
 Stronger than this — the silken cord
 That linked our souls in gentle love,
 The tie that bound us to our Lord
 So firm below, fails not above.

Brother ! the palm at morning towers
 Its stem by Jordan's placid stream,
 And shows its crown of leaves and flowers,
 Bathed in the burning noonday's beam :
 At eve, the sorrowing maidens see
 The bruised stem, the broken bough :
 Weeping — the sad beholders *we*, —
 Prostrate in all thy beauty, *thou* !

The Master's come ! — Him Martha hastes to meet,
 And falls in tears of anguish at his feet.
 Why was her earnest, pious suit denied ?
 " Hadst thou been here, my brother had not died ;
 Yet even now, such is thy power with God,
 He can return, who hath death's valley trod —
 He shall arise in Resurrection's day."
 " I am," saith Christ, " the Resurrection ! yea,

He that in me believeth, were he dead,
Yet shall he live ! Believest *thou* what I've said ?"

He stands beside the grave ; He, the grave's King,
Spoiler of hell, can spoil Death's lesser sting.
Yet Jesus wept :— what rich compassions flow
From that deep fountain sorrow breaks up so !—
The stone removed— to Him, by whom is won
Victory alone, in praises speaks the Son ;—
That God, the Father, making known His power,
Should raise Sin's numerous slain to life this hour :
Then, in a voice at which Death, trembling, fled,
“ **LAZARUS ! COME FORTH !** ” he cries. He that was dead
Came forth, in grave clothes clad, and, buoyant, trod
The green earth— telling Christ is very God !

THAT SAD SECOND CHILDHOOD.

I have wished that sad, second childhood might have a mother
still, to lay its head upon her lap.— *Elia.*

CHILDHOOD, its little grief
May, on its mother's breast,
Lay it, and find relief,
Where childish cares have rest.

But what for Age remains ?
Age, — with neglect and gloom, —
Where may it hide its pains
But in the friendly tomb ?

FELLOWSHIP.

On Saturday, 30th July, I landed at Liverpool ; on Sabbath attended service in Dr. Raffles' church ; on Monday visited with him several of his members, and in the evening attended a concert of prayer, where, by invitation, I addressed the meeting. There was much feeling — many wept — and I saw, indeed, that the language of Canaan is every where the same. — *Notes of an American Traveller.*

IT IS THE SAME ! wherever men
 That love the Saviour meet,
 Heart leaps to kindred heart, and then —
 The interchange is sweet ;
 Each holds with each communion high,
 The sacred kindlings run,
 And with imperishable tie,
 Their souls are knit in one.

One language speak the saints below,
 They speak but one above, —
 How readily affections flow,
 When that which prompts is love !
 For Love's the same in every zone
 Where minds, thus taught, adore —
 In our America 'tis known,
 And on the English shore.

They speak this common language well,
 Who own a different speech ;
 This fellowship has signs that tell
 What this alone doth teach ;

And he that's skilled in Canaan's tongue,
 Where'er his foot has trod,
 Has found with his, some accent strung
 In unison to God.

The toiler in his city walls,
 The journeyer on the sea,
 The dweller of imperial halls,
 And he of low degree—
 Man, in his northern world of snow,
 Who herds from man apart,—
 In India's vales, where soft winds blow,
 Or Afric's mighty heart,—

The foreigner and he at home,
 The stranger by the way,
 Whoe'er has enterprize to roam,
 Or who content to stay ;—
 If of this holy brotherhood,
 Each bosom beats the same,—
 And each one in the Son of God
 Has part, that wears his name.

Where'er thou stray'st or tarryest, know !
 If cast with Him thy lot,
 Thou mayst not in life's passage go
 Where kindred mind is not ;—
 Where is not found some follower still,
 His witness in each clime—
 Men keeping cov'nant, whom He will
 Keep when sealed up is time.

THE SILENT STREET.

In Boston is a street, about a rod
 From her famed Common, by men seldom trod ;
 Never by the mere lounging, or the fair,
 To kill off time, or sport attractions there.
 'Tis shunned by such as play the flutterer's part
 In folly's sunshine ;—by the wise in heart
 Its thought is entertained. Ranged on each side
 Are mansions, not of opulence or pride,
 Of structure simple ; taste was not invoked
 In rearing these. Envy itself, provoked,
 Could find no food in gorgeous trappings here.
 Yet taste is wanting not, though still severe ;
 And you may note, in marble, o'er the door,
 Each owner's name. Of fame's selectest store
 Are some of these. The wise, the good, the great—
 And *he** among them, whom the cares of state
 This moment occupy, — New England's son, —
 Confessedly, who has her suffrage won,
 And wears it too. His domicil, though fit
 For use, before he shall inhabit it,
 May years pass on !—

Here, where earth's kindred meet,
 And friends convene, how silent is the street !
 Each, in due time, takes lodgings, and the gate,
 Closed sullenly upon him, seems to wait,

Patient, yet surely, till 'tis oped again,
And one more swells the long forgotten train
Of those who, once within that sombre cell,
Till time breaks up, in solitude shall dwell.

Two, † lately, 'twas my lot to see, and they
Were here to take possession. In array,
Not like the accustomed bustle that attends,
Methought, the change of habitation ; — friends
In concourse sad were with them ; — holy rite,
With prayer and dirge, was ordered ; and the sight
Of these new tenants was unwonted, such
As in gay life we see not. There was much
Of thought intense prevailing, as on them,
Mother and child, men looked. A very gem
Of beauty was that infant, save, its cheeks —
Were stilly pale ; and this flower of three weeks —
Folding itself in its sweet bud, as 'twere
Shrinking away from our rough winds of care —
Seemed sleeping — 'twas a kind and quiet sleep.
Its mother, too ! the voice of friendship said —
And love confirmed — that grace and nature shed
Early, on her, attraction. She was one
Not formed to dazzle in the garish sun,
But loving shade, yet not inactive shade.
She grew and bloomed, and now, where such ne'er
fade,

† The departed consort and infant son of a beloved divine in this city, who were interred with the appropriate and affecting services of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

She lives, with virtuous names not born to die,
And her bright record is inscribed on high.

And is *she* here? — why weep these? — why, by light
Of sickly taper, to this house of night
Comes she? They pause, I notice, and delay
The journeyer's entrance. Grieving friends give way,
And *he*, who with that partner long had dwelt
In fairer mansion, by her side has knelt
In anguish sore, and takes the last fond look.
Oh, God! 'twas the heart's agony that shook
The servant then. Will *he* not tarry too?
Is no bed decked within, for love so true?
Ah, in death's undress is she hither brought;
Her couch is damp, her chamber cheerless — nought
To welcome her and babe. What street is this,
Whose dwellers thus are shorn of home's sweet bliss?
And to the world's turmoil and daily strife,
The business, pleasure, weal and wo of life
Are all insensible? A willing search
Will find it soon. 'Tis under St. Paul's Church.

THE DRUNKARD'S DEATH.

I stood beside his dying bed,
His clammy hand was clasped in mine, —
And if there's hope, look up, I said;
He dropt a tear, *but made no sign.*

I asked him of his misspent years,—

He had but reached to manhood's prime,—
And oh, what griefs, and guilt, and fears
Trooped where he stood on shores of time !

For he to drink had yielded up
His intellect and noble strength ;
And now the demon of the cup,
Exulting, claimed his prey at length.

I spake then of the broken law,
Of ONE who had the forfeit paid,
And that his faith might strongly draw
On Him, the Merciful, for aid.

Renounce thy sins, and loathe thy life,
So wearily to folly given ;
And He will calm thy bosom's strife,
And He will lift thy soul to heaven.

He cried, “ What shall a sinner do ! ”
He greatly wept—“ What doom is mine ! ”
His face was changed ; despair, I knew,
Prevailed, and still *he made no sign*.

I told him that a shoreless sea
Is grace, for mortals stained with sin ;
To doubt were crime — and safely he,
Defiled, indeed, might venture in.

I knelt in prayer— if ever I
 Have tasted prayer's prevailing power,
 'Twas when my supplicating cry
 Appealed for pity in that hour.

I prayed that he might see how pure
 The law's demand, how vile his guilt ;
 Oh, mercy ! must this soul endure
 Its pangs, when blood for souls was spilt —

This gem that might be ever bright
 Where coronals in beauty shine,
 Be locked in depths, whose only light
 Gleams palely from the wrath divine !

Rather may he, new born, be clad
 In robes by Sovereign Love brought down ;
 And stand where angels worship, glad
 With golden harp and starry crown.

I asked again, if he could now
 Yield all to Him who claims the whole ;
 And at that cross where men must bow
 Or perish, cast his trembling soul —

And on this bed of sorrow say,
 “ Here, Lord ! to be for ever thine,
 A lost one gives himself away ! ” —
 He died, he died, *and made no sign !*

THE QUAKERESS.

" Every Quakeress is a lily."

CITY of PENN ! thy streets
 Right-angled, marble banks, mint, heaving domes,
 And water-works, and Schuylkill, yielding sweets,
 And pleasant homes,

And sober denizens,
 I love. — Thy merchants, lawyers, reckoned wise —
 And, more than all, thy beauteous citizens
 Who own bright eyes,

I love ; — confessedly
 As fair as any famous Broadway boasts,
 Or belles of Washington, though fair they be,
 Or Boston toasts.

As stately Junos, seem
 Thy queenly females, who, on Chesnut street,
 Display, like flitting mockings of a dream,
 Their pretty feet.

How charming the array
 They make, when the tired wing of evening droops !
 How dazzling, when, in face of envious day,
 They pass in troops !

Loveliest of short or tall,
And most bewitching in her modest dress,
Is she, who wins all hearts, above them all—
The Quakeress.

When almost blinded
By gorgeous beauty, on the promenade,
How soothing 'tis to meet—hast thou not minded?—
A Quaker maid,

In her becoming dress,
With bonnet, or of drab, or purest white ;
Fragrant as lily of the wilderness,
As sweet to sight !

A company of such
I've seen in spring time, where thy Arch street runs,
Gathering to meeting. They resembled much
The Shining Ones

Glittering along the way
In crowds :— This simile is borrowed, I
Would rather liken them to flowers in May,
Early and shy.—

The Quakeress is fair,
And all adorned in her simplicity ;
Candid as Heaven made her, every where
Lovely to me.

And yet her proper throne
 Is home ; — there shines the Quakeress.
 Good sense, good humor, kindness, all her own,
 Are there to bless.

Oh, were her guileless speech,
 And open artlessness, but copied, then
 Would other towns, like thee, bland lessons teach,
 City of PENN !

TO THE MONUMENT.

Ho ! granite pile on Bunker's sod,
 Why standest thou unfinished thus, —
 A mockery where our fathers trod,
 A Babel, crumbling 'neath the curse ?

Ho ! thou that men began to build,
 Not counting first the painful cost ;
 If whom the proverb is fulfilled
 Of care and cash by folly lost ; —

I mind me when this soil for thee
 Was broken by the eager spade,
 That day the son of liberty
 Thy corner stone with shoutings laid.

He said that on the martyrs' bones
 Thy soaring shaft should proudly stand,
 And tell forever on its stones
 The fame and story of our land.

Then eloquence was here — the throng
 Stood breathless on this sacred hill,
 As rose to God the noble song,
 Expressive of a people's will.

A change has come — no man may bind
 Thy massy blocks on hallowed ground,
 Who thinks with shame, how lofty mind,
 In firmer grasp, hath SLAVERY bound !

This scorpion thought keeps back the gold
 Which should, to plant thy top stone, pay,
 That human blood and bones are sold ;
 And shouldst thou prize of freedom ? NAY !

A hissing only wouldest thou be,
 A by-word of our country's shame ;
 And every syllable on thee
 Engraved, would falsehood still proclaim.

Not thus defy the men of might
 Who on this hill-top glory won ;
 Not thus affront the pilgrim's sight
 Upon this more than Marathon.

Yet — stand thou thus ! a tell-tale, not
 Of heroes slumb'ring at thy base —
 But of the fact that *one* dear spot
 Hypocrisy shall not disgrace.

SUNDAY.

The Sundays of man's life,
 Threaded together on Time's string,
 Make bracelets to adorn the wife
 Of the eternal, glorious King. — *The Church.*

SWEET Sabbath ! gift of Heaven, which selfish man
 Would never on himself have thus bestowed ; —
 A green spot art thou in the dreary road
 Of life, sojourning ; every seventh day found.
 Where we, thought gathered, earth withdrawn, may
 scan
 The overwhelming glories scattered round
 The universe of God. Or, called by bells,
 Drink, in his temple, where it freely wells,
 Water of Life ; such as the woman drew
 Never by old Samaria, but which knew
 The heavenly Teacher. Me, stript of my pride,
 Show, on this day, as here I waiting lie,
 Panting with thirst, on this parched, waste, way side,
 The path, dear Lord ! to Sabbath streams on high.

THE WIDOW.

Do not the tears run down the widow's cheek? and is not her cry against him that causeth the fatherless to fall? — *The Son of Sirach.*

MAN! who pitiest fellow wo,
 Sighest when the stricken sigh,—
 In whom sweet Compassion's glow
 Stirs the soul and dims the eye,—
 Look upon the Widow's sadness;
 Bid her crushed heart leap for gladness.

Woman! type of Mercy, thou,
 Who thyself all feeling art,
 Wearing pity on thy brow,
 And its impulse in thy heart,
 Hearken to the Widow's groan,
 Weep for her that weeps alone.

Youth! the first in deeds of daring,
 Leaving timid age behind,—
 Following Fortune, yet uncaring
 If she slight thee, or is kind,—
 Stop! nor proudly scorn her lot
 Which thou understandest not.

Maiden ! in thy laughing hour,
 Dreaming not of future ill,—
 Yet in whom, with certain power,
 Destiny shall work its will,—
 By thy hopes, that soon must die,
 Hear the Widow's troubled cry.

Thou ! who sorrowedst o'er the bier,
 Where a widow's son was laid,
 At the gate of Nain,—hear !
 Look, and lend thy gracious aid.
 God ! the counsel came from Thee,
 "Let thy Widows trust in Me."

THE INCONSISTENT.

Oh, parent, who thy watch art keeping,
 So pleasing, painful, o'er thy boy,—
 Whose vigilance is all unsleeping
 That he may prove, indeed, thy joy—

Consider ! while *thy* care thou deemest
 Enough, at times, thy hope to dim,
 A cloud, of which thou little dreamest,
 Comes up between *his* bliss and *him*.

While he imbibes instruction needed,
 And *Precept* seems to guide the way,
 Some act of thine, some word, unheeded,
 In sad *Example*, leads astray ;

In all the influence which in beauty
 Should cluster round the social hearth,
 In every pleasure, toil and duty
 Of home, the dearest spot on earth,

With one hand to the living fountain
 Pointing, where he may enter in ;
 And with the other, like a mountain,
 Piling along his path thy sin !

On Inconsistency that's blazing
 Thus falsely, where should be true light,
 Thy helpless, ductile offspring gazing —
 How *can* he find the way that's right ?

Oh, cruel ! that the bosom swelling
 With ardor, hope, and promise fair,
 Should, by thy folly, be the dwelling
 Of guilty pain and keen despair.

Had he not here — a thoughtless stranger,
 Unskilled life's thousand snares to shun —
 Enough of soul-besetting danger,
 That *thou* shouldst see thy child undone ?

Whose fancy, think'st thou, e'er may enter
 Its depths, or analyze the cup
 Of which the parent, that durst venture
 His children's safety, shall drink up !

How many thus, like stars, for ever
 Have set, in baleful night to dwell,
 In spite of Wisdom's strong endeavor,
 By faithless parents, who may tell ?

THE GAMBLERS—A FACT.

"Twas in the old Cathedral, at midnight ;
 Before the altar burned unwonted light,
 Which deepened darkness on the fretted wall,
 Where hung appropriate shadows, like a pall.
 Within the chancel sat men, void of shame,
 At the Communion Table, deep in game.
 Three mocking wretches impiously were
 Joined in the sacrilege. A *fourth* was there !
 That fourth, a ghastly corpse, which had that day
 In the damp vault been laid with kindred clay,
 Now dragged by these blasphemers from its bed
 To help at cards. Uncoffined, the grim dead
 Sat thus in chilling silence, while their noise
 Went on ; nor heeded their infernal joys.

SPEECH OF THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS, OF RUSSIA,

TO THE MUNICIPAL BODY OF WARSAW, WHILE ON A VISIT TO THAT CITY.*

GENTLEMEN !

That you've wished to address us we very well know,
 Yet what you would utter being merely *so, so,*
 To save you moreover from telling a lie,
 We will that your speech you put quietly by.
 Yes, Gentlemen ! though we repeat it with pain,
 'Tis to spare you duplicity foolish and vain.
 We know that your sentiments, faithless to us,
 Unlike your pretences, than falsehood are worse.
 For similar mockery with you was the mode,
 When your vile Revolution was ripe to explode.
 And now, that we think on't, to us it appears
 You are the same flatterers, who, five and eight years
 Ago, tickled us with your loyalty, strong,
 When your honey-mouthed talk was as fulsome as long.
 The same, who a very few days or weeks after,
 Broke every engagement and made us your laughter.
 Ever since we have lent you our gracious protection,
 You've spurned at our kindness and called it subjection ;
 E'en the great Alexander, with cognomen " Good,"
 Who cared for you more than an emperor should,

* *Vide* the German newspapers of 1836.

Who heaped on you benefits, base as you are,
 Beyond his own subjects, who made you his care,—
 Yea, though of sedition ye stirred up the coals,
 Who would fain have exalted you, highest of Poles,—
 The good Alexander — with sorrow we say it—
 You treated most basely ; the knout ought to pay it.
 Although your position was noble enough,
 Yet with it you've wickedly been in a huff;
 We talk to you plainly, and deem we are right,
 On these, our relations, to scatter some light ;
 And on what to depend, that you really may know,
 In kindness, we, Nicholas, counsel you so ;
 And ask honest action, not language of art :
 Repentance, the priests say, should come from the
 heart.

We speak without anger, you see that we are
 As calm and as cool as becomes a great Czar ;
 No rancor, no malice, ye treacherous elves !
 And good we will do you, in spite of yourselves.
 The Marshal,— you see him,— though you may not
 think it,

Fulfils our intention, and that you shan't blink it,
 He watches you closely, your welfare in view,
 And Warsaw holds none more observant and true.

[*The members of the Deputation here bow to the Marshal.*]

Well, Gentlemen ! well ! — we are glad, any how,
 That to him, worthy man, you obsequiously bow ;
 But what signify, we would ask, these salutes,
 Or words dipt in oil, if in deeds you are brutes !

The first of all duties you owe, it is clear,
Is fealty to us, who am Autocrat here ;
To serve us sincerely, nor deem it too hard,
That Liberty's dream you forever discard.

The alternative here, you must instantly choose —
Our government, mild though it be, to refuse, —
And seek for lost Poland her ancient renown, —
Or quietly toil for the good of our crown.

Yet, mark us ! if you, now on jeopardy's brink,
Of distinct nationality dare but to think,
You will utterly fail in the scheme you intend,
And ruin draw down on yourselves in the end.

We have reared up this citadel — *wz* ! who declare
If a traitorous Pole of his head wags a hair,
Its cannon in thunders against ye shall roar,
And Warsaw shall fall, — to be Warsaw no more !

Indeed, it is painful to talk to you thus :
To a Sovereign 'tis always so — yet if a fuss
You make about Liberty, we, for your good,
Must talk and must act as an Autocrat should ;
'Tis for you to deserve it, that over the past,
The veil of oblivion for ever is cast ;
By humble acknowledgment, only, you'll gain it,
By future obedience, only, obtain it.

We know that abroad, from the pestilent West,
Come the writings, like frogs, that our empire infest ;
And men who are drunken with liberty, send
Those missives which evil can only portend.

With such a frontier, e'en a Russian police
Can ne'er of this evil prevent the increase ;

And yet its effects you may easily crush
 And the whisperings of treason may readily hush,
 If you train up your children to bow at our nod,
 And worship their Sovereign before any God.
 You see, while those writings shake Europe, in fact,
 Our Russia ! immovable, strong and intact !
 Believe us, though some may have deemed it a curse,
 'Tis a blessing indeed, to be really a Russ ;
 And of governments wielded by absolute powers,
 What a privilege, Poles ! to be subject to ours.

VIRGINIA A. D*****.

Hast thou never seen,
 When the orb of day
 Lightens with his sheen
 Dark Niagara,
 How his glories act
 On the foam, and show,
 O'er the cataract,
 Heaven's beauteous bow ?

She, who lately plumed for flight, seeking rest above,
 Saw thus over Jordan's tide, arched, the bow of love.

Hath, at eve, thine eye
 Watched the little billow
 Rise and gleam and die,
 On Atlantic's pillow —

When it seemed to thee
 Sighing into rest,
 Melting peacefully
 Into ocean's breast ?

She, as kindly in repose, sighed away her breath,
 Peacefully and gently thus, blended into death.

Saw'st thou, when, in light,
 Sabbath glories rose ?
 She, a Sabbath, bright,
 Saw, yet not like those.
 Longed she then to go,
 Rest above, to spend ?
 Yes ! begun below,
 Rest that ne'er shall end.

Voices heard she, loved ones saw, sweetly from the sky
 Beckoning to their holy home, wooing her to die.

In the troublous hour,
 In life's weary doom,
 When disease hath power,
 When appears the tomb —
 Where's the sovereign arm,
 Strong and swift to save ?
 What can chase alarm,
 What adorn the grave ?

She could answer, *He* was there, swift, the sufferer
 knew,
He that through the grave had passed, strong to bear
her through.

When Niagara
 Lifts his bow no more,
 When have fled away
 Ocean and the shore,—
 She shall live again,
 Where the mortal sigh
 Heaves not, and where pain,
 Yea, and Death shall die.

*She, a child, a seraph now, leans on Jesus' breast,
 Oh, for wings! that we might be, sweet one! thus at
 rest.*

COMMON ORIGIN OF RELIGION.

“ Among the Greeks, during their nocturnal mysteries, youthful virgins, having baskets full of flowers, with serpents in them, ran about all night, calling on the name of our first mother, ‘ *Eva! Eva!* ’ ”

For as I passed by and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, To the UNKNOWN God. Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you.— *Paul on Mars Hill.*

By Hebrew wand’rers taught to know,—
 Instructed they of Heaven,—
 The origin of human wo,
 The curse so early given,—
 The Greek — such single glimmering shown—
 Wove truth with fabling rite :
 A sunbeam, flashing from the throne
 Upon his pagan night.

Yet not to his mythology
 Was sacred lore confined —
 The print of true Religion, we
 On other altars find.
 Wherever zeal had temples built,
 To crown the idol hill,
 Where flowers were laid, or blood was spilt,
 Were seen her tokens still.

The Druid in his stony cave,
 The Egyptian in his hall,
 He to his Fetish god a slave,
 And he in Boodha's thrall —
 Each brought the firstling of his store ;
 Each, prest by sense of sin,
 Did, darkly, Deity adore,
 For dimmed was light within.

And where night wrapped the heathen shrines,
 His fealty to "THE UNKNOWN"
 The pagan wrote in living lines
 Upon his altar stone ;
 To God, for whom misguided men
 Through ages vainly felt,
 To God, unseen, yet worshipped, when
 In ignorance they knelt.

Oh, that which points above the stars
 Wherever man has trod —
 To Him who shuts night, and unbars
 The morn, the very God, —

And spells in beams above the sun
 The name of Deity—
 Is spirit, which can never shun
 Its immortality.

If Christendom, made rich indeed
 With knowledge of the Cross,
 To use it wisely gives not heed,
 How measureless her loss !
 If stripes are his, who never saw
 Unfolded Mercy's plan,
 How sorely visiteth the law
Enlightened, guilty man !

THE TEMPLE.

He sought Moriah's walls,
 That heaved to heaven their pride ;
 The Temple, like whose glorious halls,
 The world had nought beside.

He entered — 'twas his own !
 Of nations called the house of prayer ;
 But money changers filled his throne,
 And traffic's foot was there.

Woke, at his watchful nod,
 Thunders for the offence ?
 No — with a word the Son of God
 Cast the defilers thence :

The merchant from his courts,
 The doves, the changers, and their gold ;
 And silenced the confused reports
 Of men, that bought and sold.

Thus near the Saviour drew
 This temple of the Holy Ghost,
My heart, that sheltered, still untrue,
 Folly's tumultuous host.

The Master's once it was,
 But others had possession found ;
 And where He should have given laws,
 His enemy was crowned.

With a reproofing frown,
 To see his altar dimmed by sin,—
 The gates of beauty broken down,
 The world come trooping in,—

He, with a scourge of cords,
 Drove every idol hence.
 'Twas sharp — yet kind ; my gracious Lord's
 This temple has been since.

And dearer is it deemed
 Than altars where the Hebrew knelt ;
 Since Mercy hath upon it beamed,
 And God within it dwelt.

I AM FOR PEACE.

Man's inhumanity to man,
 Makes countless thousands mourn. — *Robert Burns.*

WHAT's in the warlike waving plume,
 And in the gorgeous standard's fold
 That beckon on to envied doom
 Or glorious victory, the bold ;
 What's in the brazen trumpet's bray
 And in the spirit stirring fife
 And thundering drum, that call away
 The generous to the deadly strife ?

What magic's in old Cæsar's name,
 Or his who died at Babylon —
 Or his, the chief of modern fame,
 Who thrones, like counters, lost and won —
 Yea, what's in all the high renown
 That e'er contending legions gained ;
 The greenest wreath, the proudest crown,
 That ever poet knew or feigned,

Compared with all the certain guilt
 On *murder*, stamped by righteous law,
 The countless tears, the rivers spilt
 Of blood, the crimes and woes of war ?
 Compared with that impetuous tide
 Of sin, which flows in dreadful wrath—
 The hatred, scorn and poisonous pride
 That surely follow battle's path ?

Oh, why should nations, lifted up
 By Christian privilege, prepare
 For sister realms the bitter cup,
 Whose dregs are sorrow and despair !
 At empty Honor's larum wake
 Force that for Right could never fail,—
 For fancied insult, vengeance take,
 And *duel* on a larger scale !

Just God ! this is not in thy plan ;
 The monstrous dogma's not from Thee,
 That what is wrong from man to man,
 In governments may venial be.
 Thou ever dost transgression hate,
 In highest, as in humblest place ;
 Nor will its penalty abate
 From parliament or populace.

I loathe it all ! and when I see
 Gay, gladsome warriors trooping by,
 With glancing steel, and bravery
 Of trump and drum, I can but sigh,

That men, like children, ever seem
 Still pleased and flattered with a straw,
 And for Fame's splendid, empty dream,
 Will court the crimes and curse of war !

THE SECOND ARROW.

I saw thee faint, the hour when came
 The arrow, with unerring aim,
 To pierce thy first-born ; yet thy God
 I knew could heal, though sharp the rod.
 And now, when scarcely fourteen days
 Have passed, the *second* arrow slays
 The last survivor, and the tomb
 Again has sunlight on its gloom,
 To show where with the newly dead
 Another child may lay its head.

Thrice has such message at *my* door,
 In by-gone days, been told. Ay, more
 Than this— four precious ones, that blest
 My heart and home, are now at rest.
 I know what 'tis long nights to watch
 The helpless sufferer, and to notch
 Each hour on Sorrow's tablet. Yes,
 To take the last pure breath, and kiss
 Away death's damp from lip and brow.
 To meet all this, and meekly bow,
 All this, and own His "will be done,"
 Is victory — yet it may be won.

Weep freely — nature asks the tear —
 Weep, as keen memory brings so near
 The thousand nameless, witching charms
 Of those who lately filled your arms.
 Weep, as flit by thee hopes that played
 On life's horizon, when, arrayed
 In rainbow tints, thou sawest the bow
 Of promise for thy loved ones glow.
 Yet weep resignedly ; each grace
 Is clustered in a glorious place.
 Yea, weep with joy ! those cherubs shine
 Where all is real, all divine !

For thee and me, we'll softly go
 The remnant of life's weal or wo,
 Content, its tears and trials past,
 If we may join our babes at last.

THE BIBLE FORBIDDEN.

THE BIBLE, free as winds of heaven,
 This age to all the world has given.
 To all the Word of Life ? Yes ! save
 The hordes that wear the name of *Slave*,
 And wear his bonds, and feel the rod ;
 For this, wilt thou not judge, oh, God !
 Will not thy vengeance put to shame
 The followers of the equal cross,
 Who glory in the Christian's name,
 Yet count a *brother's* soul as dross ?

APPEAL

FROM BIBLE COUNTRIES TO THE AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

Thirty thousand dollars might be employed at this moment, in translating and putting into circulation an assortment of the unexceptionable, evangelical and attractive books of the American Sunday School Union, among thousands of readers who now inhabit the very land which was once traversed by prophets, apostles and martyrs. — *Rev. Mr. Brewer, of the Smyrna Mission.*

- A VOICE to thee ! — to thee, whose noble aim
It is to nurture Childhood for the skies ; —
A voice from the Levant ! it strongly cries
For instant help ; — the lands that lie in shame
Appeal to thee in the Redeemer's name.
Favored of Institutions ! whose blest root
Strikes deep, — whose boughs are redolent of fruit, —
Thou, like to the small mustard seed, from small
Beginnings sprang : — silent, yet surely grew
Thy stem in beauty ; — now, thou'rt strong and tall,
In bloom luxuriant, and fruitful too.
On the Atlantic slope thou hast caused schools
To rise by thousands ; — Alleghany sees
Thy influence far beyond him. Knowledge rules
Where solitude once triumphed ; — humble knees
Are bowed on flowery prairies, and the voice
Of young hosannas makes the West rejoice.

To the fair sunny South thy heralds go.—
 The sweetly winning books that simply speak,
 In useful narrative, of weal and wo,
 Companions of the young throughout the week—
 Thou scatterest ;—the harvest who can know !
 Nor to these shores confined, thy light hath felt
 Dark Hindostan. Responsive to her calls,
 Thy page hath visited the Indian halls.
 Hearts thou hast moved that long to idols knelt ;
 Thou art already to the Brahmin known ;
 Thou hast already reached the Rajah's throne.
 Blest labors ! blest reward ! To thee is given
 To see, most nobly prospering in thy hands,
 God's work,—small faith thus shaming. Yet hath
 Heaven
 For thee more fields, and larger ; there are *other* lands !
 Oh, look at length, upon the prophets' soil,
 Where martyrs languished, and apostles trod,—
 And with these pages, fruit of prayer and toil,
 Bless climes where prayed, and toiled, and died the
 Son of God !

LINES AT LOWELL.

I PRAISE not your sweet red and white,
 Or hair that floats in graceful curls,
 Or eyes that flash out brilliant light,
 Ye Lowell girls !

I praise the charm that ye possess—
 Resistless charm of woman's face—
 The modesty in whose impress
 Is every grace;—

The lofty wish that bids ye leave
 A mother's care and childhood's soil,
 Your fortunes wisely to achieve
 By virtuous toil;—

The independent mind that lifts
 Ye far above life's varying whirls—
 For *these* I praise you, these best gifts,
 Ye Lowell girls! 1837.

THE PRESSURE—1837.

Let those who are suffering by the present commercial embarrassments, take heed that they do not resort to unsanctified sources of consolation.

Oh, seek not comfort from the *Wine*,
 In this thy bitter grief;
 The mantling juices of the vine
 Can yield thee no relief.
 Nor seek, in thy extreme distress,
 Oblivion from the bowl;
 Thou shalt not there remember less
 Thy agony of soul.

Oh, seek not, in this troublous hour,
 The *Gambler's* cursed den ;
 For once within his baleful power,
 And farewell virtue then !
 Nor to the unholy, feverish heat,
 That gathers there, incline,
 If thou wouldest not the wild hot beat
 Of a maddened pulse were thine.

Oh, look not in gay *Pleasure's* lair
 In such a time as this ;
 The blaze, the beauty, song, are there,
 But not consoling bliss.
 Nor in the ball-room's witching wiles,
 Nor place of glee have part ;
 For there thine artificial smiles
 Would veil a broken heart.

Thy hopes are dark — across the land
 God hath his shadow thrown —
 Yet who'll rebuke the righteous hand
 That touches but its own ?
 From Him come judgments on our path,
 From Him this grievous blow ;
 Yet rains not from his stores of wrath
 Man's *self-inflicted* wo.

Submit ! — there's sweetness in the thought
 That He in love doth chide ;
 For avarice He this ill hath wrought,
 Perhaps for foolish pride.

Yet this, and more that Heaven can bring,
 'Twere easier to bear,
 Than that which from remorse doth spring—
 The soul's unmixed despair !

HYMN FOR THE TIMES.

Thy blessing, gracious Providence,
 If thou to man reveal,—
 The manufacturer plies his art,
 And commerce speeds the wheel.
 On skill to plan, and toil to frame,
 If thou thy smile bestow,
 The vein is reached, and streams of gold
 Run in perpetual flow.

How rise the airy structures, then !
 What wings doth bustle wear !
 We strive as if this world alone
 Were worth a world of care.
 To heaven-exalted enterprise
 Our fealty we give,—
 For wealth, and what it brings, life seems
 Worthy alone to live.

But when thy frown appears, the tide
 Rolls back with angry power ;
 And then, oh ! God, what dreams of pride,
 Years built, die in an hour !

How strangely vanish yellow heaps,
 Which painful toil has raised !
 How frightful is the labyrinth, then,
 Where wisdom's self is mazed !

If in the mighty gulf is whelmed
 One who has bowed to self,
 Or one whose narrow purposes
 Have centered in himself,
 By this sharp trial show to him—
 Perhaps a lesson new—
 That he alone lives up to Man,
 Who lives for others too.

And if Thy finger him has touched,
 And fairest prospects riven,—
 Who, as Thine almoner, dispensed
 Thy gifts, as dews of heaven,—
 His noble heart, which was not wed
 To these, do Thou refine ;
 And by this kind rebuking make
 Yet more Thy servant thine.

Oh ! it is merciful that thus
 Thy chastening hand is felt,
 When we, departing from Thy shrine,
 Have to our idols knelt.
 Then let this call, so loud, so stern,
 Which our whole nation hears—
 Now sweetly win us to return,
 In penitence and tears !

1837.

MOUNT AUBURN.

I TROD the walks and velvet green
 That carpets Auburn's place of tombs,
 And vainly sought — they were not seen —
 For burial damps and gathered glooms.
 But in their stead the voice of bird
 And insects' hum and south wind's breath,
 And babbling brook my spirit stirred
 To thoughts that tarry not with death.

'Tis surely sweet to linger thus
 In hidden dell and fairy grove,
 That seem unconscious of the curse,
 That show Earth still has much to love.
 Yet as I gaze on chiselled stone
 And gorgeous marble, rich and rare,
 Admiring Art, I feel alone, —
 I deem not that the Dead are there.

It seems not the remembered lost
 Are shut up in these lovely hills ;
 That he, on life once rudely tost,
 Is calmly resting by these rills.
 From scenes enchanting as are these,
 Thought winged with pleasure gaily springs,
 Yet wrapt in what Time has to please,
 It mourns not to eternal things.

I love the taste and pious skill
 Which decorate this place of rest,
 So delicate, so charming — still
 I love my native churchyard best.
 For as I watch its simple flowers
 That bloom without the gardener's care,
 On graves that lie to sun and showers,
 I feel, I feel the Dead are there.

CONFSSION.

THE good confess to God ; — they ever feel
 Sin's malady a God alone can heal ;
 And, weary of its pains, they find the breast,
 Emptied by true confession, has true rest.
 The sinner, haughty, and confirmed in pride
 And stubbornness, would fain transgression hide.
 He ne'er to Heaven confesses, nor forsakes
 His crimes ; but to indifference betakes
 Himself, and says — “ God sees not, nor awakes
 Judgment, long threatened.”

Yet on that dread day,
 When shuddering systems, wrecked, will pass away,
 When thrones are set — high o'er the startled crowd
 Will swell in lamentation, deep and loud,
 The first, long, sad confession of the sentenced proud.

FORETASTES.

SOME joy it has been mine to know,
 When in the closet bending low,
 I've converse held with heaven in prayer,
 And foretastes had of glory there.
 If here such glimpse is given to me,
 What must the full fruition be !

I've tasted happiness, when bowed
 In worship, with the pious crowd,
 In temple walls, whose full-voiced choir
 Pealed David's notes to David's lyre,
 And felt, if music thus to love
 Woke here, what is its power above !

I've touched those emblems with the saints,
 Whose use restores the soul that faints,
 And gathered, at the Saviour's board,
 Bliss, Earth can neither give nor hoard,—
 And thought, if cheers thus mingled wine,
 What is that crushed, that Living Vine !

I've seen the Christian die, yet ere
 The spirit sought its native sphere,
 I marked, with awe, his kindling eye,
 And eager flush, and heard the sigh
 Of holy rapture, not of pain,
 And thought, what conflict ! yet what gain !

For his pale cheek, I saw, was fanned
 With breezes from the better land ;
 Libations of the next world's bliss
 He drank, before he passed from this ;
 Of Love his life had known the power ;
 Its foretastes sunned the last dark hour.

Oh, there is round us something thrown
 Of other worlds ! — In crowds, alone,
 By day, by night, we whispers hear,
 From errand angels, always near ;
 Reminding pilgrims of their home,
 Telling us of the rest to come.

IDLATRY.

I'VE an ancient Idol, which
 Lately filled its narrow niche,
 In a temple, in a clime
 Where, for long forgotten time,
 Still had reigned Idolatry.
 Where it proudly claimed the knee
 Of the bondman and the free.
 For it, reeked a million slughters,
 To it, knelt the Orient's daughters.
 Mothers, to obtain its grace,
 To it prest their babe's sweet face.

Fathers, to avert its evil,
 Gave their first born to the devil.
 Sooth, I sadly look upon it,
 Thinking of the waves of blood
 And the cruelties that won it
 Name of Hell's infernal god.
 This one Idol which I own—
 “ Ha ! but **one** ! — hast thou no other ? ”
 “ No.” “ Yet stay ! thy bosom's throne
 Haply holds, e'en now, its brother.
 Ay, a legion ! yet more hateful
 Than the idols made of stone,
 Feared and worshipped, though unknown.
 Viler, too, their incense given,
 Than the sacrifice, ungrateful,
 Which from pagans smells to Heaven ! ”

THE FAITHFUL FRIEND.

ILLUSTRATING A PICTURE.

HAPPY sister ! happy brother !
 All the world unto each other
 Seem they at their simple meal ;
 What can purer peace reveal ?
 He has boyhood's earnestness,
 She has girlish artlessness ; —

And to share their supper, see,
 Dick is begging wistfully.
 Look demure, entreating eye,
 Lifted paw, as plainly tell
 As a dog can utter, "I
 Am a friend that serves you well.
 Am I not, the lonesome night,
 Wakeful for you when you sleep?
 If the robber comes, a bite
 Bids him safer distance keep.
 And I toil the winter's day,
 And for you, the summer. Pray
 Who so patient at your side
 When you walk and when you ride?
 Who your dinner takes at noon
 To the school-house in the lane,—
 Touching neither cloth or spoon,—
 And the basket back again,
 Emptied, to your mother brings?
 In a thousand little things,
 In a thousand little ways,
 For a word or look of praise,
 Dick is daily showing you
 Dogs are faithful, and he begs,
 Humbly on his hinder legs,
 For a taste of supper too."

Happy sister! happy brother!
 Friendship is a word of art
 Spelt not by ye—each for other
 Knows it truly in the heart.

That it yields a generous pleasure,
 Selfish man can ne'er dispute,
 When he sees the priceless treasure
 Shared with the deserving brute.

THE GOOD.

His life hath flowed,
 A sacred stream,
 In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
 Alone are mirrored ; which, though shapes of ill
 May hover round its surface, glides in light,
 And takes no shadow from them. — *Ion*.

Such is the Good ! — Go, thou, survey the Good,
 Not in his holiday of hopes and joys,
 But when life's task is done. Look at that life !
 Yea, scrutinize its doings. Lo, the long
 And chequered scroll, though blotted here and there
 With human frailty, shows no dastard deed
 Of meanness, cruelty, dishonoring wrong,
 Or aught, that in the sight of angels, men,
 Or God, shall make him hang his head in shame.
 True, he hath wandered — who hath not ? — yet he
 Back, like a child, repenting, hath returned,
 And sought and found forgiveness. Oh, how warm
 Were love's strong gushings to his Father, then,

And gratitude, and sorrow for his fault,
 While, like a swelling river, joy and grief
 Rose in his bosom, and found sweet relief
 In sacred tears !

Evenly hath he trod
 Life's devious way ; the friend of honest worth,
 Though clad in poverty. His step I've seen
 Directed often to the low abode
 Of such ; 'twas his with kindly hand to dry
 The trickling sorrows of the fatherless ;
 And he would cause the widow's heart aloud
 To sing for joy. The servant of his God,—
 Not vaunting of his deeds, but trusting Him
 Who once trod Calvary,—he journeyed on
 The time appointed, and at last laid down,
 Serenely, at his Master's call, and died.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against
 Beth-peor.—*Deut. xxxiv. 6.*

To gorgeous burial goes the monarch,
 With scarf, and mute, and nodding plume,—
 The glitter, which flashed o'er his cradle,
 Settles around his costly tomb.

To burial, with a grievous mourning,
 The starred and laurelled hero goes ;
 And muffled drum and solemn trumpet
 Ring out a stricken nation's woes.

And brows of wisdom are uncovered,
 And hoary heads in grief are bent,
 When he to senseless clay is gathered,
 Whose spirit searched the firmament ;

And trod the fields, thick sown with planets,
 And traced out Nature's secret laws ;
 And followed, in their mighty courses,
 Suns, stars, and worlds, to their First Cause.

With simple rite, the village maiden, —
 Cut down, how like a flower at eve ! —
 In all her loveliness is buried,
 And rifled hearts are left to grieve.

To earth the little casket's given,
 That lately held a precious gem ;
 Oh, *mother !* wast thou wholly willing
 To yield it for God's diadem ?

There's hollow wo, there's genuine feeling,
 When dust is given back to dust ;
 Some are resigned by sweet Religion ;
 Some acquiesce, because they must.

Yet of the burials Time has witnessed,
 None in simplicity may vie,
 None in their state, with that of Moses,
 Who went up Nebo's top to die.

What lofty obsequies were rendered
 That hour when Darkness held the pall !
 What pomp, where stood, in clouds pavilioned,
 The silent, present, Lord of All !

How blest the man whose dust Jehovah,
 Hid in a grave that's yet untrod !
 Thrice blessed he, that soul most happy,
 Whose life is hid WITH CHRIST IN GOD !

THE HAPPY MAN.

This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
 Lord of himself, though not of lands ;
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir Henry Wotton, 1590.

THE happy man is he, whose youth
 Is not in wasting pleasures spent ;
 In manhood strong, whose word of truth
 Still answers to its strict intent.

Of humble wish, whose wish is met
 By kind response from mercy's dower ;
 Whom disappointments ne'er can fret,
 And whom to harm, no ill hath power.

Who hath acquaintance ; yet a friend,
 In the true meaning of its name ;—
 One who in absence will defend,
 And present, if there's need be, blame.

Yet hath — all other charm above —
 That rose of sweet domestic bliss,
 Which, with sincere and modest love,
 Is, fresh and fragrant, bound with his. —

Which sheds about his peaceful hearth
 Perfumes of Eden. Light and life
 Of heaven do surely visit earth,
 Where'er is known the virtuous wife. —

Who, hand in hand with him, from bloom
 Of youth, to age, will travel on ;—
 One home, one heart, one hope, one tomb,
 Till — life's race o'er — the goal is won.

Yea, daughters, who, as olive plants,
 Shall duly round his table be ;
 And sons, to meet the en'my's taunts,
 His pride and crown continually.

Whose eye beyond the grave is fixed
 On the bright path by angels trod ;
 Who goes to drink the chalice, mixed,
 Of wondrous joy, prepared by God.

THE BRAHMIN SUICIDE.

On the way, seeing a number of natives passing them hastily, and inquiring the cause, they were told that a Brahmin had drowned himself under the pressure of pain ; upon which they took occasion to point out the wretched condition of their guides, and exhorted them to seek the grace and peace of God in their hearts, which would enable them patiently to endure calamities. Some of them insinuated that God had predestinated the Brahmin to his miserable end ; but the missionaries testified that God was not the author of evil, but was a lover of our temporal and eternal happiness. — *Memoirs of Rev. C. F. Swartz.*

BEAUTIFUL are the feet that stand,
 Of heralds on the heathen land !
 Beautiful on the distant mountains,
 And by cool and gushing fountains ;
 Beautiful by the river's side,
 Where heaves the idol dome in pride,
 Where is stretched the Suicide !
 Beautiful is Humility,
 Speaking 'neath the banyan tree,
 Warning the aged devotee ;

Telling the young of a Shepherd nigh,
 Whose arms are safe, whose fold is high ;
 Telling the poor of pearls and gems
 Seen not in Earth's diadems ;
 Telling adorers of the river,
 Many floods can ne'er deliver,
 Gunga cannot save the soul,
 Jordan only maketh whole.
 Telling to him who painfully goes
 On pilgrimage, that fleshly woes
 Ne'er atone for precept broke —
 Ne'er release from Error's yoke.
 Oh, beyond all worldly treasure,
 Oh, beyond all worldly pleasure,
 Is an errand such as this !
 Is the Missionary's bliss !
 Heaven's highest seat is found
 For him who toils on heathen ground !
 And who is he on the Indian sands,
 That like a heavenly teacher stands ?
 Near him towers the Moslem's mosque,
 And Paganism's proud kiosk.
 O'er him blooms the scented lime,
 And the noble trees of the eastern clime,
 Sheltering from the noon-day glare —
 And see ! what gathered crowds are there.
 The listening traveller reins his steed,
 The water-bearer giveth heed ;
 Each seeks his face with gaze intense,
 As if, save one, was locked each sense.

**Earnestly seize the old and young
Words that drop from the stranger's tongue.**

And who is he, of the lifeless form,
With drooping limbs, and blood yet warm?
They've raised him from the river's bed—
The water-lily round his head—
The pulse all still, the spirit fled !
And this is why is told the tale
At which the Hindoo's cheek is pale.
'Tis of one who fed the altar's fire,
And walked around the suttee's pyre,
And stood before his god of stone,
Blind worshipper of the Unknown.
In senseless mysteries bearing part,
Versed in the Shaster—not the heart.
Ay, and he felt a void within,
That waters were bootless for his sin :
Ay, and he bowed beneath his pain,
And rushed, uncalled, to God again !—
What hell can burn away that stain ?

Beautiful now are the feet of him
Who comes with voice of the seraphim,
Standing, and telling of a balm for woes—
A fount for the leper, that ever flows :
A Gilead and Physician too,
Which Paganism never knew.
And teaching that relentless Fate
Doth not on hapless mortals wait.

Oh, God is not author of evil ; his love
Share the dwellers below and the happy above !

Sweeter than breezes of the South,
 Is pity from the teacher's mouth ;
 Sweeter than music of the spheres,
 Which the errand angel hears,
 Are tidings that fall on the Pagan's ears !
 And he will hear, and the heart will melt,
 And the knee shall be Christ's which to devils has
 knelt.
 And meekness he'll learn from this deed of pride,
 And life from the BRAHMIN SUICIDE !

TO THE IDOLATER.

IDOLATER in darkness ! we of light,
 Do humbly Christendom's neglect confess
 Of her dear Lord's last message ; and we bless
 Jesus, who spares, nor frowns us into night
 For this our sin, as righteously he might.
 We hear, at length, your lamentable cry,
 And the Church rises to your help. She arms
 Her young men. Look ! the kindling eye,
 That brightens at the note of war's alarms,
 The sinewy souls for whom stern toil has charms,
 The eager tread of those that go to die,
 Tell of the men, who, counting earth as dross,
 For you will gladly yield their latest sigh,
 So God have glory, Death and Hell have loss.

THE APPEAL.

I read in a late number of the Journal of the American Temperance Union, the following, from a gentleman in New Jersey, to the editor:—" You have my ardent prayers and humble efforts. He who has trembled for his life, feels more than tongue can express. RESCUE THE YOUTH! Onward! Onward!"

Art, limner! paint the certain ruin
 Which lingers in the drunkard's path;
 The wo, the tears, the curst undoing,—
 His fellow's scorn, his Maker's wrath.
 And paint the widow's frantic sorrow,
 And orphan's, made so by the cup,—
 Complete the sketch! thou need'st not borrow
 One tint of hell to fill it up.

The morbid appetite, still craving,
 Unsated as the greedy grave:
 The recklessness, all judgment braving,
 The sordid mind that marks the slave;—
 The blight that hovers o'er our nation,
 Unless she timely turns the curse—
 Than pestilence or conflagration,
 Or war's infernal horrors, worse.

Our teeming suburb's lanes and alleys
 Turn out to gaze of open day;
 Expose their thousand haunts, where rallies
 The host, Intemperance leads astray;—

His doings, too, the soul congealing,
 Of misery in the city's street,
 To rouse the latent throb of feeling,
 From Maine to Florida repeat.

And yet, methinks, that page of sadness,
 To read which, Pity's tear would start,
 Must fail to check the tide of madness,
 Or move the pulses of the heart,
 Compared with that appeal, which Heaven
 Prompts, when, such fearful wreck to shun,
 A father hails the life-boat given,
 With "*Rescue! Rescue!*" for his son.

THE SNARE.

ILLUSTRATING A PICTURE.

"WELL, now I have bent this sapling right,
 'Tis small and lithe, and I'll soon make tight
 This cord, and the noose I'll cunningly fix,
 And the rabbit will find I'm up to tricks.
 He'll not be the first that's seen my trap,—
 The spoils of many are in my cap !
 'Tis sport—yet something sometimes stings,
 When I think of the gentle, timid things ;
 How carelessly I've contrived their death,
 As if I'd a right to stop their breath !

I wish I knew a way to take
 The varlets alive, for Sally's sake ;—
 She often begs me to save her one,
 To be her pet, and share in her fun."

Thoughtless, and simple, and happy boy !
 A lesson learn from thy rural toy.
 Others are busily toiling as thou,
 Snares are artfully woven now !
 The earth, the air, and the smiling sea,
 Are full of gins and nets for thee.
 Beware of folly — for should'st thou sip,
 The rose from thy cheek, the dew from thy lip
 Would quickly pass, and the cruel dart
 Of keen remorse would pierce thy heart.
 In vain, in the sight of any bird,
 Is the net prepared, and thou hast heard !
 Oh ! look in thy youth to heaven in prayer,
 And He that's strong will save from the snare.

NATURE'S WORSHIP.

I stole away from the hot city to repair languid strength, by a sojourn at North Marshfield, Mass., and there indited, for my little daughter, as follows :—

How the tiny wren is making
 Music in its cheerfulness,—
 Of the watchful Guardian telling,
 Who a little bird can bless !

How the giant oak and maple
 Toss their noble arms abroad,—
 Thickly laden with the blossom,
 Whose wild fragrance smells to Ged !

How the honeysuckles, spotting
 This rich carpet of the vale,
 As they flaunt in very pleasure,
 Whisper, each to each, the tale !

How the glittering insect-squadrons,
 As they wheel and march in air,
 Lift aloud their million trumpets,
 And their Leader's skill declare !

How the herds, that dot the hill-side,
 Mutely tell me, as they feed,
 “ God, who kindly cares for cattle,
 Is a bounteous God indeed ! ”

How the very sky is laughing,
 By the Morning wooed and won,—
 How the very earth rejoices,
 'Neath the fervors of the sun !

“ God ! ” repeats the small birds' music,
 “ God ! ” the painted insects cry ;
 “ God ! ” the giant trees are murmuring —
 “ God ! ” the little shrubs reply.

Voices from the solemn forest !
 Voices from the tribes of flowers !
 Voices from the brute creation,
 Sky, and earth ! — yet where are *ours* ?

Poor and vile, *we* cannot render
 Worship — darkened so by sin —
 Till the heavenly Sun of glory
 Pierce the shade, and shine within.

COMPASSION.

THE squalid woman sat beside the bed ;
 And on that tattered bed, lay in repose
 Of death, her husband, who had died that night.
 The room was cumbered with old furniture
 And dirt. Reclined upon a broken chest
 Was the sick daughter, munching a poor crust.
 The corpse — the widow, rocking on her seat,
 In reverie of anguish — the wan child —
 The poverty — sent sickness to my heart.
 Another, yet, was there ; a neighbor girl,
 Who came, with right good will and kindness,
 To aid these sufferers. She the woman soothed,
 And washed and fed the child ; and decently
 Prepared the clay for its last narrow house.

THE SONS OF GOD.

Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God.—*I John* iii. 1.

So astonishing did this seem, when one of the Malabrian converts was required by the Danish missionaries thus to translate this passage, that he shrank from it, as far too bold. “Let me rather render it,” said he, “They shall be permitted to kiss his feet.”—*Notes to Cottage Bible*.

TO THE ANGELS.

AND who are they that wear such name,
 By whom your starry courts are trod ;
 Above yon ministers of flame,
 And known as sons of God ?
 Whose forms seem like to men below,
 Whose anthems, sweeter than the rest,
 Speak of some sad, mysterious wo,
 Deliverance and rest ;—
 Who touch with warmer thrill the string
 Of warbling harps, and to their lyres
 Unwonted love and gladness bring,
 And far intenser fires :—
 Oh, who are they, whose lofty song
 To hear, your hosts delay their own,—
 That humblest bow of all your throng,
 And nearest to the throne ?

THE ANGELS' REPLY.

These are from unknown tongues and climes,
 And this their song of sweet degrees ;
 Hark ! through wide heaven, as one, its chimes
 Peal, like the "sound of seas."
 And their rich music truly tells
 That each, whose feet with joy is shod,
 Once lost, now found, for ever dwells,
 The reconciled with God.
 From deepest depths of miry sin,
 Pollution, and the dreadful curse,
 Raised, and adorned without, within, —
 On thrones commanding us,
 They sing of chastisement and grace ;
 And we, who never knew the rod,
 Gaze not on the Redeemer's face,
 As gaze these sons of God !

INNOCENCE.

THE golden days of Innocence
 Were only those when Adam trod
 The garden, — mind, and will, and sense,
 In sweet subjection to his God.

How swiftly flew those white-winged hours !
 Each with some hue of heaven imprest —
 How honored were those Eden bowers,
 Where some bright angel oft was guest !

Yet Innocence may still be seen
 In childhood's presence. Who can gaze,
 Unmoved, upon that brow, serene,
 That agile form, those witching ways,

That playfulness of tiny mirth,
 That lively joy — and not confess
 That Innocence, still found on earth,
 Doth nestle in a child's caress ?

And, therefore, when the painter's art
 Would sketch its charms in pleasant view,
 Revealing the unpractised heart —
 He always shows a child to you.

THAT LOOK.

And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter. — *Luke xxii. 61.*

THAT look ! — when eye met eye — what power
 Was in that wondrous look,
 Which he, deemed of the Twelve, a tower,
 Unshaken, might not brook ?

Rolled forth the angry thunders then,
 To speak his blighting shame ?
 Or met that chief of fickle men
 The Godhead's glance of flame ? —

Revealing, where the mocked One stood —
 The scorned in priestly hall —
 That he, about to bear the wood,
 And die, was Sire of All ?

No ! such was not His gracious will,
 His nature was not so ;
 Yea, that He, patient, pitieith still,
My soul has cause to know !

Round that proud palace — dark as hell,
 With hell's completed crime —
 No forked and fiery vengeance fell :
 'Twas not the Father's time.

No ! nor on that *Denier*, who
 For life, risked life above ; —
 Yet his forgiving Lord he knew,
 In that full glance of *Love* !

THE TWENTY THOUSAND CHILDREN

OF THE SABBATH SCHOOLS IN NEW YORK, CELEBRATING TO-
 GETHER THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1839.

Oh, sight sublime ! oh, sight of fear !
 The shadowing of infinity —
 Numbers ! whose murmur rises here
 Like whisperings of the mighty sea.

Ye bring strange vision to my gaze ;
 Earth's dreamer, heaven before me swims ;
 The sea of glass — the throne of days —
 Crowns, harps, and the melodious hymns.

Ye rend the air with grateful songs
 For freedom by old warriors won : —
 Oh, for the battle which your throngs
 May wage and win through David's Son !

Wealth of young beauty ! that now blooms
 Before me, like a world of flowers, —
 High expectation ! that assumes
 The hue of life's serenest hours, —

Are ye *decaying* ? — must these forms
 So agile, fair, and brightly gay,
 Hidden in dust, be given to worms
 And everlasting night the prey ?

Are ye *immortal* ? — will this mass
 Of life, be life, undying still,
 When all these sentient thousands pass
 To where corruption works its will ?

Thought ! that takes hold of heaven and hell,
 Be in each TEACHER's heart to-day !
 So shall eternity be well
 With these, when time has fled away.

LAUREL HILL CEMETERY;

NEAR PHILADELPHIA.

WHEN my spirit leaves the clay,
And the holy priest doth say
Over me, in humble trust,
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
And this mortal — tribute paid —
In its narrow cell is laid,
Till it gladly, quitting tombs,
Immortality assumes, —
Be that refuge of the weary
In this lovely cemetery,
Or in scenes inviting one
To repose, his labor done,
As these kindly do invite
Me to tarry death's long night.
Let me take my slumber, then,
Far from haunts of busy men,
In a spot as fair as this,
Where the playful breezes kiss
Early blossoms, fragrant flowers.
Let me, in such quiet bowers,
Find at last my resting place.
Flesh to grave, and soul to grace !
'Mid such peaceful Sabbath reigning,
'Mid such melancholy plaining

Of sweet birds above my head,
Would I tarry when I'm dead,—
Would I take my solemn ease,
Till shall Time his centuries
Finish. Let me in such ground,
When the world breaks up, be found.
Here I'd rather choose to lie,
Than in crowded charnels ; I
Shudder at the thought of fingers
Rudely handling that which lingers
Of the mouldering form, and tossing
Relics round, with jest and scoffing,
As they were the vilest earth,
Making of corruption mirth.
Far from violated tombs,
Lay me where the laurel blooms,—
Where the murmuring river flows
With the cadence of repose.
Like a hermit would I steal
Hither, where the vexing wheel
Of the toiler is not heard,—
Where the carol of the bird
Mingles with the zephyrs' talk,—
Where, at noon, the shady walk
Beckons pilgrims,— where is found
Room for lodgers of the ground ;—
Where no sullen city wall
Casts its shadows, like a pall,—
Where no sacrilegious stir
Mocketh at the slumberer,—
Where the friend may sigh alone
Over the recording stone,

And lament of love be given
 Only unto pitying Heaven.
 In these groves where Wisdom museth,
 In this spot Religion chooseth,
 Let me my appointed time
 Wait, till stars no longer chime ; —
 Till the music of the spheres
 Stops for ever, and the ears
 Of the breakers from the tomb
 Hear the trumpet's call to doom.

THE VOICE.

Oh ! what a Voice comes in the stilly hush
 Of solemn twilight, when the world's loud rush
 Is silenced ! — and it speaketh sadly, then,
 Of hours misspent, of folly wrought by men.
 That Voice is heard amid the busy din
 Of life. In toil and pleasure, deeds of sin,
 Long since forgotten, as accusers, come
 Up to remembrance ; awful is their sum !
 That Voice ! — where comes it not ? — Take wings,
 take wings,
 And still it follows with its tale of things
 Thou lovest not to dwell on ; — in thick night,
 Day, distance, yea, even now, unto thy flight
 To dreary solitude and hurried throng ; —
Telling that God is right, and thou art wrong.

THE POET'S THEME.

THEY err, who say that every theme
 Of song's exhausted by the Muse,—
 That fled is fancy's tinted dream,
 And vanished are Castalia's dews;
 I'll not believe it while this lyre
 May sound the song approved above,
 And while this soul, with other fire
 Than earth's inflamed, responds to love.

Not love which prompts the wassail-song,
 Where bacchanalian bands are met;
 Who boast, a care-entangled throng,
 That in the cup they care forget.
 Nor yet the all-unholy flame
 Which, purely kindled not for one,
 Burneth before the god of shame,
 At shrines where worship the undone.

I choose the theme, in this my leaf
 Of life, that soothed my early hours;
 And though high bards, acknowledged chief
 Of those that own immortal powers,
 May charm corroding ills away,
 And please the soft, luxurious ear,
 I care not, so my numbers may
 Beguile the thoughtful of a tear,

Or lull, as they have sometimes lull'd,
 The grief that came — a surging wave —
 When, for her dead, the mother saw
 A cherub live beyond the grave !
 Oh, still I choose the lyre, whose theme
 Is caught from lip to lip above ;
 Better than wine, or poet's dream
 Of earthly bliss, is heavenly love.

THE ADVENT.

Why, on darkness of the night,
 Streameth uncreated light ?
 Why, above the Eastern plains,
 Tremble those melodious strains ?
 Who are those of perfect mould,
 Wearing crowns and harps of gold ?
 Why is stayed each eager wing ?
 What's the glorious song they sing ?
 This is light from yonder throne,
 These are strains from heaven alone,
 These the errand cherubim,
 These the praising seraphim ;
 They hold converse of the plan
 So just to God, so safe to man,
 And of Him, who diadem
 Leaving, comes to Bethlehem,

Mortals rescuing, sin-beguiled.
 " Mighty God ! mysterious Child ! "
 Hark ! in symphony they play,
 Golden strings repeat the lay ;
 An injured God, a frowning throne,
 Mercy to the rebel shown !
 Sweetly, each immortal chord
 Tells of the descended Lord,—
 The bleeding Lamb an offering made,
 Earth restored, the pardon paid.
 Praise Him ! — When celestial wires
 Waken, where are earthly choirs ?
 Praise Him ! — When the hosts above
 Laud Him, where is mortal love ?
 Praise Him ! praise Him ! who hath given
 Peace on earth, and joy in heaven.

THE DEAD BOY.

MOTHER ! little William lies
 Very still — his laughing eyes
 Look no more on thee and me ;
 Though I speak, he will not hear —
 What may this, dear mother, be ?
 As I gaze, I almost fear.
 Though I stroke his silken hair,
 Touch his cheek, so pale and fair,

Though his pretty mouth I kiss,
 Yet he minds not — why is this ?
 His tiny hand will nothing hold,
 And his fingers are so cold !
 William ! wake ! — it is not sleep,
 Surely, slumber's not so deep.
 Pretty baby ! look at sis —
 Look at me, and wake, or I
 Shall my little plaything miss ;
 Wake, or darling sis will cry.
 I cannot think what makes him so —
 You told me, mother, he must go.
 Yet he's here, and yet he's not
 Somehow. Has he us forgot ?
 Will he love me, then, no longer ?
 Me, who took him, as I'm stronger,
 Every day, upon my lap —
 Smoothed his frock and tied his cap —
 Played bo-peep, and made him smile,
 When you stood and laughed the while.
 Won't he move, or shake his head,
 As he used to do in fun ?
 Won't he learn to jump and run ?
 Mother ! mother ! is he dead ?

Yes, my daughter ! You must take
 Your last look. He will not wake.
 Never more with cunning ways,
 Watch you in your daily plays.
 Never show the pouting lips,
 Where a mother pleasure sips.

Nor the sweet mouth open, so
We may see where pearls do grow.
He was very sick, but he
Is from sickness ever free.
He was weak in every limb—
Active now as cherubim
Is he. How he sunk in pain !
He will never droop again.
Tears of anguish will not wet
Those blue lids, where death has set
Solemn seal ; the aching breast
Heaves no more, for all's at rest.
Oh, how changed from him we saw,
When, last night, he tried to draw
His pure breath, and each endeavor
Seemed as if 'twould spirit sever
From the suffering body. Now
Calmness sits upon his brow,
Dried is every tear that gushed,
Every laboring sigh is hushed.
Death and sad decay are here !
Beauty of the skies is here !
Resurrection's light is here !
He is here, and he is not !
Oh, my child ! a blessed lot
Is our William's now above,
Where small children sing of love,
Casting their young honors down
At His feet, the harp and crown,
Who in heaven the diadem
Wears—the Babe of Bethlehem !

Sweet the hymn, whose stately march
 Ever is around that arch
 Pealing of redemption ! Song,
 Sweeter, louder, doth belong
 To the cherub infant throng,
 Whose sweet voices warble clear
 Music, God delights to hear.
 Come, my daughter ! leave him now ;
 We in humble prayer will bow
 At our heavenly Father's feet,
 Asking that we all may meet
 Where the infant of an hour
 Is an angel. Where each power
 Of a feeble babe may clasp
 Themes that angels cannot grasp.
 Parting is to-day in sorrow —
 Joyful meeting is to-morrow —
 With him, dearest, then to be
 Heirs of immortality.

WAIT, WORKING !

Wait thou on Jehovah ! instructively cries
 The Psalmist of Israel to thee —
 A guide to thy steps, and a light to thine eyes,
 In darkness and doubt he will be.

Wait thou on Jehovah in poverty's hour—
 Before him confidingly stand
 In meekness, and thee will the arm of his power
 Exalt, to inherit the land.

Wait thou on Jehovah, when wealth, like a flood,
 Rolls in, and still consecrate this,
 In time of thy stewardship, wisely, to God,
 Lest thou his inheritance miss.

Wait thou upon Him in importunate prayer,
 And he will thy sacrifice own—
 If with it 'tis humbly and truly thy care
 That labor is joined at the throne.

For poor is oblation where charity's not,—
 Such formally waiting in vain
 Will be found, at the last, on thy garment, a spot—
 What ocean may wash out the stain !

In trials and blessings that meet thee, do thou,
 While glad, or submissively still,
 Rejoice in his love, to his providence bow,
 And *work*, as thou *wailest* His will.

And thou, whose delight it may be, for thy Lord,
 In his Sunday school still to be spent—
 While scattering there the good seed of the Word,
 Scan truly thy wish and intent.

Thou teachest another — hath Wisdom *thee* taught
 Thy folly and weakness to see ?
 And hast thou, in weeping and watchfulness, brought
 Thy charge where the sinner should be ?

In prayer dost thou wait, where, in secret, each face
 Of thy class rises up to thy love —
 And toil for these dear ones, believing that grace
 Will guide them to safety above ?

Wait in all on Jehovah ! not passively wait ;
 With zeal be thou girded and shod —
 Sitting down, rising up, in the house, in the gate,
 Oh, work, as thou WAITEST on God.

His universe serves him. The shining ones touch
 Their harps, as they wait his behest —
 Obeyers, while waiting ; we, too, may be such,
 Who more than the angels are blest.

VICTORIA ;

ON SEEING HER PICTURE.

God give thee helping grace ! so young
 To sway the sceptre of a realm, —
 In barque so frail, on surges flung,
 And scant experience at the helm.

God give thee helping grace ! whose way
 Of brilliance, winds 'mid thrones and powers ;
 On either hand, allurements gay ;
 Above thee, suns ; beneath thee, flowers.

The earnest praise of titled throngs
 Is gathered round thy greatness now ;
 Inspiring theme of thousand songs,
 In palace, hall and cottage, thou !
 And pleasure showers its blessings down
 For thee, and fair is fortune's shine ;
 And all that waits and woos a crown,
 Of reverence and love is thine.

Not Albion with her sister states —
 Thy sea-girt empire — is alone
 Thy heritage ; to thee the gates
 Of eastern worlds are open thrown.
 And to thy will are subject kings, —
 And at thy rule are far lands seen,
 On whose extreme the sunrise flings
 No ray, nor sunset, twilight's sheen.

How potent is thy arm to draw
 The sword ! — Yea, God's own boon of breath
 Hangs on thy pleasure, when the law,
 Severe, demands its forfeit, death.
 How sovereign, — thou the fount, — to strew
 Honors along the courtier's path !
 How genial as the precious dew
 Thy smiles ! how fearful is thy wrath !

Yet, Lady ! high as destiny
 Hath placed thee with a kingdom's dower,
 Thou art not from life's evils free,
 Nor yet above misfortune's hour.
 Let pointing History sternly tell
 In Antoinette's and Mary's blood,
 That those are only safe, who dwell
 Fast in the palaces of God !

Yes, thine own Windsor's bowers can show —
 Whose pensive portraits line the wall —
 How freely regal blood can flow,
 How queens beneath the axe may fall.
 That not all virtues which e'er met
 In woman, if all met in thee,
 Could save thee, (*Bullen*, dost forget?)
 Or bear thee safe through passion's sea,

If Heaven permit the waves to swell
 That foam out thus a nation's shame ; —
 Their rising moan may be *thy* knell,
 For human hearts are still the same.
 And records of that heart can say
 What foul caprice may stain its page,
 How she, its idol known to-day,
 To-morrow falls beneath its rage.

Enough ! enough ! — my song intrudes
 Too long on all of happiness ;
 Yet fain, 'mid power's vicissitudes,
 Would I invoke the Power to bless,

Who holds the dreadful hearts of men,
 Lie thou within His gracious hand ; —
 And, Lady ! thou'rt in safety then,
 And safe thy throne and happy land.

TO MY LITTLE SON,

TWO MONTHS OLD.

THEY said that I should give to thee,
 The name thy elder brother wore, —
 Thy absent brother, whom my knee
 Hath dandled, whom I hold no more,
 I cannot give thy brother's name
 To thee, my little infant son !
 In dust he sleepeth, yet the same
 He seems, as either precious one
 Of those that still remain with me : —
 I cannot give his name to thee ;
 The name thy elder brother wore,
 The plaything on our parlor floor,
 Who with us is no longer seen, —
 Oh, no ! I call thee not EUGENE !
 'Twould seem to blot him from his place —
 Though he, to fill our bitter cup,
 Hath died, I cannot thus efface
 His memory. No ! I reckon up,

With these dear children, the loved others
 Who slumber in their early grave,
 As mine. I cite their several names—
 The buried, with their living brothers,
 And sister, which my Maker gave ;
 And love as well the absent claims
 As those around my fireside seen,—
 Oh, no ! I call thee not **EUGENE !** 1837.

TRUE SCIENCE.

COULD I name every curious root,
 And every floweret call,
 From cedars of gray Lebanon
 To hyssops on the wall—
 What were my boasted knowledge worth,
 Weighed e'en in scales below—
 Did I not, by true science taught,
 The Root of Jesse know ?

Could I with Chaldee's sages rove
 O'er all the *starry* plain,
 And all the shining world explore,
 Sought out till now in vain—
 What boots it, if its brightest gem
 Heaven give not to my eyes—
 And ne'er to my ecstatic view
 The Star of Jacob rise ?

**SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER IN
HEAVEN?**

If, in that world of spotless light,
 Where good men dwell for ever,
 Those, with whom here I took delight,
 Shall greet my warm love never—
 Its joys, which eye has seen not, ear
 Heard not, will be most precious ;
 Yet loving those, the true loved here,
 Would make heaven more delicious.

If, treading yonder crystal street,
 Thoughts, linked with time, come o'er me,
 And forms of earth I longed to greet,
 Should pass unknown before me ;
 My partner, with no glance of love—
 My meek-eyed child, a stranger—
 Should I not turn from bowers above,
 A sad and silent ranger ?

God, who did give to Love's sweet star,
 Below, its joyous lustre,
 Can bid its glories shine afar
 Where best affections cluster ;
 And I'll believe the bliss whose birth
 He spake, so fair and vernal,
 Undimmed, unfaded, here on earth,
 Like Him, will be eternal.

LET ME LIVE TILL I AM OLD.

LET me live till I am old !
 Death, though still in manhood's prime,
 I would meet, as meets the bold,
 Yet I fain would "bide my time."
 What are threescore years and ten ?
 Scarcely span enough to kiss
 Tears from off Life's blessings : the
 Let me gather all Life's bliss.
 'Tis a little leaf, at best,
 Which for ever I may spell
 Of Life's doings, ill or well,—
 When among the stars I rest,
 Measured by its sands of gold,
 When eternal day I tell.
 Let me live till I am old !

No ! Religion quickly cries ;
 Life hath thorns as well as roses.
 Death the earlier glimpse discloses,
 Unto him that early dies,
 Of the peaceful paradise,
 Where sufficeth thought to dwell—
 Pausing 'mid that thunder song —
 On the path, or brief or long —
 Trod with joy, in sorrow trod,
 Meeting pleasure or the rod ;
 'Tis the same. In heaven 'tis well,
 If on earth we walked with God.

THE DEAD.

BURIED once, the sleeping dust,
Let not changes, let not lust
Of reward, tempt hirelings rude,
To disturb its solitude,
In its coffin, in the clay,
Hidden from the gaze of day,—
Where upon the mouldering mass
Groweth the luxuriant grass,
Where the spotted grave cloth cleaveth
To the bosom that ne'er heaveth ;
Where the snail his slimy trace
Leaves on the unshrinking face ;
Where, with sad corruption, pride
Lieth nestling, side by side,
Saying to it, Hail, my mother !
To the worm, My sister ! brother !—
Where the schemes and hopes of man
Are within a little span ;
Where forgot are love and hate ;
Where the beggar finds his mate
In the prince, and beauty sleeps—
Though the sluggish vapor creeps
Round her with unwholesome chill ;
Where the weary takes his fill
Of unbroken dreamless rest,
Though the clod is on his breast ;
Where the sons of Adam lie
Moveless — till the melted sky

Mingles with the deep, and earth
 Yields them once again to birth,
 Ready — past death's night away —
 For the final judgment day.
 Till then — undisturbed be
 All that is mortality.
 Till then, Avarice ! spare the grave ;
 Till then, look not on the slave
 Shrouded here, ye curious eyes ! —
 Spare his dust the outrage, cries
 Decency ; such deed of night
 Grieves the heart and sickens sight.

THE SAILOR BOY.

ARISE, oh, Lord ! look kindly on the deep
 Dark waters, which thy mighty hand outflung ;
 Whose wond'rous, awful beauty bards have sung
 And still exhausted not. While thy winds sweep
 Their moaning surface, and the billows leap
 Up to the heavens : when the storm's knell is rung,
 And every wave, tumultuous, hath a tongue
 Telling of God, who can its fury keep
 And who doth give it bridle — oh, look down
 In pity on that far off widow's joy —
 Her only hope, her comfort ! Do not frown
 Upon her prayer at this rough midnight hour ;
 But speak ! and spoil the dreadful tempest's power,
 And spare to her lone love her SAILOR BOY !

FUNERAL OF BISHOP WHITE.

WHAT meaneth this great concourse ? Yet they come,
 Crowds gathering on crowds. It is not festival—
 It looketh not like mirth. Subdued and still
 Men range themselves, and every face doth wear
 Expression of deep grief. 'Tis scarce high noon,
 Yet is the daily hum of voices hushed ;
 Footsteps fall lightly, as 'twere holy time ;
 Labor doth pause, and Commerce rests his wheel ;
 The merchant's not on change—the shop is shut
 Of artisan. Unwonted silence reigns,
 And hither on his journey comes the dead !
 By reverend presbyters and fathers borne,
 By numerous footsteps of bereaved men,
 And by the blessings of a people followed,
 Full of ripe years and honors, to the tomb
 Goeth a good old man—the patriarch
 Of ninety winters.

Is the Bishop dead ?

Yes, in his season, like a shock of corn,
 Ripe, fully, he is gathered. We may mourn
 That he no more is of us ; and yet tears
 Seldom are blended with so much of joy,
 At recollection of departed worth.
 No more may he, in deep humility,
 Plead for his Master. Counsels fraught with love,
 Shall from his lips, like dew, distil no more.

No more that form, majestic, shall be seen,
 Relic of by-gone days—within our streets,
 Awing the base, and gladdening the good.
 That form is in the dust. He hath laid by
 The mitre, to put on a heavenly crown—
 The earthly lawn, to wear immortal robes.
 Go to thy grave, blest prelate ! there are few
 Lie down so peacefully. A Church in tears
 Attests our love, the smiles of opening heaven
 Show for thee, God's approval. Sainted one !
 May we depart as happily, as safe.

Philadelphia, 1836.

BRUTALITY.

I SAW two dogs, in open street, one day,
 Fighting most madly. They were very strong,
 Well shaped and active ; and they fiercely shook
 And bit each other, till their strength gave way.
 They were cheered on again by a vile throng
 Of men and vagrant boys, who idly took
 Sides in the battle ; betting, some on Dick,
 And some on generous Neptune. Sick
 At heart, and weary of my race, I said :
 “ Which of the animals is *noblest* — he
 Whose savage cruelty is basely fed
 By pain and blood, and who is pleased to see
 Flesh torn and quivering in eager fight,—
 Or him, the misnamed brute ? The *brute*, in reason's
 sight.”

THE SANDWICH ISLES.

On the late intelligence of many conversions there.

THE Sandwich Isles ! the Sandwich Isles !
 How fair on ocean's breast they seem,
 Reflecting the immortal smiles
 Which from the Source of glory beam.
 Oh, 'twas not thus the ages gone,
 When they in error's night lay dim,
 God's jewels, that in silence shone
 Most beautiful, yet not for Him.

The Sandwich Isles ! — as in a glass,
 Their dark-eyed sons rise up to me,
 No longer pagan ; — while they pass
 From O-a-hu and O-why-hee,
 I mark their faces shorn of shame,
 Like glorious men who spurn the dust, —
 The last to know of Freedom's name,
 But in her lofty triumphs first.

The Sandwich Isles ! their coral coasts,
 Their fairy dales, and hills, and plains,
 Have echoed to the Lord of Hosts
 Redemption's never-tiring strains.
 Oh, how unlike the savage song
 Which o'er them once to idols rung,
 When madness seized the tossing throng,
 And blasphemy defiled the tongue.

The Sandwich Isles ! where from the breast
 The mother plucked her clinging child,
 And hushed its little woes to rest
 In blood — Oh, God, how sweetly wild
 The mother's hymn ascends to Thee !
 And who that mother's joy may tell,
 As with her child she bends the knee
 At summons of the Sabbath bell !

The Sandwich Isles ! — each laden breeze
 Brings token of rich fragrance there ;
 I scent, across the surging seas,
 The aroma of new-born prayer.
 Oh, give me wings ! my soul would flee
 To regions where the Spirit smiles ;
 'Tis midnight here — 'tis morn with ye,
 The Sandwich Isles ! the Sandwich Isles !

1839.

MORTALITY—IMMORTALITY.

I saw some workmen toil, the other day,—
 'Twas in St. Mary's churchyard — on a tomb
 Which they were rearing for new tenantry.
 And to prepare it they had digged a vault
 Some six feet square, and more than twice that depth,
 Just in the heart of this dense burial place,
 Where every foot of the rich earth is fatted

With human dust ; and bones lie intermixed
With the green mould, as thickly as in charnels.
The men were somewhat rough, — over their task
Swearing and jesting, making plenteous mirth
Of the poor fragments which they shovelled up.
So I approached them timidly, and looked,
And saw, along the sides of the deep trench,
Dark niches, each of which had been a grave ;
And some were empty. As I gazed, I saw
A coffin at full length, embedded fast
In the hard clay. The sharp spade in descent
Had shaven off the side of the deal chest,
Admitting daylight on the sleeping dead.
And what a sight ! — In duskiness and damp,
Mildew, and noisomeness of sad decay,
Reclined the skeleton. It had been there
For years — the flesh all gone, the crumbling bones
Disjointed. Long ago the pampered worm
Had had his feast, and died. Years had rolled by
Since, with the tears of kindred, these remains
Were lodged in their dark chamber ; those who wept
Had also gone. — None told me of the dead.
I closely looked, and saw what once had been
Another coffin ; but the turning up
Rudely, of the heaped earth had crushed it in ;
And coffin, bones, and dust were blended all
In loathesomeness. Apart, I saw the skull ; —
'Twas small and delicate — and the next spade
Threw up a mass of long disshevelled hair.

It was a woman's form that thus was flung
 Carelessly from its bed to open day.
 The hair was firm, luxuriant, and beautiful,
 And still retained its glossy, golden hue,
 Even in decay, and saturate with damps.
 Once it descended on an ivory neck,
 And the young wearer little deemed that plucked
 From the fair head on which it grew, 'twould serve
 To fill the shovel of a laborer.
 And little recked she, tresses, among which
 The fingers of a lover once had played
 Delightedly, should be the sport of such,
 And thus be tossed and handled, and let fall
 Quickly, as they were poisonous. Away
 I went, and pondered my MORTALITY.

* * * * *

I held his hand—

'Twas chilly cold, yet softly he returned
 My pressure. On his pallid brow sat damps,
 And on his quivering lips the dew of death
 Had gathered. Over him his anxious wife
 Leaned tearfully. His little ones were there ;
 And silent neighbors stood apart to see
 How manfully the Christian might gird up
 His loins and welcome death.

I asked him then
 Of hopes beyond the grave. If in this hour
 Its Conqueror was nigh, and if he saw
 With Faith's clear ken, the Star that ever burns

Upon the tomb's dark confines, still to cheer
 The soul, departing ; and if aught he heard
 Of music, which breaks forth celestially
 On ears that unto earth are shut ? And these —
 His precious ones — could he leave *these* ? He looked
 Most sweetly upward, murmuring gently, “ All,
 All, *all* for Christ ! — Grave, where’s thy victory ?
 Oh, Death, where is thy sting ? ” — and peacefully,
 With that last word, he fell asleep. I thought
 The narrow house for him could have no dread ;
 He feared not death, nor sad corruption. He’ll
 Sleep very pleasantly where Jesus slept ; —
 His mortal IMMORTALITY puts on.

Philadelphia, 1836.

EARLY CONSECRATION.

Thou hast the dew of thy youth. — Psalmist.

INFANT ! upon the mother’s breast,
 God gave thee life and limb,
 And we, whom thy first smile has blest,
 Do yield thee back to Him —
 A beauteous flower, on which the dew
 Of love may freshly lie ;
 Content, if grace may thee renew,
 And fit thee for the sky.

Child ! that to hours of busy play
 Dost health and gladness bring—
 That, tireless, seem'st all summer day
 A blithe bird on the wing—
 Thou surely art a gift to bless
 The earth, by sorrow trod,
 And yet thy wealth of happiness
 We consecrate to God.

Youth ! that with careless step dost tread
 The flowery road of bliss,
 And shunning brighter worlds, art led
 To seek thy heaven in this,—
 We watch thy wayward way with pain,
 And asking mightier care
 To guard thy inexperience, fain
 Would yield thee up in prayer.

Oh, as we ponder o'er the path
 Which ye, *alone*, must walk,
 And mark where skies are mustering wrath,
 And storms together talk,—
 Remembering He who safely guides
 The wrack, is round ye too,
 That He life's twilight kindly bides
 To whom was given its dew—

We gather round His shielding love,
 And weep as we draw near ;
 There is no studded crown above
 So precious as that tear.

Yet, in His presence, words are weak,
 Desire is mighty, we
 Ask boon that Time can never speak,
 That means Eternity.

Even angels look—such offering paid,
 Where love intense has part—
 To see it on that altar laid,
 An anxious mother's heart ;—
 Acceptable to God, who strung
 Each fine mysterious string ;
 And who, to move the thoughtless young,
 Doth touch the hidden spring.

MANY WAYS.

MANY ways, Jehovah ! Thou
 Hast to make the sinner bow ;
 Many gracious ways to bring
 Home the lost and wandering—
 Journeyers in forbidden roads,
 Whom a guilty conscience goads ;
 And the thoughtless, who is free
 From its stingings, Lord, to thee
 Thou dost win in many ways,
 And to thee be all the praise !
 Some thou callest in a tone
 Musical as Mercy's own.

Sweet the harmonies that tell
Of forgiveness, then ; — a spell
Is upon the spirit riven,
Not of earth, but all of heaven.
Some thou callest by the loud
Thunderings of thy judgment cloud ;
When the midnight volleying peal
Doth to quickened thought reveal
All of vileness, dared and done,
All of utter ruin won.
When transgressors, that were wooing
Pleasure to the soul's undoing,
Pause, bewildered — look within,
Look to Christ, and leave their sin.
By the path of sorrow, thou
Leadest stricken parents now ;
She who bendeth silently
O'er the child that soon must die,
Thou dost call in every groan
Of that sufferer, to her own
Keener anguish answering, —
Thou in bitterness dost bring,
That she may of mercy sing,
And from flowerets of the tomb
Turn to trees of living bloom.
Some by sickness thou dost call, —
Some, above a buried friend,
Ponder on their latter end.
Others, shuddering at the pall,
Winding sheet, and sepulchre,
Turn to thee. Amid the stir

Of the busy multitude,
Some — and some in solitude ;
Some, in visions of the night ;
Some, when basking in the bright
Beamings of prosperity ;
Some in abject poverty.
Some — filled up existence' page —
Thou dost call in wintry age ;
Some — most sweet and pleasant flowers —
Offer thee their vernal hours.
Some, in their ancestral halls,
Some, as beggared prodigals ;
Some, the anxious father's care,
Poured out in the midnight prayer ;
Some, a mother's quiet tear
To the kingdom bringeth near.
Plaintive hymn dissolves that soul,
This, the noble organ's roll ;
Some, a single caution wins ;
This one stops, in view of sins
Raging round him like a flood,
And rebuked, alarmed, to God
Flies he in the troublous hour,
Only safe with Sovereign Power.
Some, within their cedar rooms,
Others, wrapt in dungeon glooms.
Some, whose lot with thrones is cast,
Some, upon the giddy mast ;
Some, before the public gaze,
Some, in secret. Many ways
Of compassion, Lord ! hast thou !
Teaching rebel men to bow ;

Many ways to bring to thee
 Wilful heart and stubborn knee ;
 Many ways to lead above : —
 Oh, for ways to praise thy love !

THE PERFECTIONIST.*

Go, proud Perfectionist ! approach the throne
 Wrapt in thy self-wrought righteousness alone ;
 And scorning thus the Saviour's crimsoned robe,
 Look greatly down on Paul, Isaiah, and Job.
 Bidding him stand apart, who, in his need,
 Craved from Sin's loathsome body to be freed.
 Deriding, in thy purity, the cry
 That burst impassioned, when the prophet's eye
 Saw glimpse of those that company above, —
 How pure the lips that warble matchless love !
 How vile his own ! — Spurn him who felt the rod,
 And yet, in all, sinned not, nor idly charged his God.
 Do this, and as thou proudly livest, as proudly die,
 And be *alone* ! — Thou mayest not sit on high
 With those that washed in blood their raiment white,
 The dwellers now in uncreated light.
 No ! while they touch the glowing chords of love,
 Another harp 'tis thine to take above.

* A representative of the sect which appeared a few years since in the western part of New York state — repudiators of the Bible and the ordinances of the gospel.

They to their Saviour wake the golden string,
 Thou, to thy task, wilt thy *Perfection* bring.
 While the redeemed ones joyfully cast down
 Before Messiah's palm and starry crown,
Thou wilt wear thine, as comfortless thou'l stand,
 Far from the humble yet exalted band ;
 And, shunning all its joys and splendors given,
 In thy own self wilt find thy cheerless heaven.
 Oh, weep betimes, and leaving all thy pride,
 With us make only boast, that JESUS DIED !

THE BUNKER HILL PILE.

TIME was, when men, to keep in memory
 Brave deeds of their old fathers, on this spot,
 Where battle in just quarrel once was hot—
 Said, that hewn stone should rise, and ever be
 A record of their daring, who did meet
 The Briton in unequal, bloody fight,
 Strong in the cause of Country, God, and Right,
 And won their victory in a proud retreat.
 Now, (such the loftier triumph of sweet Peace,)
 The work, like troubled Babel, is at stand.
 Long be it thus !— No monument our land
 Asks, their memorial, save the sure increase
 Of glad prosperity, that still doth wait
 The unambitious Free, the virtuous State.

VERSES FOR A TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

BRING garlands ! Time shall heedless slip
 In pleasure, while we wreaths entwine ;
 Bring goblets ! — as he flies, the lip
 We'll press unto the rosy wine.
 And we will laugh, for life's a dream,
 Its cares not worth a passing sigh ;
 Be mirth and wine, to-day, our theme,
 To-morrow we, perchance, may die !

Such was the song the Syren sung
 Ten years ago, to thoughtless men ;
 And such the fetters that she flung,
 Concealed in flowers, around them then.
 The song is hushed, or banished, now,
 To haunts by vile inebriates trod ;
 To wine the wise no longer bow,
 The chain is broke, we thank thee, God !

Yes, *we* are FREE ! — but who are these,
 The bloated, brutish, shackled crew,
 All night who tarry at the lees,
 With morning who the cup renew ?
 Ah ! they are *Men*, though sadly sold
 To death that stings beyond the grave ;
Our brethren, — minds that thou didst mould,
 Oh, God ! shall we not haste to save ?

THE MOTHER OF LYMAN.*

The mother of Lyman, said Rev. Dr. Humphrey, was a neighbor of his own, and some time before the news arrived of the catastrophe among the Bataas, she had lost her husband, who died suddenly and left her in charge of a large family. This widowed mother had scarcely returned from pouring out her tears over the grave of her protector and guide, when the intelligence arrived. It had been brought first to himself, and he had been, in consequence, requested to go and make to her the dreadful annunciation. "I trembled," said Dr. H., "as I went, and I said to myself, how will this mother, a widow in her weeds, with the tears hardly dry upon her cheek from the sudden loss of her husband, how will she, how can she receive this intelligence! I went, and communicated it in the best way I could. The tears flowed freely, it is true; but oh! what light shone through those tears! Almost as soon as she was able to say any thing, she exclaimed — 'I bless God who gave me such a son to go to the heathen, and I never felt so strongly as I do at this moment, the desire that some other of my sons may become missionaries also, and may go and teach the truths of the Bible to those savage men who have drunk the blood of my son.'"

Poets, emulous of glory,
 Love to tell the hero's story,—
 Love to wake the martial cry,
 "On, to death or victory!"
 Then, in panegyric verse,
 Proud Ambition's deeds rehearse.
 Passing *few*, the peaceful lays
 Strung to lowly Virtue's praise;
 Passing *few*, the plaudits given
 To the deeds that breathe of heaven.

* A missionary who was killed by the natives of Sumatra, in 1835.

Yet, above the praise of men,
 Looked our *Lyman's* mother, when
 Tidings from the heathen came,
 That another glorious name,
 That another noble soul
 Lives upon the martyr's scroll,—
 Garnered safely — warfare done —
 And that blest one is her son !

Yes, her spirit's thought had birth
 Elsewhere, than with things of earth.
 For earth never could impart
 So magnanimous a heart.
 Pagan page may never tell
 Of a votary, who so well
 Sacrifice of self could make,
 For the God of Worship's sake.
 Self-devotion, holy, true,
 Which the Roman never knew ;
 Self-devotion, all unpriced,
 Which adorns the men of Christ,—
 Self-devotion stayed her so,
 When the sufferer in her wo,
 Widowed yesterday — first knew
 She was written *childless*, too.

Grief flows freely as she hears,
 Yet a light shines through those tears ;
 And her praises unto God —
 Who with blossoms clothes the rod —
 Who from bitter, sweetness brings —
 She, a Christian mother, sings.

Glorying in such a son,
 Glorying that she had one
 Freely willing to be spent
 In the distant Orient ;—
 Willing, in his early spring,
 Blooming buds and flowers to bring,—
 Sacrifice of sweetest smell,
 Which Jehovah loveth well.

Who, hereafter, doubts the world
 Shall, one day, behold unfurled
 Banners of our King ? — *Who* fears
 For His righteous cause, that hears
 Of this mother's quenchless zeal ?
 Who, that heareth, will not feel
 Stirrings of the soul, engaging
 Him to go where strife is raging,—
 Buckling on the sword and shield,
 Burning for the victor's field ?

YOUTH'S TEMPERANCE ODE.

We've heard that round the wine-cup's brim,
 A thousand pleasures stray,
 And that strong drinks have wondrous power
 To drive dull care away ;—

But we have seen the flashing light
 Which from the goblet came,
 Lead, like the meteor, on to tears,
 And wretchedness, and shame.

We've heard that though 'tis well enough
 For men the pledge to sign,
 Yet youth need never be in haste
 Their freedom to resign ;
 But we are sure, ill habits formed
 In youth, destroy the man :
 And we'll secure us from the snare
 Thus woven, if we can.

Ay, let him boast of freedom, who
 To appetite's a slave,
 And in that war for poverty
 And ruin, is so brave !
 'Twill serve his comrades, who, like him,
 Are fettered by the curse ;
 But coaxing, fooling, will not do
 For Temperance Boys like us !

The children in Chaldea's court,
 Who would not drink the wine,
 Not only fair in flesh were seen,
 But wisdom had, divine.
 Like them, we choose the generous draught,
 God's cool, sweet springs supply ;
 And at the last, those streams, of which
 Who drink, shall never die !

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

ILLUSTRATING A PICTURE OF A DEATHBED SCENE.

Was it, that I shunned repose,
Sat up late, and early rose,
Eat the bread of carefulness,
And denied my soul each good
With which Heaven is wont to bless—
In my raiment, in my food,
In my labors, in my pleasures,
Studying to increase my treasures ;
Stranger unto pleasant mirth,
Stranger unto all that earth
Deems most innocent, that I
Must o'er disappointment sigh ?
Why did boundless Fancy wander—
Why did halcyon Hope beyond her
Go, in hourly dreams of gold ?
Was it that I might be sold
Unto keen remorse — the sting,
Never dying, of the heart,
In which Grace hath never part !
Far beyond the enchanting cup
Which gay Pleasure mixes up—
Far beyond Ambition's bliss,
Purchased from a world like this, —

By the lost in folly's whirl,
Who for baubles gives the pearl
Of the never-sated spirit—
Yes, beyond all, to inherit
Bliss, I thought was surely mine,
When I knelt at Mammon's shrine,
And with still, mysterious stealth,
Gazed upon the heaped up wealth—
Gloated on the golden pile
With a stern and secret smile.
Mighty were my schemings; then
Was I mightiest of men.—
Promising my morning, soon
Came a cloud, and at my noon
Fate was in conspiracy
To shroud o'er my evening sky.
Quickly was I called away
From those visions of delight,
To behold their dire decay,
To behold the winter's blight
Seizing on my blossom; — God!
Thou didst hold an angry rod.
Well I knew thy power was such,
Joy comes springing at thy touch;
Well I knew thou couldst destroy,
When I saw my *smitten boy*!
Hovering o'er my dying bed
Ghosts of murdered moments stand;
Every soothing angel fled;
Who will chase the hateful band!

Thou that minist'rest to care,
Temporal, canst thou hush despair ?
Thou that heal'st the body's pain,
Canst thou charm back peace again ?
Thou, that holy text doth bring,
Canst thou stop the spirit's wing !
All that can the soul concern,
Of that onward, dread eterne—
All that can harass, alarm,
All that may death's sting disarm,
All that God to man hath given
Of the unrevealed heaven ;
All of earth's deceiving schemes,
All that realizes dreams
Of infernal horror—all
Of that unnamed, bitter thrall—
Memory wakened, conscience smarting,
All that waits the mind, departing
To the mind's appalling doom,
To its ever living tomb,—
All of wasted life that's past,
All the future, at the last
Gathering in a fearful might,
All of everlasting night,
All of tortured body's ill,
All of unsubdued will,
All that was and is to be,
All of vast eternity,
With an overwhelming power,
Crowded in the **ELEVENTH HOUR** !

TRACT VISITATION.

How simple, godlike, the device that brings
The thought in contact with eternal things !
Such is the Tract, whose silent power is seen
As kindly dew upon the margent green.
Such is the monthly call, when counsel given
Confirms the faint, the erring leads to Heaven,
And not to opulence confined, that goes
To the low dwelling, redolent of woes,
Searches out want—unwearied, by the bed
Of sickness kneels, and bathes the aching head ;
And points the dying to a better shore,
Life's ocean passed—where storms shall vex no
more.

I've seen the hovel, o'er whose threshold ne'er
Came minister of Christ. No herald here
Had crossed to bind the broken hearted up ;
Its inmate drank of misery's bitter cup :
And the gay, smiling world knew not his grief—
Yet came an angel, seeming, with relief.
She, with a Tract, her passport, entered there,
And soothed the sufferer ; lightened every care ;
And having won his love, her errand gave
Of Him who only can the sinner save.
Her converse, prayers, were blest, and he, the *rod*
Had failed to move, by *love* was brought to God.

HORTICULTURAL GRAVEYARD.

Who would be buried in a city? Who
Would choose, life's labors done, to lay him down
In the scant ground, assigned as resting place,
Where no grass grows? Or in the sullen tomb,
Loathsome, and sad, to be inurned, or 'neath
The solemn church, where in the dusky aisles
Are rows of vaults, on whose dark, dripping doors
Never falls sunbeam? Sympathy dwells not
In crowded towns; —there Avarice hath its reign.
Avarice, that calculates the very worth
And nice proportion of each petty thing
That can be coined to gold. Why, I have seen
In this good city, where a plot of land
Two hundred years ago our sires had given,
To this most sacred purpose consecrate —
Where men might lay their dead: a spot
That opened to the breeze, and shaded, too,
By cheerful trees, which threw their shadow o'er
The grassy graves — now, all begirt with walls
Tow'ring to heaven, that seem to covet e'en
The niggard space allotted to the dead.
And in one corner of this holy soil,
With thrift, a cunning Yankee had him made
A kitchen garden! Yea, I saw the graves
Teeming with corn and squash. 'Twas sad to note

The stalk o'ertop the monuments, and vines
 Spreading and curling round the stones that time
 Had spared for ages ; — spared, to be thus mocked
 By calculating plodders, who would fain
 Eat vegetables gathered from the bones
 Of a dead father, and lick up the food
 Grown on a mother's dust. He that would gaze
 On such perversion, may himself betake
 To the King's Chapel burying ground, and weep.

July, 1839.

CHARLES RIVER.

I do remember thee, transparent stream !
 And cause there is that I should sometimes dwell
 Gratefully on the season loved so well —
 Glances of which, in fancy's witching dream,
 Come up in sober manhood, — Childhood's hour !
 When wasted with disease, my languid frame
 They plunged beneath thy waters. Newly came,
 By oft-repeated trial, health and power
 To my unhopeful system. Strength of limb,
 And renovated life, didst thou restore
 To him so helpless and so dead before.
 For this, while I gaze on thee, unto Him
 Who scooped thy winding way, and fringed thy banks
 With drapery of green, I render joyful thanks.

MONT PILATRE.

The Proconsul of Judea here found the termination of his impious life ; having, after spending years in the recesses of this mountain, which bears his name, at length, in remorse and despair, rather than in penitence, plunged into the dismal lake which occupies the summit. — *Legend in Anne of Geierstein.*

When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person ; see ye to it. — *St. Matthew, xxvii. 24.*

IMMORTAL infamy is his
 Who gave the Saviour up
 To bear the Jewish scourge and scorn,
 And drink the Roman cup.
 He washed his hands in sight of men,
 And slander thought to kill,—
 Yet was he foul, and to this hour
 His hands are spotted still.

There's something of audacious crime
 In guilty Judas found,
 Though viler than the vilest thing
 That crawls upon the ground ;
 But he who had not fortitude
 In trial's honest hour,
 To own the outward influence
 Of conscience' secret power,

And whose unfeeling, coward heart,
 Intent on selfish ease,
 Did seek, with sophistry and art,
 Both God and Man to please,—
 Of God abhorred, of man despised,
 And shunned by fiends below—
 Where shall the wretch, to hide himself,
 And hide his meanness, go !

NEW ORGAN IN CHRIST CHURCH,
 PHILADELPHIA.

THEY'VE reared the ORGAN. He,* whose fond desire
 It was to beautify this hoary pile,
 Whose voice once lingered sweetly in its aisle,
 Is absent from the service. Lo, this spire,
 Antique and venerable, looketh down,
 As for a century it hath, upon our town ;
 The doors are open still ; along these walls
 Swells noble minstrelsy ; but now no calls
 Of love, persuasive, from his lips shall come —
 The pastor that hath wooed for Christ is dumb.
 Dumb ? No ! his song is where ten thousand times
 Ten thousand bow ; where the melodious chimes
 Sound, as abroad the heaven of heavens they roll,
 The diapason of the ransomed soul !

* The late Rev. J. W. James, Rector of Christ Church.

A PSALM OF SICKNESS.

But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design,
Then man my soul with firm resolve,
To bear and not repine. — *Robert Burns.*

Since this, my couch, a battle field
Appointed is to me,
May I, all armed with holiness,
And kindly patience be.

While noble spirits boldly make
Strong onset on the foe,
May I, in sufferance, draw the sword,
And deal as sure a blow.

If I shout not, where trump and drum
The army's triumphs swell,
In the soul's solitude I may
Of equal victory tell.

Not less may these, my passive pains,
With fortitude received,
Speak honor to my Prince, than all
High daring hath achieved.

Not less my thankfulness for love,
 And sympathy's sweet voice,
 Than all their thunder-tones of praise,
 When all the ranks rejoice.

Then, sickness, come ! and darting pain,
 That through my frame do fly —
 For final ease, I welcome ye :
 To live, I gladly die.

With Him who leads the glorious fray,
 Whose favor gives renown,
 The lowliest bearer of the cross,
 If true, shall share the crown.

E V E R Y S .

EVERY sorrow here,
 Which from evil seems to rise,
 If it start contrition's tear,
 Is a blessing in disguise.

Every friend that grieves,
 By frail insincerity,
 Teacheth of a Friend that leaves
 Never, but still helpeth me.

Every vexing stealth
Fortune maketh of my goods,
Only bids me store my wealth
Where no cunning thief intrudes.

Every babe to dust
Given, with reluctant pain,
Is but my Redeemer's trust,
Which he will restore again.

Every pang that gnaws
Fiercely, this poor frame of mine,
If but sanctified, me draws
Nearer to the bliss divine.

Every little sand
Loosened by this stormy strife,
Minds me of a better land,
And of an unreckoned life.

Every living thing
Or of teeming earth or flood,—
Creeping, walking, on the wing—
Is a teacher of my God.

Every star that burns
On night's diadem,
If it thought to Jesus turns,
Is a star of Bethlehem.

SELECT REMAINS OF THE REV.
WILLIAM NEVINS, D. D.

ON READING THE ABOVE.

Thou soul of God's best earthly mould !
Thou happy soul ! and can it be
That these
Are all that must remain of thee ? — *Wordsworth*.

No ! — there are gems transcending far
These glowing thoughts that stream and shine,
Each like a sudden sparkling star
Of radiance on this page of thine :
Gems which I scan with fond delight,
More precious deemed at each survey —
Beautiful in affliction's night,
Undimmed in pleasure's prosperous day.

What are they ? — Worth, which well I knew, —
Thy single, comprehensive heart,
Open to the discerning few,
In whose warm pulse mankind had part ;
Thy gentle spirit, foe to strife,
That graced thy manhood, as thy youth ;
Thy suavity in private life,
Thy public boldness for the truth ;

Thy piety and zeal for God,
 Humility, and holy care
 For souls ; submission to the rod,
 Denials, watchfulness and prayer :
These, though confessed thy wisdom, wit,
 And eloquence of purest powers,
 Are thy remains, where thou dost sit
 At Jesus' feet — may such be ours !

THOMAS GREENE FESSENDEN.

MOUNT Auburn, as a miser, gathers wealth
 From the world's heap ; not artfully, by stealth,
 But shamelessly and open. Sits he now
 Alone, in winter's drapery, his brow
 Circled by solemn trees ; and contemplates
 His gains, and those to come with which the Fates
 Shall swell his hoard, already rich in store,
 We knew not how to part with. Yet one more
 Is added. Moral excellence and wit,
 Talents, not idly hid, worth that would sit
 Gracefully on a king, the crown adorning, —
 These have been stolen, this violence hath our mourn-
 ing.
 Yet, Plunderer ! there's hidden in thy womb
 Nought but the casket, which, at trump of doom,
 Thou, — saith the oracle of God — shalt render.
 The jewel lodged above ! — who'll tell its splendor ?

THE HARVEST IS GREAT—THE LA-
BORERS FEW.

VINEYARD of the Lord ! thy treasures
 Plenteous are to wondering sight :
 How the laden stalks are bending
 With the grain, to harvest white !
 Wide the field — the world can only
 Bound its precincts. Vast the prize ; —
 To express its value, ages
 Heaped on ages can't suffice.

Who will enter ? — Laborers, toiling
 In the wasting heat of day,
 Are but *few* ; and of these, hourly,
 Perish some along the way.
Who will enter ? — Great the burden,
 Hard and constant is the toil ;
 But ye serve a gracious Master,
 And he'll give you princely spoil.

Wake, oh, north wind ! on this garden,
 Fainting, dying, strongly blow ;
 Come, thou south ! and, gently breathing,
 Bid its spicery freely flow.
 Then, his power confessed, the Spirit
 Hearts shall touch, and sweetly win ; —
 Vineyard ! *now*, to reap thy harvest,
 Joyful thousands enter in.

THOUGHTS.

Oh, why should this poor world of ours
Bewilder with its foolish schemes—
Delight with its decaying flowers,
And cheat me with its empty dreams ?

Have I one object, and but *one*,
That solely should the mind engross ?
A war to wage — a race to run —
The gold to sever from the dross —

And, in this narrow inch of time,
The work of mighty years to do ?
'Mid these low thoughts, a theme sublime
To ponder, ever vast and new ? —

And but these few, fleet days of strife
To gaze in retrospect upon,
Through cycles of an endless life,
While all its ages journey on ?

Oh, wondrous God ! shall I be mad
In the base struggle, or for gain,
Or honor, pleasure, good and bad,
To urge it with desire, insane ?

Or shall I change, as years increase,
 The ill that's past, for worse to come—
 Pursue with tears the phantom, peace,
 And overtake of wo the sum ?

Nor pause upon my march one hour,
 My march that with the grave begins—
 And strive to snap, with frenzied power,
 The chain that binds me to my sins ?

Upon the topmast sleeping yet,
 Whence down to depths I may be cast,
 Shall I dream on, and still forget
 The port which I must make at last ?

Nor listen to the voice that weeps
 Above the storm, in hopeless pain ;
 Nor heed the wretches o'er whom sweeps
 The dark and melancholy main ?

I'll pause, my weary soul, one hour ;
 For thee a new career begins ;
 I'll strive to snap, with frenzied power,
 The chain that binds me to my sins.

This hour ! this hour ! Oh, no ; oh, no ;
 This hour eternity may be :
THIS MOMENT, blessed Lord, I go,
 From sin and sin's despair, to thee.

MILLENNIAL HYMN.

Oh, God, to Thee, from whom so long
 This darkened world has strayed, inglorious,
 She comes, in brightness and in song,
 With crowns and harps for thee, victorious.

From where flames up the morning sun,
 To where he floods the west with beauty,—
 From north to south, not one, not one
 Is silent in this hour of duty.

Hear ! as on Africa's vast plains
 Her Sunday schools lisp songs, that gladly
 Go up, where once were stripes and chains,
 And fraud and gold that triumphed madly.

Hear China's worship-wooing bells !
 " Celestial " now—whose happy nation,
 By her delivered millions, tells
 That her proud wall is called " Salvation."

And see ! the lovely isles that gem
 Old ocean's bosom, fair and vernal,
 Are jewels in the diadem
 That glory wreaths for the Eternal.

The tree of life yields glad perfume,
 With fresh buds crowned, and choicest flowers ;
 Knowledge displays its living bloom,
 Where grace dispenses warmth and showers.

Dove of the Lord ! Peace, brooding, sits
 Where fiercely flew the bird of glory ;
 And Waterloo and Austerlitz
 Live only in ignoble story.

And, quenched the latent spark of rage,
 Hate adds no more to party fuel ;
 And realms are ruled, though statesmen wage
 No war of words, nor war with duel.

And where so long the dreadful whip
 Of slavery scourged the flesh, red reeking,
 Are kindness, love, and manhood's lip,
 Of holy, heartfelt Freedom speaking.

The heavens, in gladness, shout to Thee,
 And earth, in bondage lately lying,
 Rings back the cry, " **WE'RE FREE ! WE'RE FREE !**"
 Her vales, rocks, hills, and seas replying.

Earth ! Earth ! to Christ, (his kingdom won,)
 In more than primal beauty given —
 Sound the high hymn ! for **now** is done
 His will on earth, as done in heaven.

INSTALLATION.

Who shall, with blessing, lift abroad
 His hand unto thy holy hill,—
 Be shepherd of thy chosen, Lord,
 And show these worshippers thy will ?

He that uprightly walks, and works
 With single purpose, righteousness —
 In whose heart, look, or language, lurks
 Nor folly, pride, nor wickedness :

He, nor presuming, rash, nor vain,
 Yet strong, because he always fears ; —
 He, that repulsed, will urge again
 For God, and warn and win with tears :

He that will keep, with toil unpriced,
 His skirts from blood, and souls from loss,
 He that will nothing know save Christ,
 And the sweet science of the cross ;

Gently, along this pleasant way,
 The aged of the flock shall lead ;
 And, lest the little lambs should stray,
 Will them by fountains guide and feed.

When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
 He shall appear in glory, too ;
 And of his charge, watched over here,
 Show thousands, brought in safety through.

AN EARLY DEATH.

Death ———
 The portal, opening into Paradise ;
 Where grace, that in *the bud* was here below,
 Into the *flower* of glory straight shall blow.
 Francis Taylor ; 1658.

We may to our companion go,
 And strive to lessen anguish thus,
 While softened sorrows freely flow —
 But he will ne'er return to us.

We may, recalling all the charms,
 And solid worth, that made him dear,
 Fold round his form affection's arms,
 And seem to hold the spirit here.

But no — that spirit is away ;
 We only clasp insensate dust ; —
 That soars in uncreated day,
 This waits the rising of the just.

*Here, now, at brief corruption's claim,
How slumbers this without a care ;
"On wheels of light, on wings of flame,"
How that, for aye, expatiates there !*

*And can it be, the cheek of bloom,
Which spake of bliss, and days, and health,
Is pillow'd in the darksome tomb,
To glut the worm's insatiate wealth ?*

*And can it be, that eye of light
Which flashed out boyhood's hope, is dim ?
And shades of everlasting night
Have lowered, and settled down on him ?*

*And can it be, that dulcet voice,
Which captive held Refinement's throng,
And wakened tears, and bade rejoice,
Reveals no more the soul of song ?*

*We fondly ask, if all that gave
To parents, friends, associates, joy,
Can sink to an untimely grave ?
Can such, Decay indeed destroy ?*

*We ask, dear youth ! and from the sod
Which covers all that late was fair,
Turn to the dwelling-place of God,
Thy home, and find an answer there.*

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

I gazed upon the mountain's top,
 That pierced in twain the passing cloud,
 And wondered at its giant form,
 So dark, magnificent, and proud.

Can this strong mountain from its base
 Be shaken by the tempest's shock?
 Can all the gathered thunders, stir
 This everlasting, solid rock,—

And scatter forth its dust, like hail?
 And fling its fragments on the air?
 Can aught, created, wield such strength?
 Exists such power? — Oh, tell me where?

They *may* remove, these mountains may
 Tremble, and hence for ever pass;
 These hills, that pillar up the skies,
 Perish, as doth the new-mown grass.

Yea, saith the Lord, they shall depart—
 The hills, and all the solid land;
 But my sure word of truth remains,
 My promise shall for ever stand.

July 27, 1839.

THE LEGACY.

The following is the closing paragraph of Patrick Henry's will :
 " I have now disposed of all my property to my family ; there is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is the Christian religion. If they had this, and I had not given them one shilling, they would be rich ; and if they had not this, and I had given them all the world, they would be poor."

He willed them lands, and tenements, and gold,—
 All that he had by care and caution won,—
 To those his kinsmen, to enjoy and hold,
 Till their predestined course, like his, was run ;
 And each to others should the same devise,
 Leaving for self the legend, " Here he lies."

All that he had, save one unpurchased gem,
 Which, never loaned nor bought, could not be sold
 Nor willed away. Yet, though the diadem
 Of God were blank without it, 'tis not bold
 To say that waters, which the free winds kiss,
 Are not more plentiful and free than this.

All that he had, save *that*, the lord of which,
 Ragged and starved, by kings may envied be ;
 While he without it, though as Crœsus rich,
 Is but the veriest heir of poverty ;

And sad inheritor, than penury, worse,
Of the undying worm—eternity's true curse.

All that he had—My God ! what were it all,
What the broad universe thou fashionedst well,
To that, which, hell possessing, *hell* we'd call
Heaven ; without which, heaven would be a hell ?
Nothing ! and infinitely less than nought,—
Without the treasure worlds have never bought.

He could devise lands, tenements, and gold,—
All that he had by toil and talents won,—
To those, his kinsmen, to enjoy and hold,
Till their last sand of life was also run ;—
He could enrich them with earth's shining dust,
And glut, to loathing, avaricious lust ;

He could not give them the immortal gem,
For which a man were wise to sell his soul ;
Which burns and flashes in God's diadem.
This was beyond the orator's control ;—
Beyond, of wit and eloquence, the power,
To loan, or to retain a single hour.

Yet they may have it ;—thou *mayst* have it ;—I
May gather this into my hidden place ;
Not to gloat o'er it, with delighted eye,
And see it lessen ;—but, with added grace,
To mark its glories, sparkling, blazing far,
Ineffably serene, a bright and blessed Star.

THE VOICE AT SEA.

The missionaries write of a revival on board the ship Charles Wharton, on her passage to India.

THE waves of passion may be stayed where lordly billows toss,
 The journeyers of the deep may be the followers of the cross ;
 'Mid storms that strain his gallant ship, the mariner in faith
 May hear what *He* who humbled once the surging waters saith.

The Voice at Sea ! — the voice that wakes the sailor from his dream, —
 Is that which speaks in rushing floods, and in the gentle stream,
 And in the forest's harmony, when all its trees rejoice ;
 In cottages, in palaces, — it is the Spirit's voice !

Dost see yon vessel like a bird on ocean's wilderness ?
 Oh, there go some whose lofty looks are changed to lowliness :
 Upon them Love has shed its dews ; from head to garment's hem
 They're bathed ; — old things are past, — the Dove has overshadowed them.

And stern-lipped men, who never quailed upon the
yielding mast,
Have feared their sin, and sought the few whose lot
with Heaven is cast;
And mouths that left us with a curse — thou hear'st
them as they pass —
On Hoogly meekly learn to pray, and hail with hymn
Madras !

Thou seest the Spanner of the deeps, who scoops the
waves a bed,
Looks where the lowly sailor weeps, and marks each
tear that's shed;
And, unconfined to minster walls and carved and
gilded fane,
Bends o'er the hammock where he calls, and soothes
the sinner's pain.

Sweet to the troubled mariner, aloft on quivering
shrouds,
It is to look in confidence beyond the warring clouds,
And know, when by deceitful winds, at starless mid-
night driven,
There shineth down upon his path the guiding ray of
Heaven.

And sweet to *us* that interchanged the lingering last
farewell,
Sustained by Him who chideth not when tides of
sorrow swell —

To know that *He* went down with them that business
do at sea,
And in their noble vessel showed the power of Deity.

And praise to Him whose presence cheered that mis-
sionary ship,
And wrought, with sure and silent power, such change
of soul and lip !
Yea, praise to Thee ! the barks that speed thy sacra-
mental host,
Thou overshadowest in their need, Wing of the Holy
Ghost !

And still'st the elemental strife, subduing every sin ;
By Thee the sea restores to life the dead that were
therein :
In hearts of those that shun thy truth, the wayward
and the strong,
Thou putt'st its shining, searching edge, and in their
mouth a song.

Oh, parent ! whose unhappy child has left the peace
of home,
And left its dear and virtuous love, in distant ways
to roam,—
Be comforted ! and for him plead, though he has
thoughtless trod,
And long been lost, *this hour* he may be found at
last of God.

In watches of the night, when hushed are winds and
 sleeps the wave,
 His thought may homeward turn, to rest upon a
 father's grave ;
 Or on the countenance of her that led his step above
 In youth, and on remembered words dropt by a
 mother's love.

In pauses of the northern storm a Voice may come
 with power,
 And meet him in the tropic breeze at evening's quiet
 hour ;
 Oh, who can shun *His* presence, who may from the
Spirit flee ?
 For omnipresent, Lord ! thou art, and in thy hands
 are we.

PROGRESS OF TEMPERANCE.

HAIL, Temperance ! to aid thee, the foe to expel,
 The age is advancing ; — thy advocates well
 Have won good opinions in showing the plan,
 The *how* and the *why* of a cold water man ;
 And proved it as plain as that twice three are six,
 The old pledge was one of old Alcohol's tricks,

Who knew that his slaves he could keep in his track,
Though shunning prime Hollands, and best Cogniac,
If beer, porter, cider, or ale, they might Guzzle ;
Ay, keep them as sure as an ox in the muzzle,
Whatever they signed, if with *these* in their book,
His victims were certain, by hook or by crook.
And proved, too, to ample and clear demonstration,
The only chance left to deliver our nation,
The only chance left for a world steeped in drink,
Was to battle the enemy ; yes ! from the brink
Of ruin, dishonor, and close-cleaving shame,
By one mighty struggle to rescue her fame,
By one mighty struggle, the victory gaining,—
“ From all that intoxicates ” wholly abstaining.
From the north and the south, the east and the west,
A phalanx is moving, the battle to breast.
All ranks, all degrees, from the laborer, up
To the president, all who were slaves to the cup ;
And those, only moderate—most dangerous of all—
With hearty concurrence, reply to the call.
The lawyers are coming ! their Blackstone and Coke
To pore o'er with brandy 's no longer a joke.
The mysteries of entail and feoff, they divine,
May be solved, and that justly, in absence of wine.
They own truth's indictment is guiltless of flaws,
And bring special pleading in aid of the cause.
The doctors, whose consummate kindness and skill
Are feelingly known in the blister and pill—
Have freely surrendered, than sickness, as worse,
The rum, with the remedy, mixed by the nurse ;

And e'en are excusing the babe on the lap
 From swallowing the poison, disguised in the pap.
 The clergy most nobly are leading the van
 To onset for all that is dearest to man ;
 They've sought out the foe, and are following with
 skill

The tortuous trail of the Worm of the Still :
 Convinced, though the monster be not the real devil,
 His deeds show the imp of the father of evil.
 The ladies, whose smiles are the balsam of life,
 Have come to the rescue ! — the maiden and wife
 And matron have frowns for the fool who has lost
 The pearl of his honor, nor valued the cost.
 Hail, Temperance ! that asks, though at war, for no
 banners

Of glory, no poet to hymn her hosannas,—
 Ovation of triumph, nor conqueror's crown —
 Far higher, far prouder, whose looked for renown !
 To dry up the tear on the beggared one's cheek,
 To soothe the distresses no language can speak,
 To lighten the bosom whose abject despair
 Was too much for woman, wife, mother, to bear ;
 To bring back the husband, all foul with the stain,
 To purity, peace, home and virtue again ;
 A man to his fellow,— yea, mind to restore —
 Abused and down-trodden, to reason once more.
 All this — it is much ! her determinate aim ;
 Tee-totaller christened, and proud of the name —
 She goes on from conquering to conquer, for yet
 There's fight, ere the bale-star, Intemperance, is set.

PENITENCE AND PRAYER.

Oh, behold me right,
 And take compassion on my grievous plight :
 What odor can be, than a heart contrite,
 To thee more sweet ?

Ben Jonson, 1595.

Now I bend the heart and knee,
 Now will I confess to Thee !
 Oh, God of purity, the base
 In thought can never see thy face.
 The spotless lustre of the skies
 Is viewed not by adulterous eyes ;
 The sensual wish, the low desire
 May never to thy courts aspire ;
 How can the bosom that's impure,
 Thy awful scrutiny endure ?
 If thy sweet heavens are unclean,
 And starry seraphim are seen
 Glittering in folly, when with Thee
 Compared, what in thy sight are we !
 Rather, I ask, and what am I,—
 Too vile to live, too vile to die,—
 Whose every thought is steeped in sin,
 Who have thine enemy within ;
 Who drink up guilt like water, who
 Wander, and love to wander too !
 I do beseech Thee, check this fire
 That burns to lowest hell ; inspire

My heart,—if I thy love have known,—
 Once more with love : make me thine own.
 Let not the adversary sift
 My soul as wheat ; but do thou lift
 My feet from out the horrid clay,
 And set me in the narrow way,
 Safe on the Rock of Ages. Then,
 Thy grace I'll show to erring men ;
 And sinners, taught to hope by me,
 The chiefest, will return to Thee.

MUCH FORGIVEN, LOVING MUCH.

If he loves much to whom is most
 Of grievous sin by thee forgiven,—
 Oh, God, of all the holy host
 From earth redeemed, who sing in heaven,
 None can my love to thee excel,
 For none deserves, so richly, hell.

Yet if my debt to thee I count,
 By all the love that fires me here,—
 So worthless is the summed amount,
 So mixed with unbelief and fear,
 That from sweet obligation free
 I'd nothing owe, my Lord, to thee.

CHILDREN ARE BLESSED FOR THE
PARENTS' SAKE.

To saved ones that dwell in the bowers of heaven,
Where smiles are not dimmed by the frequent tear,
With bliss that's unfading, for ever is given
Freedom from fears which preyed on them here.
Earth past — they, unheeding its laugh or its care,
Joy not in its joys, sorrow not for its wo, —
Ever soaring and singing, the glorified there
Never notice the weary or weeper below.

Yet when the happy in brightness is kneeling
To Him who maketh the darkness his seat, —
And love and humility sweetly revealing,
Is casting the crown at Immanuel's feet —
Though he museth not there on the one he has left
In sin to mourn, in the flesh to stay, —
The child, of a friend, a father bereft,
Wandering alone in the perilous way, —

Think ye not, then, the eye that ne'er sleepeth,
Is resting in kindness and care on that son ?
That God, who the seed of the righteous keepeth,
Guards, and will guard him, till toiling is done ?
Oh, surely, the sighs and prayers of the good
For children, are heard in their confident trust ;
Heaven answers as no parent could,
When lips that breathed them are sealed in dust.

**WHO GAZES FROM MOUNT
OLIVET?**

Who gazes from Mount Olivet,
 His dove-like eyes with sorrow wet—
 His bosom with compassion heaving,
 His mighty heart with anguish grieving?
Who searches with unerring eye
 Into thy sad futurity,
 Jerusalem! and sees thy doom
 Written by imperial Rome;—
 Famine, Slaughter, Fire, agreed
 On thy precious ones to feed,
 Ruin round thy bulwarks wrap,
 And the pagan eagle flap
 O'er the sacred mercy seat?
 Who is he that sees it all?
 Sees, when sacrilegious feet
 Tread on Zion—when the call
 Is for vengeance most complete?
 He, the prophet, pilgrim-shod;
 He, the very son of God!

Years sweep on;—Jerusalem!
 Thee the Roman armies hem.
 Countless legions on thee press;
 Clouds of arrows thee distress;
 Stone and dart and javelin
 Entrance to thy treasures win.

Hippicus, Antonia, fall,
 Mariamne — and thy wall
 Pierced with gates of burnished gold —
 And the holy house of old,
 Yield unto the dreadful strife.
 Heavens ! the sacrifice of life !
 Murder, plunder, leagued in band,
 Stalk amid thee, hand in hand ; —
 Cedron is a pool of gore,
 Olivet is fortress made.
 Mercy ! that the towers of yore
 Courts that saw the world adore,
 Should in dust and blood be laid !
 Who directs the furious war ?
 He, alone, whose prescience saw —
 Mightier than Vespasian's son —
 He the ruthless fight has won,
 He the wine-press here has trod,
 He, the very son of God !

THE CHANGE.

Come to the aged dead, and see
 How on that tranquil brow
 And placid cheek, the impress lies
 Of glorious Childhood now !

*'Tis something, not of noon's full beam,
Nor sunset's chastened ray,—
But like sweet morning, ere it melts
Into the gush of day.*

*We saw him in his lusty prime ;
'Twas sadly ours to scan
The lineaments, which strongly spelt
The stricken, troubled man.*

*How stern that brow of dark-winged years !
How eloquent that cheek,
And eye, chastised, which ever seemed
Of hopes, all quenched, to speak !*

*We saw him in the wasting hour,
When strife its work had done ;
And sharp disease and eager pain
Their victory had won.*

*Their victory, in which themselves
Found unretrieved defeat ;
Hlo, Death ! thou art a victim, slain
Beneath thy victim's feet.*

*Come to the dead,— how changed is he !
The same — thou needest not fear ;
Sickness and grief, and years are gone,
'Tis life's first freshness here.*

The deep-writ characters of time,
 The weary words of age,
 We read not now ; we fondly dwell
 On Infancy's sweet page.

A blessed thought, that love's last look
 Is pictured on the heart
 So faithfully, that with it love
 Would willingly not part.

And Death ! a mighty power is thine
 To blot all present pain,
 And with thy cold and gentle touch
 To bring the past again.

ORGANIZATION OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

For conscience bold, our sires of old,—
 A heaven-devoted flock,—
 Tempting the waves, by Him who saves,
 Were led to Plymouth rock.

Stern Winter's sway held shore and bay,
 What time they pitched their tent ;
 And ere Spring's bloom, unto the tomb
 Their flower of manhood went.

Want hedged their path ; the red man's wrath,
 And sickness, too, they met,
 And griefs ; yet, God ! the way they trod,
 Thy mercy did beset.

Two hundred years ! — those precious tears
 And watchings, want and pain,
 Hid in that field, now freely yield
 A thousand fold again.

Oh, Sire of Grace ! we of their race,
 To whom their deeds are known, —
 Our hopes fulfilled, this church do build
 On Jesus Christ alone.

Thy help our stay, be ours the way,
 Those ancient fathers trod ;
 Our zeal like theirs, our toil and prayers,
 And ours the Pilgrims' God !

THE OMEN.

A DARK cloud sailed along the sky,
 Charged with the thunder and the rain ;
 Slowly it sailed along, and I
 Gazed on the traveller with pain.

Now rising — seeming now to dip,
 Proudly, withal, and wondrous fair —
 It passed, like some majestic ship,
 Along the buoyant paths of air.

I often have beheld the clouds,
 In solemn pageant, sweep along,
 And gazed, where God himself enshrouds,
 And listened to the tempest's song.

But this one was so dread to see,
 I looked and shuddered — looked and sighed, —
 Yet deemed not grief so near to me ; —
 That very night my sweet babe died.

M Y S E L F .

Less than the least
 Of all God's mercies, is my poesy still. — *George Herbert.*

G R E A T are thy gifts, my God, vouchsafed to me,
 Who am unworthy of the least from thee.
 Recipient am I of a gracious store
 Of good : — health, reason, food and friends, and more
 Of comfort, than to many may befall ; —
 Yet these were poor, Great Giver ! were these *all*.
 I have much more ; — for me, reversion is,
 I humbly trust, of joys, to which earth's bliss

Is abject misery, and her hope, despair.
 Yet, though the creature of thy constant care,
 Ennobled, raised, yea, soon to be a prince,
 I am, and ever must be lowly, since,
 Of all thy mercies, I, indeed, am least,
 And most unthankful, as thou daily seest.
 While some contend for Paul, Apollos some,
 I will contend, in sooth, that none can come
 Into thy kingdom, Lord ! a greater debtor
 To Mercy, than myself; though many better;
 Yet louder song than theirs be mine above,
 Who owe, and gladly owe, so much to Sovereign
 Love.

THE INDIFFERENT.

I saw a man who had sojourned where
 The Saviour once did tabernacle. He
 Familiar was with Bethlehem, Nazareth ; knew
 The very site of Jacob's well ; had talked
 Where Jesus talked,— was intimate with all
 The scene of his sad story. Yea, had dwelt
 Hard by the Garden ; and his daily course
 Had taken o'er the soil of Calvary ;
 And yet he gaily spake of these ; and smiled,
 And smoothed his chin ; and twisted in his hair
 His dainty fingers, as with nonchalance
 He took upon his lips these sacred names ;
 And then I thought a man might ransack heaven,
 Yet, Gallio like, care not for all these things.

BROOKLINE.

I HAVE revisited thy sylvan scenes,
 Brookline ! in this the summer of my day.
 Again have revelled in thy lovely vales,
 And feasted vision on thy glorious hills ;
 As once I revelled, feasted, in the spring
 Of careless, happy boyhood. And I've bowed
 Again within thy temple, and have heard,
 As though Time's footfall had these years been
 hushed—

Thy patriarch pastor's lips, like dew, distil
 Gentle instruction. And the same is he,
 As to young love and reverence he was—
 My cheerful friend, benevolent and good.
 The same thy hills and dells, those skies the same,
 Of rich October ; such as only bend
 Over New England ; and the same gray walls,
 Reared in New England's infancy, are those,*
 Which charmed imagination. Thou art fair,
 And beautiful as ever. Fancy deems
 Thy sweet retreat excused the common doom
 Caused by the fall ; as if the Architect
 Were willing, by such specimen, to show
 What Eden in its primal beauty was.

* The Aspinwall House, (as seen in the vignette,) built in 1660 ; now owned by Colonel Thomas Aspinwall, Consul at London, in which his great-grandfather was born. The elm near it is about one hundred and forty years old, and at three feet from its roots is twenty feet in circumference.

And yet there is a change, unseen, though felt.
 'Tis in myself. I gaze not, with the heart
 Freely given up, as once I gave it up,
 Nor questioned why. Years have stept in between
 Its warm idolatry, and what it worshipped.

'Tis well that change on all things is inscribed ;
 Else to such charms as thine, its simple love
 Would be too strongly wed, and I forget
 That thou, in thy glad splendor, wilt rejoice,
 And send up beauty's all-perpetual hymn,—
 In eloquence how true !—in future years,
 (As thou dost now rejoice) —but not for me !

THE DEVOTED.

Oh, blest is he who cares
 That God have glory given ;
 Whose faith, and alms, and toils, and prayers,
 Are leading souls to heaven.

And greatly blest is he
 Who labors, prays, and weeps,
 That Christ may of his travail see
 Beyond the distant deeps.

Such, entering into rest,
 The Chinese, saved, shall own ;
 The Hindoo, there, will hail him blessed,
 And children of Ceylon.

ALL NIGHT IN PRAYER.

And it came to pass, in those days, that he went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God.

Luke vi. 12.

ALL night in prayer, while mortals slept
 The Saviour woke on bended knee,
 And in the mountain vigils kept
 Of sighs and tears, my soul, for thee.

Night spread her starry wing around
 His head, that drooped for human wo,
 And hastening angels sought the ground,
 Wondering to see their Maker so.

He prayed—yet not in view of all
 The griefs his prescience understood,—
 The stripes, the spear, the nails, the gall,
 The crown of thorns, the cross of wood.

No, nor in view of that dark hour
 When God from him should turn his eye,
 And hell's permitted final power
 Should triumph, when it saw him die.

But sight of sin and sin's desert
 Prest down his soul, and sight of men
 Wounded to death, and to their hurt
 Rejecting Gilead, grieved him then.

Oh, Saviour ! in Judea prayer
 Not *now* is breathed from lips of thine ;
 That mountain is the robber's lair,
 Its clefts reveal the Moslem's shrine.

Yet thou art *here* ! — this closet folds
 Not shadow, but the form I love ;
 The same who, interceding, holds
 My wants before the throne above.

All night in prayer ! — my joyful sense
 Would fain thus spend the wakeful night ;
 Yet oh, where Thou art, darkness thence
 Flies, and with me 'tis more than light !

THE FACE OF DEATH.

WHAT a spiritual expression
 Death doth ever wear !
 'Tis as if its own impression
 Heaven writeth there.
 Something of eternity
 In that fixed face you see.

Or, as if the soaring spirit,
 Leaving dust alone —
 Ere she mounted, lingering, gave it
 Image of her own ;

Setting solemn seal on earth,
Known again at glorious birth.

Listen, *mother*! — by this token
Joy shall follow pain ;
Ties shall be renewed, now broken,
He shall live again !
How thy beauteous boy will shine
With a countenance divine !

TALLEYRAND.

He ministered in vestments once, where blazed the
shrines of prayer,
And meekly he of Autun knelt, a mitred prelate there.
His meteor-path pursuing he crossed Gallia's ruler
then,
And on war's troubled sky he burned, admired and
feared of men.

The world was shaken, as in play, its realms like dice
o'erthrown, —
High over all he laughed in scorn, the game was still
his own.
Untiring revolution's wheel rolled on and still it found,
So fate decreed — his courtier-feet upon the topmost
round.

Thus on, till *death* ;—ambition's star of brilliance
 then was dim,—
 Earth's gauds are gay, yet what are they at such an
 hour to him !
 Haste ! bring the curate ! say the mass, be holy
 unction given ;
 Give gold ! so may the shriven pass from sinful earth
 to heaven.

Oh, wondrous statesman ! well I learn from thee the
 lesson high,
 Though living men may scoff at hope, they clutch it
 when they die.
 And though through folly's foreign way the exile
 gaily past,
 He turned from all in weariness, and sought his home
 at last.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

BEHOLD the groups that gather there !
 Children within the place of prayer.
 Think of the future harvest's power,
 Whose seed is planted in this hour,—
 The BIBLE, LIBRARY-BOOK, the word
 Of love, by which the heart is stirred ;—

The many precepts, kindly given,
 The many hopes that dews of heaven
 May fall, refreshing, on the soil,
 And crown, with large increase, the toil.
 Think of the mass of mind thus trained,
 And say, is not a victory gained
 O'er error, bigotry, and sin ?
 With arms like *these*, shall we not win ?
 Think, too, of those who, from their class,
 As pupils, have been called to pass
 To higher seats, where Wisdom dwells,—
 To pastures, where the cool, deep wells
 Of living waters gush, and He,
 The Shepherd, dwells eternally !

THE SACRAMENTS.

But shall they be my God ? or shall I have
 Of them so foul and impious a thought,
 To think that from the curse they can me save ?
 Bread, wine, nor water, me no ransom brought.

John Bunyan.

I BRING unto the Font, with holy feeling,
 My blossom, sweet, and yet defiled ;
 And crave the sign, which Love is here revealing,
 To seal, for aye, my child.

Yet cannot deem these pure innocuous waters,
 Sprinkled on the appealing face—
 Can ever give to Adam's sons or daughters
 Restoring life and grace.

I do approach with awe and sacred pleasure,
 The Feast of origin divine—
 And here, though poor, do touch all glorious treasure,
 Handling the bread and wine.
 Yet cannot think the Eucharist is food
 To satisfy the starving mind
 That feeds on sin. Here, if my sin intrude,
 My Lord I may not find.

VERSES

WRITTEN FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF A CHURCH PUBLICATION.

If drums and bells and proud parade
 Announce to heaven a nation's day,
 And stars and stripes are all displayed
 For her, released from Britain's sway—
 May we not sing of victories gained,
 By sovereign grace o'er sense and sin,—
 Of wreaths and realms, by Him obtained,
 Who wins alone, and still shall win ?

On fashion's page, behold ! how blaze
 The gems of love, the wit of youth,—
 And may not here concentrate rays,
 Which freely flash from diamond truth !
 While Poetry her wing doth dip
 In other than Siloa's dews,
 Shall here the joyful heart and lip
 The song of gratitude refuse ?

True—on our scroll, undying names
 Of royal robbers may not shine ;—
 The garland which ambition claims,
 To crown its crimes, we may not twine ;—
 True, while their clarions sounded on
 And men admired, we did not cease
 To shout the deeds “ Good will ” hath done,
 To chant the angels' chorus, “ Peace ! ”—

Yet, *we're approved* ;— and when, like dreams,
 Earth's gauds and gold are swept away,
 And battle's harp is hushed, our themes
 Shall live on lyres which God will play.
 Here pauseth then, the Church, to raise
 Her Ebenezer high, and sing
 Of all the strait and thorny ways
 Through which she's journeyed to her King.

She presses on ! — though clouds descend
 And sometimes veil her Pisgah now,
 Yet strong in ancient Israel's friend,
 Her feet shall find its topmost brow.

Remembrance of the gall drank up,
 And bitter herbs that earth hath given,
 She knows will sweeter spice the cup
 That crowns the bridal board of heaven.

Grace, Grace, aright to prompt the pen !
 Grace, skilful Grace ! aright to show
 How best may reach the hearts of men,
 The polished shaft from Wisdom's bow.
 And pen and press, and tongue and powers,
 Impartial, true, and firm and free —
 Thy gifts, oh, God ! — both we and ours
 Will consecrate again to thee.

THE ISRAELITE'S PRAYER.

No hallowed oils, no grains I need,
 No rags of saints, no purging fire.
Sir Henry Wotton, 1568.

OH, Lord ! at thy throne, a poor Israelite, kneeling,
 In lowliness, comes with a prayer to thee now ;
 With confidence, yet in emotion, revealing
 The reverence that awes, as he ventures to bow.
 Yet how shall he come ? for the cherubims' token
 Is faded that waved once o'er Mercy's bright seat ;
 By Urim and Thummim thy will is not spoken,
 And darkness is where burned, Shechinah ! thy feet.

No longer may he, on Samaria's mountain,
 Bow down, nor to Zion of David repair ;
 Siloa flows sweetly, yet songs by that fountain
 Ascend not to thee, nor from Olivet prayer, —
 Oh, Thou ! that didst bring out thy chosen in power
 From Pharaoh, what boots it thou humbledst his pride ?
 For we, the delivered, are whelmed at this hour
 As deep as his horsemen that sank in the tide.

Forgive, oh, thou Just One ! — our fathers in folly,
 Forsaking thy service, to idols did turn,
 And under the green tree, the myrtle and holly,
 On high places incense to Baal did burn ; *
 And thou didst reject them, and judgment succeeding
 To judgment, gave sign of the wrath of the Lord, —
 Their valiant men routed, their heritage bleeding, †
 Thou wentest no longer with buckler and sword.
 And now we are peeled, and a jest to the nations,
 And scattered among them as leaves that are sere ;
 With ashes are mingled our bitter oblations,
 The cup of our trembling is dashed with a tear.
 Yet think upon Abraham ! — the oath that unto him
 Thou swear'st by thy greatness, none other so high,
 And think on the seed that by faith thou didst show him,
 As countless as stars on the Syrian sky. ‡

* We acknowledge, oh, Lord, our wickedness, and the iniquity of our fathers. — *Jer. xiv. 20.*

† I have forsaken my house, I have left my heritage — they have made it desolate. — *Jer. xii. 7, 11.*

‡ And he brought him forth abroad, and said, Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars if thou be able to number them ; and he said unto him, So shall thy seed be. — *Gen. xv. 5.*

That oath is unbroken ! that covenant never
 Could perish, though Thee have thy people forgot ;
 That seed is uncounted — by kingdoms wherever
 Did families cluster, and Israel not ?
 Thy Zion, though homeless and humbled, is written,
 Thou graciously saidst, in remembrance above ;
 Her walls are before thee,* and now that she's smitten,
 She turns to her Maker, and sues for his love.
 Then oh, of her thousands, if here is one trusting
 In Thee, that would come in contrition alone,
 Wilt thou not accept him, and heal the heart bursting
 With grief for its guilt, by a glance from the throne !
 I search for the Prince of mysterious story, —
 I gaze on the garden, the manger and tree, —
 The tomb of his victory — I find there his glory,
 But *Him* in the mercy that looks upon me !

FOR MOBILE.

BOSTON ! that sittest in thy pride,
 A very queen —
 Whose arms to the afflicted, wide
 Open are seen ;
 Who never, on thy noble throne,
 By Commerce built —
 Didst close thy ears to Misery's moan,
 And never wilt —

* Behold I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands ; thy walls are continually before me. — *Isaiah* xlix. 16.

Where art thou, while the dreadful cries
 Of houseless hundreds ring ?
 Where art thou, while the bitter sighs,
 The Southern breezes bring,
 Of those who draw the panting breath,
 Whose home, the flames
 Have swept away, whose bodies, Death
 Eagerly claims ?

Hast thou not heard that yonder mart,
 Whose thousand ships
 Find mighty Trade's remotest heart,
 Wherever dips
 The needle, hath the element
 Laid waste ?
 That death hath noonday arrows spent,
 With fearful haste,
 Among her proudest, loveliest ? —
 'On his pale steed
 How sate the rider ! Now do rest
 Where worms shall feed,
 Her children, on whom yester's sun
 Did gaily shine —
 To pleasure, love, and life's joys won,
 Freely as thine !

Think ! — they are of thy flesh and bone,
 Blood of thy blood ;
 They kneel with thee at Freedom's throne,
 They worship God ;
 Thy wandering sons and daughters they,
 With generous heat

For their loved mother in the North, away,
 Their pulses beat ;
 And *never* would *their* hearts be lapped
 In selfish ease,
 Did fires *thy* fair possessions wrap,
Thy sons, disease.
 By dear humanity's sweet claim,
 By pity's gem —
 By pride, ambition, yea, by shame,
 Look thou to them !

1839.

THE FURNITURE.

So near our cradles to our coffins are.— *Drummond of Hawthornden.*

Two items make, of furniture, our store,
 And choicest luxury need crave no more.
 They're ample for the rich ; of them possessed,
 Is poverty with full abundance blest.
 The Cradle, where is rocked our earliest cry,
 The Coffin, where is hushed our latest sigh ;
 And all between is superfluity,
 Unworthy, mortal, such regards of thee.
 Fix, then, thine eye on these, and let thy heart
 Seek for its furniture the better part,
 Such as the wiser Mary chose ; nor let
 Inferior things thy noble spirit fret.
 Thus on — till thou and I possess the land
 Whose palaces are decked by God's own hand.

CHRISTIAN WARS.

A Turk, at Jerusalem, once said to Mr. Wolff, the missionary, "Why do you come to us?" The missionary replied, "To bring you peace." "Peace!" replied the Turk, leading Mr. Wolff to a window, and pointing him to Calvary, "there, upon the very spot where your Lord poured out his blood, the Mohammedan is obliged to interfere, to prevent Christians from shedding the blood of each other."

THE angels' song, that happy night
 When spirits stooped to mortal ken,
 Warbled from lips and lyres of light,
 Was, Peace on earth, good will to men.

In Peace, the sages came, and paid
 Their meed of gold and spice and myrrh;
 And why such bliss on Mary laid?—
 She felt that Peace had come to her.

Peace was the theme, when precepts dropt
 From Jesus' lips, like his own dew;
 Who oped their eyes? Who ears unstopt?
 His name was PEACE—'twas all they knew.

The word that lingered on his tongue,
 When sighs and suffering soon should cease,
 And Jesse's Root be rudely flung
 As a vile weed away, was Peace.

'Twas "Peace," that sweetly soothed the fear
 Of those who mourned their Master slain :
 With Peace their weapon, far and near,
 They won the lands to him again.

Peace is inscribed on that broad scroll
 The angel bears, whom Saint John saw :
 Joy to all realms where pines a soul,
 And to the isles, Jehovah's law !

And yet, oh, God ! the Christian's wrath,
 Through all her seas, through all her zones,
 Has in Earth's bosom hewed a path
 That's whitened with her children's bones.

In thy Son's name the sword drinks blood ;
 In thy Son's name, since first his Star
 Spake Peace, has surged the angry flood
 Of never-ebbing, whelming war.

Drop, Christendom ! thy boasted name,
 And let the humble take it—those
 Who fear, in spite of taunt and shame,
 To count their Christian fellows foes.

THE INTERCESSION.

“ Well,” said Mr. Raikes, “ you will be ruined and lost, if you do not begin to be a good girl ; and if you will not humble yourself, I must humble myself, and make a beginning for you.” He then kneeled down before the child’s mother, and putting his hands together, like a penitent offender, asked her forgiveness.

SHE, in whose bosom no reproof
Wakes grief, nor chastening kindles fears ;
Who, in defiance, stands aloof
From counsel, kindness, prayers, and tears —

Deep penitence is taught to feel ;
For pardon willingly to sue,
When meek philanthropy and zeal
Wrought what a *mother* failed to do.

Peace is restored ; and *he* whose love
Thus spake this troubled household whole,
Feels the rich peace of Heaven above
Pass like a river o’er his soul.

So shall it be with him, whose care
Is to the weak and wandering shown ;
The curse, thus emptied for their share,
Returns, unmeasured, for his own.

Oh, on this world of sickly strife,
 So much unlike its primal bloom—
 That healthful gales of love and life
 Might blow and chase sin's death and gloom !

THE GRAVE OF PAYSON.

In the burial ground at Portland are three monuments erected, to commemorate the achievements of naval heroes who fell in the battles of their country. There is also a plain, neat obelisk, with the name, and dates of the birth, ministry and death of the late lamented PAYSON, to which is added the touching line, "*His record is on high.*" A late visit to this interesting spot, occasioned the following lines.

I stood, in silence and alone,
 Just at the Sabbath shut of day,
 Where, quietly, the modest stone
 Told me that PAYSON's relics lay.
 No gorgeous tale, nor herald's arms,
 Astonished with their splendid lie,
 Or hireling praise ; — in truth's meek charms
 It said, " *His record is on high.*"

I gazed around the burial spot
 That looks on Portland's spires below,
 And on her thousands who are not,
 Did sad yet useful thought bestow : —

Here sleep they till the trumpet's tongue
 Shall peal along a blazing sky ;
 Yet who of these—the old and young—
 May read his record *then* on high !

And near, I saw the early grave
 Of him who fought at Tripoli ;
 Who would not live, the Moslem's slave,
 Who fell, a martyr with the free.
 And, wrapt in freedom's starry flag,
 The chief who dared to "do or die ;"
 And England's son, who could not lag—
 Whose deeds his country wrote on high.

What glory lit their spirit's track,
 When from the gory deck they flew !
 Could wishes woo the heroes back ?
 Say, did not fame their path pursue ?
 Oh, gently sleep the youthful brave
 Who fall where martial clarions cry—
 The men, entombed in earth or wave,
 Whose blood-writ record is on high !

I turned again to Payson's clay,
 And recollect'd, well, how bright
 The radiance, far outshining day,
 That robed his soaring soul in light.
 What music stole awhile from heaven,
 To charm away his parting sigh !
 What wings to waft him home were given,
 Whose holy record was on high !

And give me—trembling, said I then—
 Some place, my Saviour, where *s such dwell* ;
 And far above the pride of men,
 And pomp of which the worldlings tell,
 Will be my lot. Come, haughty kings !
 And ye who pass in glitter by,
 And feel that ye are abject things,
 Whose record is not found on high.

THE LOST.

Some years since, I was present at the Sansom street Baptist church, Philadelphia, when the Lord's Supper was dispensed. During the administration of the service, and while the pastor, Rev. Dr. Staughton, was in the midst of a powerful appeal to the unawakened, the bellman was heard in the street. The minister paused, as the description of a youthful fugitive was given in clear tones by the crier, and then, seizing the thought, he exclaimed, "*A child is lost! a child is lost!* What if some attending angel, witnessing this solemn communion season, and wondering at the rejection of the Saviour by the sinner, should now give audible testimony of his astonishment and grief, and beholding some sinner here, making, in sight of the Cross, his final election for a hopeless eternity, should startle us with the cry—*A soul is lost! a soul is lost!*"

Why on our holy service steals
 Alarum of the bell ?
A child is lost! — that cry reveals
 The agony too well.

A child is lost ! and with the blow
 A father's heart is stirred ;
 The mother — who may scan her wo,
 Felt, but unknown to word !

A child is lost ! and ready feet
 To seek and save are out ;
 And lane and court and crowded street
 Are searched with call and shout.
 The generous toil is not in vain ;
 Success succeeds alarms —
 The little fugitive again
 Has blest its mother's arms.

And for this wanderer speechless fears
 Were felt, that mocked control ;
 And for its loss fell heavy tears, —
 What if it were a *soul* !
 A soul, for whom no larum rings,
 Kind rescuing to call ; —
 For whose redemption never springs
 Hope, that yet comes to all !

Oh, smote but now, the startled ear,
 As smites that warning bell,
 One note of the despairing fear
 That fills the vault of hell —
 To seek, who would not quickly fly ?
 What realms would not be crossed ?
 Urged by the lamentable cry,
A soul, a soul is lost !

THE ANGEL'S WING.

There is a German tradition that when a sudden silence takes place in a company, an angel at that moment makes a circuit among them, and the first person who breaks the silence is supposed to have been touched by the wing of the passing seraph.

I.

AND why should wisdom smile at this ?
 Are not those perfect beings nigh
 To witness and to share our bliss,
 To hear and hush the secret sigh ?
 Yes, they may Heaven's solace bring,
 Then scorn not thou, the Angel's Wing !

II.

Thou ! who alone, thyself dost deem,
 A solitary in thy grief,—
 List ! soft as footfall of a dream,
 Comes one to bear thee sweet relief ;
 And fled is all thy hoarded care,
 The passing Seraph's Wing is there !

III.

Thou, who, forgiven, dost possess
 The penitent's intense delight,
 When the dark cloud of guilt's distress
 Reveals to thee its edge of light,—

Think ! as unhallowed tempests fly,
Thy soul is touched, the Wing is nigh !

IV.

And thou, of contemplative mood,
Who dost at eve in wild woods stray,
Where nought of this world may intrude,
Where fancy might in others play,
And hearest the voice which zephyr flings—
No ! 'tis the rush of Angel Wings.

V.

Oh, I have paused a space, as 'twere,
Bewildering thoughts to gather up,—
To put aside the draught of care
And taste of mind's exalted cup ;
Nor knew what o'er my soul could bring
Such calmness was the Seraph's Wing.

VI.

When brooding tempters caused me shame,
And in its company of sin
My spirit sate — the Angel came,
And swept with Wings the heart within.
A moment made its circuit there,
And broke my silence into prayer.

VII.

I knelt beside my precious boy,
Who went at childhood's fairy time,
My hope, my life, my being's joy —
From this to Love's unclouded clime ;

And while around wept pitying men,
I joyed—the Angel touched me then !

VIII.

And oh, when at my own last hour
The world recedes and follies fly,
That near me with supporting power
Might plume some herald of the sky—
And while of victory I sing,
Bear me away on upward Wing !

DEPARTING.

Then the priest shall let them depart with this blessing:—
“ The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your
hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of his
Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord ; and the blessing of God Almighty,
the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be amongst you, and
remain with you always.” — *Rubric of Episcopal Church.*

’Tis pleasant, in the courts of God,
When vows and hymn and ritual cease,
To note their awful threshold trod
By feet that go at words of peace.
“ *Depart with blessing !* ”—How sincere
And touching is that holy tone,
Which dies in music on the ear
Of earth, and lives to heaven alone !

And when, with me, all thoughts refuse
 To pass again the quivering lip,—
 And spirit in those upper dews
 Its mounting wing prepares to dip,—
 Give me to hear that word below,—
 The last ere nature's flutterings cease—
 From tears and toil and empty show
 To truth and smiles, *Depart in peace.*

WISDOM FROM ALL.

My bed itself is like the grave,
 My sheets the winding sheet;
 My clothes the mould which I must have
 To cover me most meet. — *The Good Night.*

'Tis well for giddy man to pause
 Along his pilgrim way;
 And note what these that round him lie
 In council to him say.

For he may find a precept couched
 In every homely thing,
 And household gear, and nature's gifts,
 May sure instruction bring.

I wot the roof that shelters him,
The table for his meat,
The summer's shade, the winter's hearth,
May rich discourse repeat.

I guess if he attentive ear
Lend to the peeping flower,
The germ may to his patience read
Lessons of truth and power.

I guess if to the full ripe corn
He for direction look,
The tasseled corn may show him good
Not found in Dulness' book.

The small bird in its cunning nest,
The honey bee in flight,
May teach him ; yea, the groping mole
May give his darkness light.

The cradle where his cries were hushed,
The rattle, bells, and ball,
Mute playthings of his infant hours—
Have to his age a call.

The brook by which his boyhood played,
The hill that seemed so high,
Are homilies, when scans he them,
With manhood's sobered eye.

And so, if pride no hindrance give,
 Food for all thought, profound,
 The wise in heart may always pluck
 From things that lie around.

THE EARLY DEAD.

Think of youth
 Smitten amidst its playthings.—*Ion.*

THINK, mother ! of the babe that clung
 In weakness closely to thy love ;
 Round whom thy arms were warmly flung,
 While blessings for it rose above,
 With every panting of thy breast,
 With every kiss, a whispered prayer
 That on it happy dew might rest,
 That this sweet bud might aye be blest,
 And Heaven's shielding favor share —
 Where is that infant ? — *Where ?*

Think, mother ! of thy prattling girl,
 Whose sunny eyes have gladdened thee,
 Whose bird-like voice, 'mid care's wild whirl,
 Hath charmed thee with its melody ;
 Whose airy step within thy hall
 Was signal still of pleasure there ;

Bright creature ! who embodied all
 That we perfection fondly call,
 Or dream the pure blest spirits are :—
 Where is that daughter ! — *Where ?*

Think, mother ! of thy noble boy,
 Who stood before thee in the pride
 Of strength and beauty ; no alloy
 Thy fond maternal hopes to chide,
 As his clear eye and open brow
 Thou soughtest, and within his hair
 Of careless curls, thy fingers thou
 Delightedly wast wont to place,
 And mark the father in his face,
 And see thy image mimicked there —
 Where is that boy ? — Oh, *where ?*

That infant is a seraph now !
 That daughter kneels before the throne !
 That beauteous boy, with harp and crown,
 Exulting, spreads his silver wings.
 Thou almost hear'st those perfect strings
 Whose music is to thee unknown —
 Sound where the glad immortals bow.
 Where children cast their honors down ;
 Where elders and apostles meet
 At Jesus' feet.

Think, mother ! while sweet tears are shed,
 How blessed are the Early Dead !

WHAT IS MAN?

Like to the falling of a star,
 Or as the flights of eagles are ;
 Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
 Or bubbles which on water stood ;
 Even such is man. — *Henry King.*

I court retirement's hour,
 That I may gladly look
 Away from fantasies of earth,
 And study nature's book.

I court relief from care ;
 I covet better things
 Than this same creeping, carking care ;—
 My spirit asketh wings !

It spurneth prison walls,
 And soars, in spite of chain,
 Where mind with mind expatiates,
 And is at home again.

I weary of the strife
 Men wage by night and day,
 An honorable straw to win, —
 A heap of yellow clay.

They, like the silly fly,
Suck from each wooing flower;
And revel on delighted wing,
And perish in an hour.

WALKING ON THE SEA.

And about the fourth watch of the night he cometh unto them,
walking upon the sea. — *Mark vi. 48.*

TIBERIAS battles with the storm ;
And hark ! its waters cry
To sweeping winds, that answer give
From out the troubled sky.

And lo ! upon its raving tide,
How awfully serene
One walks, who, in the furnace, once,
Unscathed, “ the Fourth ” was seen.

He walks the waves ! the rebel waves
In deep submission lie ;
The wild winds hear his tread, and cease,
When Jesus passes by.

And in this spirit lurks a storm ;
 Here chafes the angry sea ;
 And wild winds here lift up their voice,
 And rage continually.

Pass o'er this soul, Redeemer ! then
 Shall sink its billows tall ;
 Oh, move amid these winds, and they
 Shall at thy presence fall.

SACRED MELODY.

The following piece, (the only one contained in my former volumes which is included in this book,) is here inserted on account of its wayward destiny. I wrote it in Philadelphia, June, 1818, for the Franklin Gazette, in which it was published with the signature *W.* ; and the remarks it elicited in England, where it appeared in newspapers, magazines, and sundry volumes of sacred poetry, probably gave an impulse to my early timid endeavors. It has since appeared in collections of English and American verse, with various signatures and names affixed ; and it may not, perhaps, be unworthy of a "local habitation," and at length rightful "name," in this final volume.

THREE is an hour of peaceful rest,
 To mourning wanderers given ;
 There is a joy for souls distressed,
 A balm for every wounded breast —
 'Tis found above, in heaven.

There is a soft, a downy bed,
Far from these shades of even ;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose in heaven.

There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven ;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear— 'tis heaven.

There Faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given,—
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

There fragrant flowers, immortal, bloom,
And joys supreme are given :
There rays divine disperse the gloom—
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

RETURN OF THE JEWS.

WILL he never return ? Will the Jew
 In exile, eternally pine ?
 By the multitude scorned, pitied only by few,
 Will he never his vows to Jehovah renew
 Beneath his own olive and vine ?

Will the wrath of the Lord to him burn
 For aye, who the Nazarene vexed ?
 Will not the Lord's slayer in penitence learn,
 And the nailer, and spearman, and mocker return,
 For his crime deeply stirred and perplexed ?

Will he dwell with the Gentiles, who slight
 His shrine, and make traffic their god ?
 Slink in alleys and avenues where the dark rite
 Of London is offered to Mammon, of right,
 Whose fathers Jerusalem trod ?

Will he yield up his treasures of wealth
 On the rack, at the gibbet and stake ?
 Shall his wife, daughters, sons, shall his ease and
 his health,
 Ay, and life, be cut off, or enjoyed but in stealth ?
 Shall he not from such tyranny break ?

Will he crouch 'neath Mohammed's control,
 In suburbs, pent up like a thief?
 And drink of contempt, and reproachings, the bowl,
 Who of chivalry once, and of honor was soul,
 Whose nation of nations was chief?

Shall his oil and his wine ne'er be reapt?
 Shall his harp hang by Euphrates' tide?
 Whose music of sweetness for ages hath slept,
 O'er whose strings hath no finger of cheerfulness
 swept,
 In songs of deliverance and pride?

Shall he ne'er at the festival's sheen,
 The new moon, or Sabbath attend?
 Where Zion in beauty and glory was seen,
 Where shoutings went up, trumpets calling between,
 While praises were wont to ascend?

Where the censer gave odorous perfume,
 Where the Holy of Holies had place,
 Where the almond of Aaron was laid up in bloom,
 Where the Ark of the Covenant had resting and room,
 Where Shechinah gave token of grace?

Zion! name that brings freshly the sigh;
 Zion! name at which tears freely fall;
 Where the mosque of the prophet peers proudly and
 high,
 Where the Muzzein at noon gives idolatrous cry,
 Where Allah is worshipped of all!

'Tis the Zion, oh, God ! which thy arm
 Still embraces, for her hast thou set
 Most safe in thy love, deeply graved on thy palm,
 Secure from defilement, and terror, and harm,
 Her bulwarks before thee are yet.

And thy oath ! — 'twas to Abraham given !
 Thy servant, devoted to thee —
 As the sands on the shore, as the leaves by winds
 driven,
 As the hosts that then studded the Syrian heaven,
 So his children uncounted should be !

Like kings on their conquering car,
 They return ! for their bondage is burst ; —
 " My sons shall be gathered, my daughters from far ;
 To bear them where shines Jacob's beautiful Star,
 Lo, Tarshish with ships shall be first ! "

I see them ! I see them ! behold !
 Every stream, sea and ocean is white,
 Where their canvass points home, where their stan-
 dard's broad fold
 Waves on to the East, as it waved once of old,
 When the Ark moved, enveloped in light !

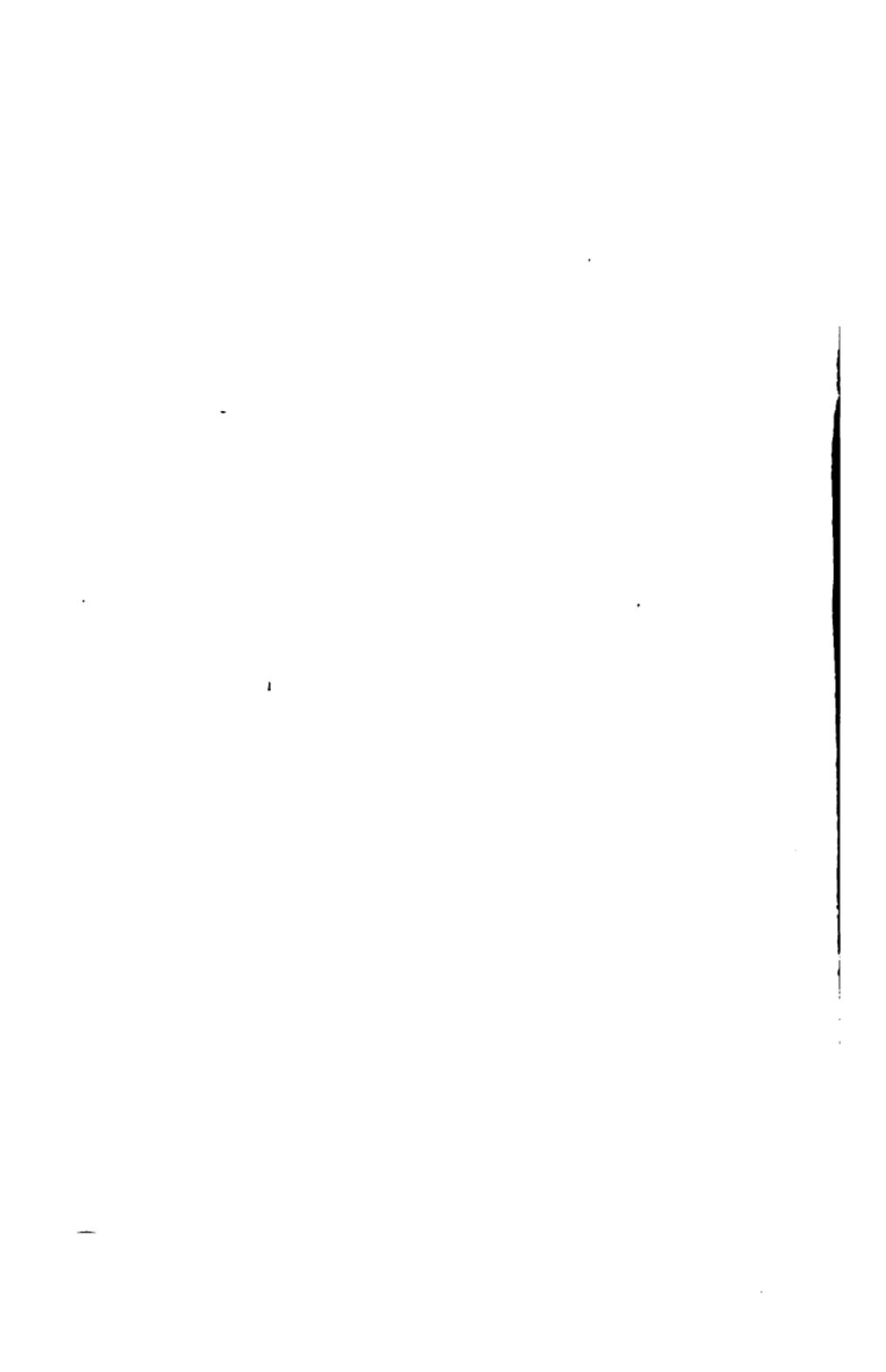
I see them ! how wondrous the crowd !
 From Ganges, from Humber, from Nile, —
 As doves to their windows, they fly as a cloud ;
 How roll their hosannas ! how lordly and loud
 Horn and timbrel give answer the while !

Be lifted, ye gates ! for 'tis He
Once led by the rabble to die,
Once spit on, and thorn-crowned, and hung on a tree,
Now worshipped, anointed, exalted to be
A Prince and a Saviour on high.

Who is He that of glory is king ?
To whom shall be lifted the gates ?
Shout, thousands of Israel ! ye worshippers, bring
Oblations ! Let earth with her jubilee ring !
THE CROWN FOR THE NAZARENE WAITS !

Then, Christian, reproaches and stain
No longer give thou to the Jew ;
For gathered in gladness to Zion again,
He will own that Messiah, appointed to reign,
Has come, the Great Witness and True.

MISSIONS.



MISSIONS.

SPIRIT OF MISSIONS! Spark of genuine flame!
In God or man developed, still the same.
The same, where'er Messiah's followers go,—
Lights of the world,—to scatter light below.
The same, where rise the gorgeous temple's walls,
And where on Heaven the forest suppliant calls.
The same that bids the herald tempt the wave
For burning India, her lost sons to save :
Or prompts unnamed philanthropy to trace
Through lanes and alleys, misery's dwelling place.
The same, where'er benevolence is known,—
Lingering in hovels, seated on the throne ;
Thee, Spirit! we discern, and hail thee now,
Essence divine,—Religion's daughter, Thou !

Ere in the void the firmament was hung,
Creation's birth ere stars and seraphs sung,
Thou hadst thy being. Thousand, thousand times
Ten thousand harps had woke immortal chimes
To thy sweet praises, and the song above
To thee was rendered, known in heaven as Love.

Say, who of mortals introduced thee here,
 And brought celestial blessedness so near ?
 Say, who of man the sandal girded first,
 To seek a welcome, or shake off its dust ?
 Peace at the door to leave, or doom, more dread
 Than that which fell on guilty Sodom's head ?
 Nay, no mere mortal first that passage trod,
 The Prince of missions was the Son of God !
 Behold him, in the opening blush of youth,
 In his own temple ! See the Life, the Truth,
 Pointing to venerable men the way
 That scribes may miss,—from which the sage may
 stray.

While scanning there the Missionary Boy,
 The skill of ancients finds perplexed employ ;
 They listen, wondering,—and subdued is pride,
 By Wisdom, Beauty, Grace, personified.
 Behold him in his Father's work engaged !
 Work to be done, though unchained demons raged.
 The lame he heals, the blind to sight restores,
 And resurrection on death's chamber pours ;—
 Type of the power the God possessed within,
 To cure the soul, and raise the dead in sin.

Last words are precious. Who that bendeth o'er
 The form so loved, so soon beheld no more,—
 And marks the eye, which, at the spirit's flight,
 Kindles unwonted, quenched too soon in night,—
 Doth catch not, ere they're hushed in silent death,
 The lightest whisper of the parting breath,

And waits and watches not, in painful fear
 Lest but one word — the last — may fail his ear ?
 Oh, how intensely Love doth gather these !
 And when the struggling soul has gained release,
 No miser treasures gold as Love will hoard,
 And to the tittle, will fulfil each word.
 Man unto man is faithful : — is he thus
 To God ? Past centuries ! ye shall answer us.

Twilight was gathering o'er the Syrian hills,
 And day's last gleam lay on Judea's rills ;
 The soothing silence light's departure brings,
 Came, gratefully, on sober evening's wings ;
 And far round Bethany the influence spread,
 Which o'er retirement's hour is softly shed ;
 When Jesus, with his faithful followers, came
 On final errand. Him they knew, the same
 Late lost in death, but now in triumph found,
 Revisiting the loved, familiar ground, —
 Martha and Mary's town, where Lazarus rose ; —
 There doth the Saviour all his love disclose,
 And give his last command, — fulfilled, when sea,
 And earth, as heaven, to Him shall subject be :
 “ Go, ye, and teach all nations ; in the name
 Of Love eternal, saving love proclaim.”
 Finished his work, — the great commission given,
 A cloud his car, the God ascends to heaven.
 Thus are we answered : — Eighteen hundred years
 Of crime, and blood, and ignorance, and tears,

On hoary Olivet have dial kept,
And o'er her Lord's last words, the Church has slept.

Yet, gracious Saviour, fell thy words on hearts
Slow to believe, and faint to act their parts ?
Deemed the apostles that Jerusalem,
Their field, appropriate, would suffice for them ?
And feared they hardship, and that hands which slew
The Master, would destroy the servant too ?
Or, passed they not from land to land, in turn,
Like flames of fire, to purify and burn !
Thy love, alone, constraining them, to spread
The light of life through regions of the dead ?
They did,—and Earth, from east to western sea,
From north to south, was rendered back to thee.
Where slept that spirit,—mighty, godlike, then,
In following ages ? Saviour ! why slept men ?

The night, that lowered upon the nations, broke ;
The slumbering Church to duty slowly woke ;
And here and there, some stars, that tokened day,
Were seen to tremble out in gladdening ray :—
Xavier and Swartz,—to Europe dimly known,—
With glorious lustre on the Orient shone.
And some looked out along this western sky,—
Lights of God's kindling, which may never die.

Beauty and romance, in rich tints, are flung¹
Round David Brainerd, at his Crossweeksung.

'Tis his, the Indian proselytes to lave
 (The Spirit's work) in the baptismal wave ;
 In presence of the sky, and their wild woods,
 With solemn music of their native floods.
 Himself, a young disciple, round whom stand,—
 Curious, yet grave,—the sovereigns of the land ;
 Bending dark brows ;—'neath which gleam awe and
 love
 For him,—perchance some prophet from above !
 Beautiful picture !—and sublime, as fair ;
 What zeal, and hope, and self-denial there !

And some have heard, within these sacred halls,²
 The secret voice that on the conscience calls ;
 And pondered o'er in yonder hallowed grove,³
 The lofty plan to spread Redeeming Love.
 The vows assumed beneath that conscious shade,
 By Heaven were witnessed ;—Heaven has seen them
 paid.

There prayed they, humbly, to the Source Divine ;
 There found they wisdom on their path to shine.
 Nor faltered they, that path of peril known,
 Nor thought indulged to keep from God his own.
 Rejoiced to quell ambition's youthful pride,—
 Rejoiced to climb the noble vessel's side,—
 A highway opened for them, vast and wide,
 A world of wo before them,—oh, how long
 By us neglected !—Heaven, forgive the wrong.

Commerce had sent her barques to every sea ;
 The spangled banner of the daring Free

Had tossed its haughty folds on every wind,
 Long, long before — in mercy to mankind —
 The mission-keel for Jesus ploughed the wave,
 With register of things that reach beyond the grave.

'Tis brave to see a gallant ship,
 With snowy pinions, fly
 Across the ocean, like a bird,
 Beneath a pleasant sky.
 'Tis brave to think what precious things
 Are heaped up in her hold, —
 What goodly merchandize she brings,
 And jewelry and gold.

How lofty is her carriage, when
 She sitteth on the deep ;
 Her streamers loose, her canvass spread,
 The rolling seas to sweep !
 The loud hurrah, — the sailor's cheer, —
 The tumult and the strife, —
 The laugh, the farewell, and the tear ;
 She is a thing of life !

Yet braver sight I deem it is,
 And goodlier, when a ship,
 With Mercy's heralds, doth her wing
 In yonder waters dip ; —
 A burden bearing, richer far
 Than gold, or cunning gem, —
 Yea, wafting tidings of the star
 That shines from Bethlehem !

More blessed than the royal ships
 Of Solomon, that seas
 Once traversed, for the peacocks, gums,
 And spice and almug trees.
 With other errand than the barque
 Which hoists the slaver's sail,—
 On whose deck pours the curse of One
 Who *hears* the Negro's wail.

Thrice blessed ! for she doth fulfil
 His high intent, who gave
 A passage through all latitudes,
 A path on every wave,—
 And gave the needle law to turn,
 Obedient, to the pole,
 That His own word may journey on,
 And visit every soul.

Oh, 'tis a holy thought, that men
 May watch, and toil, and strive,
 And stir with enterprise the land,
 And make the seas alive ;
 And open up new avenues
 Which traffic never trod,
 Only, that earth by these may be
 A highway for our God !

On ! on !—degraded Africa
 In this good ship has part ;
 A pulse of joy shall quickly beat
 Throughout her mighty heart ;—

And, from her farthest pyramid,
 Down to her southern line,
 When Freedom reigns, what exile will
 Look homeward, to repine?

On! on! — the *Ægean* (glorious sea!)
 Before us gaily smiles;
 And those rich emeralds on its breast,
 The lovely Grecian Isles;
 And when upon each isle the Cross
 Is reared to happy men,
 We will not dwell on farewell tears,
 In memory's sadness then.

Where Housatonic quietly is seen
 Winding its silver path through vales of green,—
 Such as New England only boasts,—one dwelt,
 Who followed busily the world, yet knelt
 Daily and truly at a better shrine,—
 For this life wise, and wise for life divine.
 One hapless morn, his duties seemed to ask
 That on the river he should ply his task.
 A storm had swept the waters. Chafing still,
 The billows vexed the shore, and he from ill
 Must save his craft, which at their mercy lay;
 So, cheerfully to labor, went his way.

He sought the angry stream, and from its bed
 That evening's shadows saw him taken, dead.
 The widow (name of anguish! silence best
 May tell her sorrows,) sank at first, oppressed.

A Christian widow, yet was she, whose trust
 Was firm in God, who laid her hopes in dust.
 Rites all performed to the departed due,
 She to her chamber with her babes withdrew,
 And kneeling by them, in prevailing prayer
 Poured out a mother's ardent wishes there.
 To Him, who makes the fatherless his care,
 She gave them up ; — then, on the curling head
 Of her first-born, she laid her hand, and said :
 " Samuel ! — my son ! — my eldest ! — you have now
 No father here to love you ; — if you bow
 To Christ, your Saviour, though severe this rod,
 He'll be your Father, and your gracious God."
 Smiling in tears, she rose, and found relief,
 Thenceforth in faith, for this her bitter grief.
 That eager boy, led by maternal love,
 Trod the safe ways that surely tend above.
 And now, though dead, Heaven all the faith fulfils
 Of her, the ancestor of sainted MILLS.

Oh, mother, take thy little son —
 A path to him unknown, —
 And lead him to the holy Cross ;
 He cannot go alone ; —
 And teach, betimes, those rosy lips,
 Ere stain may gather there,
 To lisp of God ; those infant knees
 Oh, teach to bow in prayer.

He looks to thee in confidence,—
 He knows no other love ;
 Wilt thou not guide that trusting one
 To better hope above ?
 He asks in sweet simplicity
 To have his wants supplied,—
 Wilt thou not teach him how to crave
 Of One, who will not chide ?

Thy heart is all alarm, if pain
 Afflict his languid limb,—
 It soothes thee, if thou mayst but ease
 One pang that troubles him ;—
 And wilt thou, then, unmindful be,
 Lest pains without control
 Should end in death,—the second death
 Of the undying soul ?

Oh, look on his uncertain step
 Along the nursery floor,—
 And think, how swift those feet may be
 To seek destruction's door !
 Ay, mother ! others, on whose birth
 As bright a sun has shone,
 Have in their follies sunk away,
 And set in shame alone.

Oh, think ! thy speech, thy action, look,
 Have influence to-day,—
 And still shall wield their influence
 When worlds have fled away.

Oh, think, that an unbidden glance
 Has power on such an one,
 To shape a fiend's or seraph's path,
 When myriad years have run :

That this dear prattler on thy knee,
 Whose face is sunshine now,
 May swell the ranks who wear the curse
 Of hell upon their brow ;
 Or, with a harp, like that on which
 A Paul and Payson play,
 May soar and sing, where perfect love
 Makes one unclouded day.⁴

There is a power at the secluded hearth
 Of yon New England household, that may be
 Felt by the dwellers at the ends of earth,—
 Known to the islands of the distant sea.
 Come ! let us woo the waters, and repair
 To Asia's pleasant gardens, where the palm
 And fig-tree flourish ; and the gentle air,
 Laden with citron, yields perpetual balm.
 In this sweet Isle-of-France is seen the grave,—
 Crowned with the evergreen,—where HARRIET^s
 sleeps.
 What tender thoughts speed o'er the Indian wave,
 Where pilgrim Love for her fond vigil keeps !
 What thousands, roused from sleep, have caught
 Love's flame !
 What thousands more its influence shall confess,
 Woke by the thrilling music of her name,—
 And venture all—the heathen world to bless !

Unhappy India ! — empire of the sun ! —
 Rich in the gifts of nature, yet undone.
 Toil has been given, with many prayers for thee,
 That thou from error's bondage mayst be free.
 Yet time rolls on ; — in billows deep and long,
 The tide rolls on, — two hundred millions strong, —
 Emptying those waves of life into the sea
 Of shoreless, fathomless eternity.

To urge thee downward in thy course of wo,
 Hear it, high Heaven ! and wonder, Earth below !
 The Christian lends his influence, and for gain
 Adds one more link — the strongest — to thy chain.
 Thy native youth, by Europe's science taught,
 Obtain, blest boon, the privilege of thought ;
 And seeking truth — which only maketh wise —
 Detect old frauds and superstitious lies ;
 And caste, and priest, and rite, at once despise.
 Yet led not by philosophy to drink
 At higher streams, they loiter on the brink
 Of these low waters, thirsty. Who will show
 The young inquirers where those fountains flow,
 Of which, who drink, though searching long in vain,
 Shall thenceforth live, and never thirst again ?
 Yonder it comes ! — instruction from the West !
 Gleaned from the dregs of poison that infest
 Decaying France ; the precepts of Voltaire,
 And Paine's vile gatherings of the pit are there ;
 Sent out by men who tread this hallowed strand, —
 This free and favored, boasting Christian land, —
 Who, rather than their dreadful gains forego,
 Would doom their race to everlasting wo.

Better, far better, that the Hindoo lay,
 A blinded votary, still, to senseless clay,
 Or sculptured stone :—for him it had been well ;
 He had not found, at last, so deep a hell.

So have I heard, on some rude, barbarous coast,
 Where ships are wrecked and mariners are lost,
 If one, perchance, is rescued from the wave,
 "Tis but to find on land, a surer grave ;—
 The robber meets him, nor regards his prayer,
 But murders whom the seas and tempests spare.

Joy to the world ! — the isles that ages saw
 Vassals of sin, now wait Messiah's law.
 Forth to their toil the missionaries go,
 Gladly to lessen human guilt and wo.
 God goes before them, freely to prepare
 The way in pagan lands, Salvation's highway there.
 And while breaks on them, cloudlike, Oahu,
 They hear the far-off cry,—“ the tabu's o'er !
 The altar and the God demolished too,
 What Deity shall come to Obookiah's shore ? ”

He comes ! He comes ! whose mission 'tis to save,
 And raise the vilest from pollution's grave.
 And at the music of His voice, the brand
 Of death drops powerless from the assassin's hand.
 She, that, inhuman, would to burial give
 Her living babe, consents the babe shall live.

The feeble parent, sick, or worn with age,
 Is left no more to glut some monster's rage.
 The tear is shed, and heaves the contrite's sigh,
 Instead of strife, and Pe-le's frantic cry.
 And stealing o'er the plain and lovely dell,
 How strangely sweet! — is heard the Sabbath bell.
 The word proclaimed, the Spirit comes in power; —
 'Tis love's reward, — 'tis heaven's rejoicing hour.

And what shall mar this picture? — Blasts from hell
 May not destroy what God secures so well.
 And who of men, if devils fail, can dim
 These ocean-jewels, fashioned thus, for Him?
 What savage lands? — nay, savage they were not
 That furnished cargoes of the bane, to blot
 These pleasant gardens from the southern deep,
 And leave the Christian, patriot, man, to weep
 For desolation, wrought along this shore,
 Known to the elder, sister group before.
 From polished climes the dreadful besom came
 To sweep these islands; and the guilt and shame
 Lie at the doors of holy men, whose sum
 Of cash and sin is swelled by cursed New-England
 rum.⁶

Cross the Pacific to our western coast,
 And vice of darker hue shall meet thee. Boast
 No more of Christian courtesy; — behold!
 How fiendlike, man, — in villainy, how bold!

The poor Nez Perces, from their Oregon
 Yearly allured to guilty towns, are won
 To foul intemperance and lust ; — then, fraught
 With seeds of sin, are to their kindred brought ;
 Returned, to poison with pestiferous breath
 The simple hordes, and scatter moral death.⁷

Give us the holy Book, said they,
 Whose writing tells of hope and heaven :
 Our lot is sad, and dark our way ;
 May not the blessed star of day,
 To cheer the Indian's path, be given ?

Ye've urged us to the farthest West,
 From hunting-ground, and teeming river :
 Your corn grows on our mother's breast, —
 We're trodden down, abused, oppressed,
 And Manitoo will not deliver.

We'll look to lands that may be ours,
 Of running streams, and forests vernal ;
 Where brave men, in those happy bowers,
 Pass, joyfully, the white-winged hours
 That brightly link the years eternal.

We want the Book that shows the way, —
 The guide to poor, lost wanderers given ; —
 'Twill make us glad, while here we stay ;
 The white man's blessed star of day
 Shall lead the Indian to his heaven.

The white man, with beguiling talk,
 Allured the Indian to his city,
 Where crime is seen in shameless walk,
 And mad intemperance doth stalk,
 And glares the eye that knows not pity ;

Then thrust him thence, a ruined one,
 An outcast, loathsome, and heart-broken ;
 He begs once more,—the wretch, undone,—
 The holy Book that warns to shun
 Such wo, of heavenly love the token ;

His *cards* the white man proffered then,—
 Hell's printed leaves ; at such endeavor
 Of wickedness, beyond *his* ken,
 The devil blushed, yet triumphed, when
 He saw the victim lost for ever.

Spirit of Missions, wake !—thou art awake
 If we may Popery trust. See, where they break
 Away, in locust swarms, from fruitful Rome,
 To rear the papal throne in Freedom's home ;
 And teach our sons to own a foreign power ;
 Our daughters take, with modesty's rich dower,
 And wed them to the Lord. Yea, bind the free
 With magic influence of Saint Peter's key !
 Yet, would you learn their fitness, and how wise
 Are such to win the young, a sketch may well suffice.
 If e'er to classic Italy you go,
 Look at the schools which good Borromeo,

Milan's archbishop, founded. Popery keeps
 Its vigils there, while better precept sleeps.
 Sunday is chosen ; yet not Sunday schools
 Deem these, though subject to religion's rules.
 Behold them in the vast cathedral, where,
 Sexes apart, they sit with solemn air,
 And listen, as the skilful priest explains
 The sinner's loss, — the devotee's sure gains.
 No Bible in the pupil's hand is seen, —
 No library book adorns his desk of green.
 And yet some guerdon waits the heavy task
 Of due attendance. From kind Heaven ask
 These priests indulgences for sin, to pay
 The hireling scholars on each Sabbath day.
 And, without sigh, or penitential grief,
 Scores are wiped out by the old pontiff's brief ;
 Then homeward troop they, — mingling smiles and
 tears, —
 Absolved, some five, and some five hundred years.⁸

Dear native land ! 'tis said, in Heaven's decree,
 That glorious things are spoken yet of thee.
 That to fulfil some high intent, God gave
 Thy early fathers passage o'er the wave ;
 And led those pilgrims on their stormy way,
 His ark to shelter in yon wintry bay.
 Where they, obscure, despised, in very need,
 Planted in these rude hills most precious seed.
 And watched its growth, and watered well its root,
 And saw it redolent of leaves and fruit, —

Till, their faith realized, the giant tree
Has stretched its hundred arms from sea to sea.

Has Heaven done this,— and shouldst not thou
engage
In strife for Heaven, and its last battle wage ?
Shouldst thou not speed salvation's message, thus,
As widely, freely, as the common curse ?
In every spot where wasting sin has rule,
Plant God's own nursery, the Sunday school ?
Give to his Bible wings, and bid it go
Where guilt is found, and guilt's companion, wo ?
Nor stay thy labor till the Eternal Son
Smiles on a world to his dominion won ?

Is Wealth required ? Of earth's superfluous gold,
A mite would win her back to Jesus' fold.
Its fountains are not sealed ; — yon playhouse shows
When folly calls for wealth, it freely flows.
Is talent, time, or zeal required ? — all these
That playhouse has, at full command, to please.
See there, for sin, how willingly engage,
With all the heart, the votaries of the stage !
Who strut and trifle, mock and laugh away,
In mimic joy an sorrow, life's poor day.
Thousands they've lulled with pleasure's syren
song,
Ten thousand witched to death by sorcery strong.
What bitter tears have wretched fathers shed
O'er manly sons,— of promise, early fled,—

What stricken mothers, silently, have laid
 A broken heart to rest, where tomb-flowers fade,
 For lovely daughters, sunk away in shame,
 Allured, betrayed ; for ever lost their name,
 Amid enticements of the playhouse, where
 The soil is sin,— pollution's breath the air ;
 What hopes, what bliss, what prospects of earth's
 good,
 What gold, what pearls, what bodies, souls, this flood
 Of vast iniquity has gorged, none may
 Or count, or guess ; the last revealing day
 Will to the world, in the world's pyre-light, show
 What wealth was whelmed in this abyss of wo.⁹

Is Chivalry required, which youth inspires ?
 'Tis here, indeed, though lawless are its fires.
 In honor, nice, it calls aloud for blood,
 And will obtain it,— spite of man or God.
 From yonder capital ye heard its cry,
 When for their idol, fools agreed to die.
 When was forgotten each appealing claim
 Of right or country,— wife and child,— a name
 Was periled, and in contest for a shade,
 Forth went the duellist on high crusade.¹⁰

Yes, ye are honorable, all,
 In Congress, there's no doubt ;
 Your chivalry *we* may not call
 In question, who are out.

Oh, no ! and yet there's fresh, warm blood
 Upon your hands to-day ;
 And earth has drunk the purple flood
 Its streams can't wash away.
 Blood, too, which in their coward haste,
 Men, who from conscience shrink,
 Have dared, like Druids, damned, to taste,
 And given their god to drink.
 Shame ! where's thy blush ? we saw it, when
 We searched some felon's cell ;
 But with such honorable men,
 Shame may not, cannot dwell !

I saw the deck of the tall vessel, when
 'Twas place of interest to God and men.
 Her sails, all loosened to the ready breeze,
 Her pennons, pointing to the distant seas,
 Told us, the graceful traveller, under weigh
 For foreign climes, must shortly cleave the bay.
 And who are these that gather round her ? some
 Are whispering solace — others, grief makes dumb.
 That old man, on the verge of heaven, takes
 Farewell of him, who sire and home forsakes.
 The bride is there — a tender, gentle girl,
 Lost for the moment in the varying whirl
 Of sorrow, joy, and blessed hope, as sever
 Those who on earth again shall mingle never.
 She hangs upon her mother ; — who may tell,
 Oh, holy nature, what strong feelings swell

Within that mother's bosom ! And they go,
Where mercy guides, to nations sunk in wo.
Yet think not 'tis in sorrow,—that hour's bliss
Comes from another world ; 'twas never known to
this.

That youth will labor, suffer there, in strife
With idol powers. That female will her life
Yield up,—if need be,—where the banyans bloom,
Where no kind kindred hand may deck her tomb,
Where savage beasts, or men, more savage, roam,—
Far from her much loved Massachusetts home ;
And the sweet sympathies which bless her lot,
Who languishes and dies in the dear spot
That saw her birth. The cloud of canvass spread,
The ship departs ; the mission-path they tread.
Yet one last word, last wish expressed, (it swells
Along the whisper of their sad farewells,)
Asks, when of prayer we taste the soothing power,
We'll ne'er forget them,—never, in that hour.

Welcome, the hour of interceding prayer !
Welcome, the place of precious concert ! where,
With one accord, the Christian suppliants meet,
And lay the heathen world at Jesus' feet.
The flame, lit up on the far Sandwich shore,
Catches from land to land, and passes o'er
Ocean and continent, till, like a robe
Of glory, prayer encompasses the globe.

Yet deem not prayer, or gold will ever win
 Earth from the grasp of unrelenting sin.
 Not these alone ; — there must be quenchless zeal,
 And love untiring, — which like love can feel,
 And toil, as Love did ; gladly, wholly, so
 That heaven, all love, may dwell with men below.

Think not the work is done, or well nigh done ;
 To “pray and pay” some few days, and the Son
 Will surely enter on his kingdom — No !
 The mighty toil is but commenced ; and think,
 How little is accomplished ! — On the brink
 Of ruin, yet how many millions stand !
 How few, alas, of that immortal band
 Will reach immortal life ! — who of us, then,
 Delays exertion for these fellow men ?
 Oh, while we linger, lingers not death’s power ;
 And hell has won its thousands in this hour !

Thou precious Gospel ! power is seen in thee,
 From every yoke, to set all captives free.
 Where thy pure influence is truly felt,
 Spurned are all idol gods to which man blindly knelt.
 Hark ! to a voice o’er glad Caribbean waves,¹¹
 Telling that men walk forth, no longer slaves.
 The fetters broke, — for ever unconfined,
 Henceforth expatiates the immortal mind, —
 Doing, what mind, free as its Giver, can,
 To prove the affinity of God to man.

'Tis much, that now the tiller of the soil
 Shall henceforth reap the harvest of his toil ;
 'Tis much — no longer in the world alone,
 He feels home's treasures are indeed his own.
 No tyrant's hand shall on his wife be laid,
 No ruffian dealer in his children trade ; —
 Nor to the cord and whip shall subject be
 The body, — yea, 'tis more, — the soul is free !
 The soul, once bought with priceless blood, and sold
 By man, unblushingly, for sordid gold.
 What earthquake cry has on that prison broke,
 And from the guiltless captive loosed the yoke ?
 The same strong voice that rocked Philippi's cell,
 Has wrought Emancipation work, so well !
 The Gospel's influence stooped to melt the chain,
 And bring up man to sit with men again.
 Oh, speed it, then ! till on *our* millions fall
 Its warmth and light, which play upon the wall
 Of their sad dungeon, and, barred out by sin,
 As yet, with blest deliverance, shine not in.

Spirit of Missions ! art thou not still found
 Within this presence, awfully around !
 Spirit of Missions ! hast thou not a throne
 In some hearts here, accepted as thine own,
 That burn to herald the Redeemer's name,
 In far off lands ; content with pain and shame,
 Sickness and sorrow — death itself — if they
 Might win some souls where wretched millions
 stray ;

And lay their bones in some unnoticed grave,
Where Burmah's gardens bloom, or Jordan's palm-trees wave ?

What recollections crowd upon ye still,—
Ye who inquire, and learn your Master's will,¹⁹
As, often gathering in these sacred halls,
Ye counsel, pray, and ponder o'er the calls
From the far heathen ! Oh, how kindly, then
Comes on the heart remembrance of the men
Who sat where thus ye sit, in like employ,—
Redemption their high theme — its work their joy !
Where are they ? Memory repeats it, “where !”
The sea has some, and some sepulture share
With the poor Hindoo : — will ye follow, too ?
The foe is strong — our warriors are but few.

Jericho, when the trump of jubilee
Rang round her walls the anthem of the free,
Trembled to her vast centre. Reeling, fell
Rampart and tower, as by some mighty spell.
God did it. Vain that Levite trumpeter,
With holy ark, should seven days compass her.
Not these ! not these ! His own Almighty blast
Her pomp and glory did to ruin cast ;
Yea, swept from earth her very name, that none
Of her rebellious seed might glean a stone.
Thus will it ever be. The only song —
Bewildering devils with its heavenly call —
At whose high summons gates shall open wide,

Walls crumble, and from Satan's captive throng
 The dreadful fetters shall for ever fall,
 Is that of Freedom : — Go, ye heralds, go !
 And strong in Israel's God, — in God, who died
 To free a world, — salvation's trumpet blow.

“ Come ! ” cry the nations, deeply sunk in wo ;
 Go ! — for a secret voice hath bid you “ Go.”
 Yes, and another voice speaks from the tomb,
 Just closed o'er talent, worth, and youthful bloom.
 He speaks, who yesterday assumed the shield,¹³
 Here, in your ranks, prepared to take the field,
 And of his weapon made one proof below.
 He from his coffin speaks, and bids you “ Go ! ”
 Yes, from his glory says, “ Brief life — well trod
 Its path of DUTY — surest leads to God ! ”

Pass on, ye hours ! Oh, haste to joyful birth,
 Thou day ! so long foretold, when ruined earth —
 The only planet on which rays divine,
 Of love, complacent, do not fully shine, —
 The only star of all the glittering train
 That onward rolls, and seems to roll in vain, —
 Shall be restored to His exalted sway,
 Whom atoms serve, and worlds immense obey.

It comes ! it comes ! — already I behold
 Millennial splendors to all lands unrolled.
 Issuing in glory from her night of woes,
 What wondrous scenes doth earth to heaven disclose !

Sin, the destroyer, and its fruits, unknown,—
Religion treads an Eden now her own.
What millions gather at the hallowed time,
When labor pauses at the Sabbath's chime !
What little ones are grouped, in flocks, untold,
Within the Sabbath School's delightful fold !
And every lamb, led by the Shepherd, seen
By sparkling founts, in fields of living green.
No hastening heralds search the heathen world ;
On every hill, behold ! the Cross unfurled.
Peace o'er the nations in rich beauty shed,
One family of love,—one Church,—one Head ;
And earth returned from bondage, guilt and tears,
A weary wanderer of six thousand years !

NOTES.

1. Sparks's American Biography.

2. Andover Theological Seminary, where this poem was delivered.

3. In connection with Messrs. Newell, Judson, Nott, and Hall, he held frequent consultations on this momentous subject, which resulted in a resolution to combine their exertions for effecting a mission to foreign lands. There is a beautiful grove that spreads itself in the rear of the buildings of the Andover Theological Seminary; and "along that shady walk," says one of his fellow missionaries, "where I have often walked alone, Mr. Mills has frequently been my companion, and there urged the importance of missions to the heathen. And when we had reached some sequestered spot, where there was no fear of interruption, he would say, — 'Come, God can guide us right; let us kneel down and pray; ' and then he would pour out his soul in ardent supplication for the blessing of God, and the guidance of his Holy Spirit." — *Life of Samuel J. Mills.*

4. St. Augustine, that sublime genius, that illustrious father and great luminary of the church, whose fame filled the whole Christian world in the latter part of the fourth, and beginning of the fifth century, was, till his 28th year, only a "bitterness to her that bore him." From his own subsequent confession, he was deaf to the voice of conscience; he broke away from all moral restraints, and spent his youth amid scenes of baseness and corruption. But in all his wanderings, that depraved young man was followed by a *weeping, praying mother*. Her tears, on his

account, watered the earth, and her prayers went up as incense before God. "It is not possible," said a certain bishop, in reply to her importunity, that he would endeavor to reclaim her son,— "Good woman, it is not possible that a child of such tears should perish." And at length the son himself carried to his praying mother the news of his conversion, and she received "the oil of joy for mourning," and "the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."— *Mother's Magazine*.

5. **Harriet Newell.**

6. The introduction of New England rum into the Society and Sandwich Islands, (sent out, too, by professors of the Christian religion,) has accomplished much for the hindrance of the Gospel among the abused natives.

7. *Astonishing Disclosure.*— A friend has put into our hands, for publication, the following extract of a letter from Rev. Mr. Spaulding, missionary on Columbia river, dated Feb. 16, 1837. The truth of the disclosures cannot be doubted, although they are almost too wicked to be believed :—

"Even at this great remove from the fountains of moral corruption, a small rivulet, now and then, may be seen. Every year, a greater or less number of Nez Perces are taken to St. Louis, and return, (if their constitutions outlive the storms of intemperance and licentiousness,) to scatter the seeds of moral death among their unsuspecting countrymen. Nor have I yet, I fear, caused to be burnt all the *PACKS OF CARDS* which have *been sold for the Bible* to the inoffensive people, long seeking for, and offering any price to get hold of that precious book. So the devil is found in sheep's clothing, even on the Rocky Mountains. They tell me they have sometimes given a horse for a pack of cards, which, they were told, was positively the Word of God ; but which they now call *the book from below*. They say they have, for some time, distrusted the men that would bring "fire water" to the mountains, drink it, and then kill each other."— *Boston Courier*.

8. Rev. Daniel Wilson's Tour through Europe.

9. The infidel philosopher, Rousseau, declared himself to be of opinion that the theatre is, in *all cases*, a school of vice.— Though he had himself written for the stage, yet, when it was proposed to establish a theatre in the city of Geneva, he wrote against the project with zeal and great force, and expressed the opinion that every friend of pure morals (and of youth) ought to oppose it. Alas, that which infidelity has condemned as a fruitful source of corruption and shame, is publicly advocated and patronized in our midst,—yea, more,—vindicated and patronized by some professing godliness!

10. "The wind was so high that they could not shoot with accuracy;—else the same fate might have fallen to Mr. Graves. But, sir,

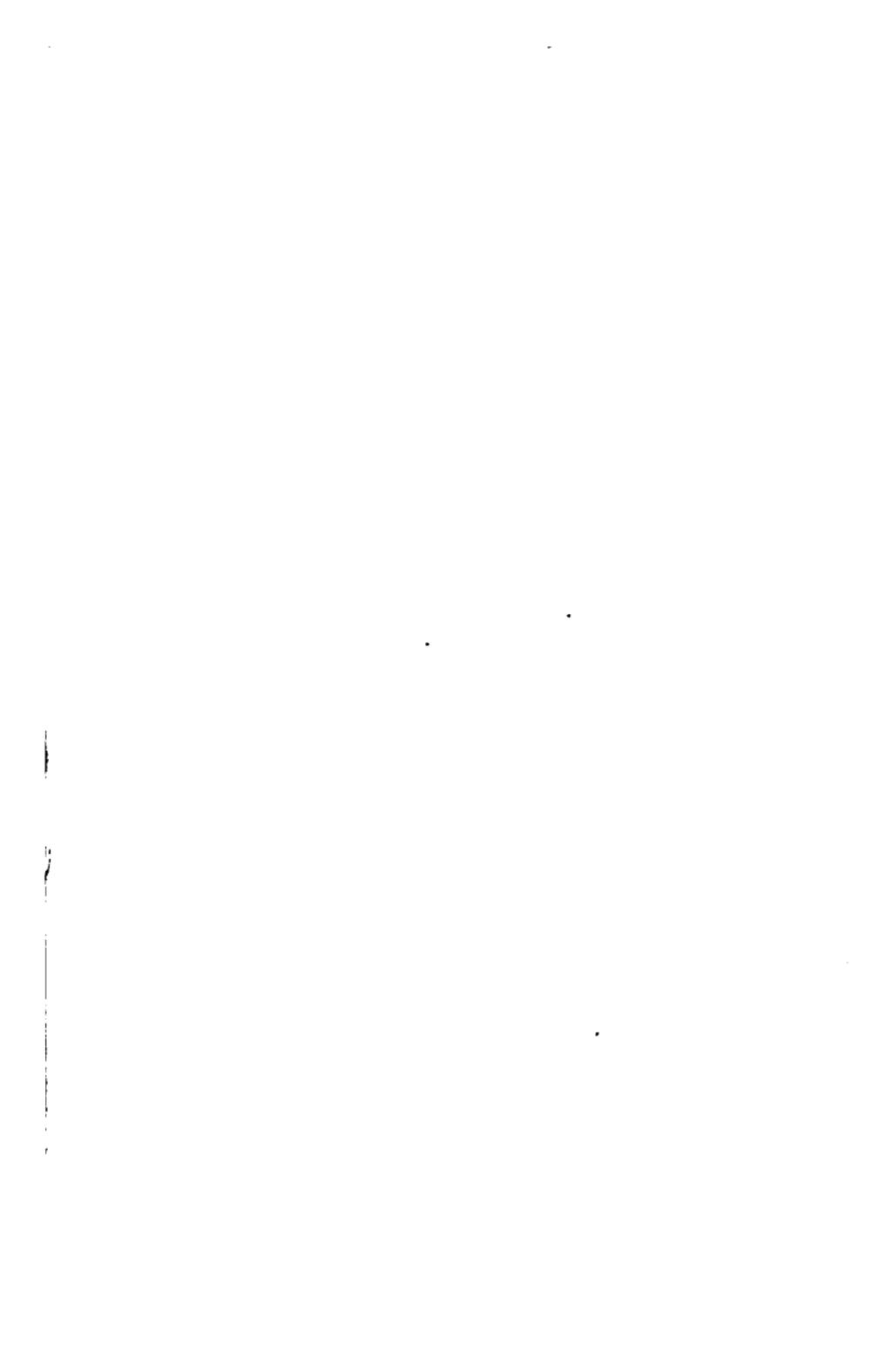
Happy was he that died;
For many deaths will the survivor die.

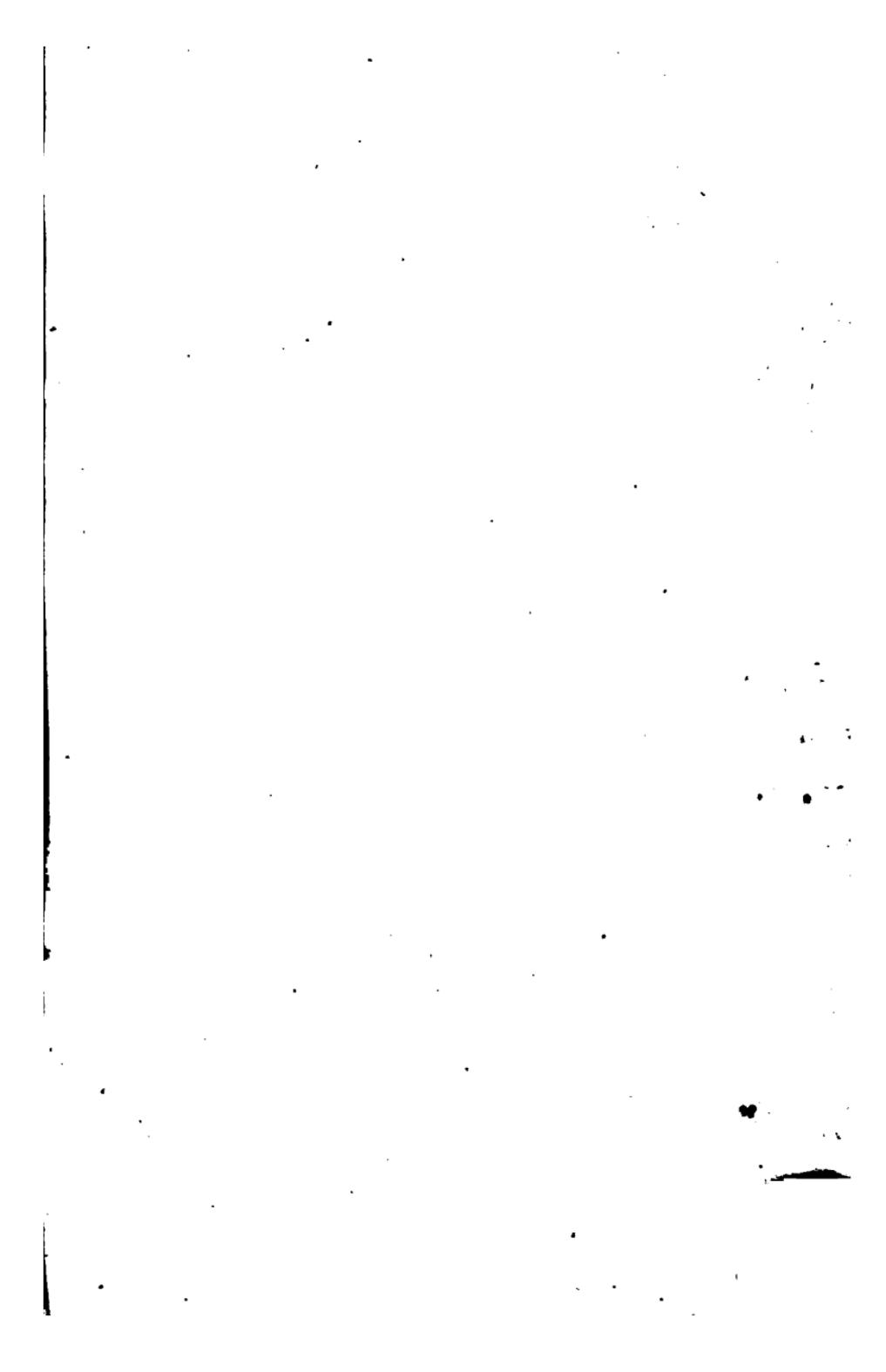
"There is not an *honorable* man living, who knows all the circumstances, that would not, at this moment, prefer the situation of Mr. Cilley, stiff and cold as he is, to that of his antagonist, and of his antagonist's seconds, who perpetrated his *MURDER*."—*Correspondent of the New York Gazette.*

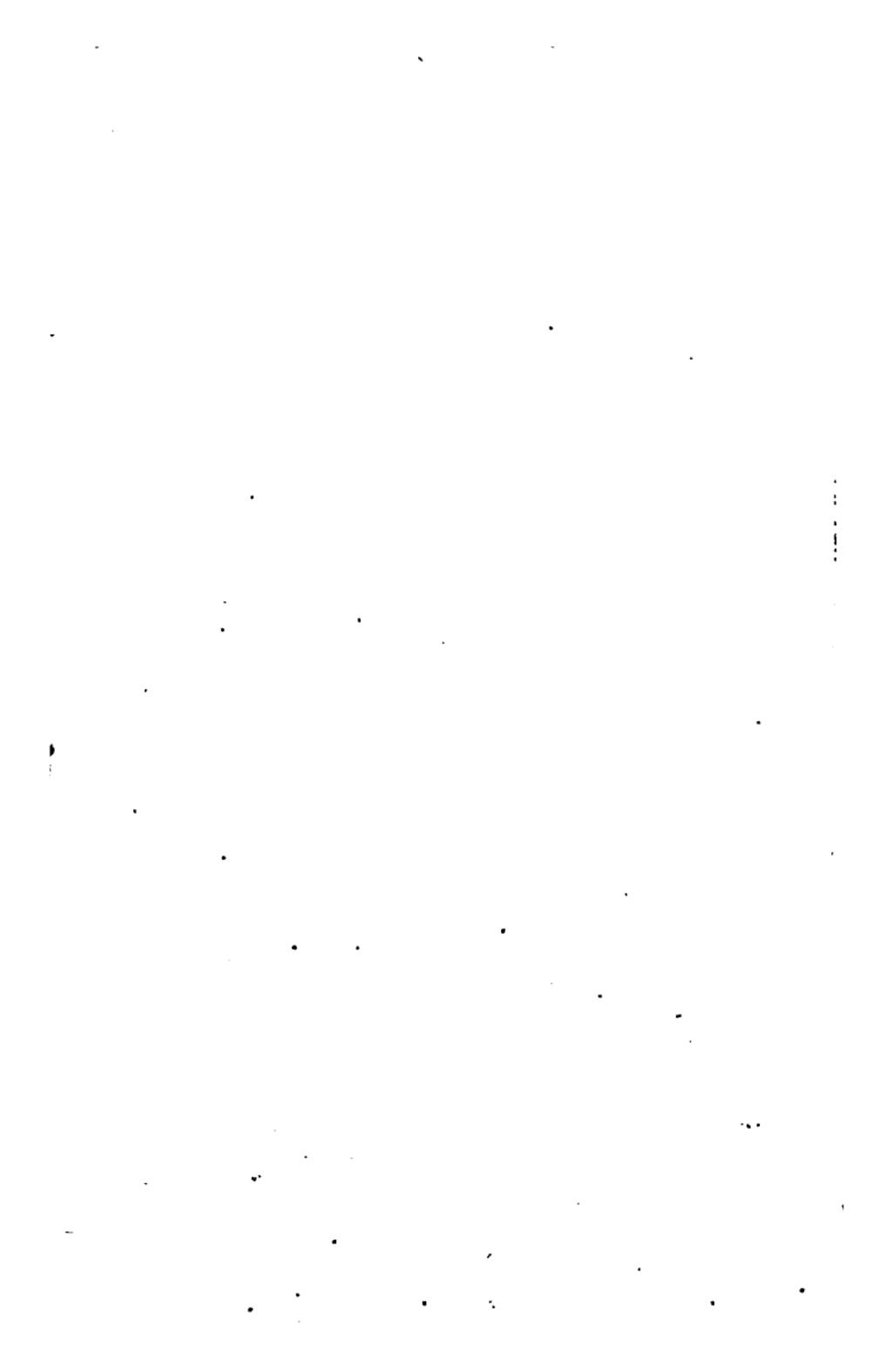
11. The glorious First of August, 1838.

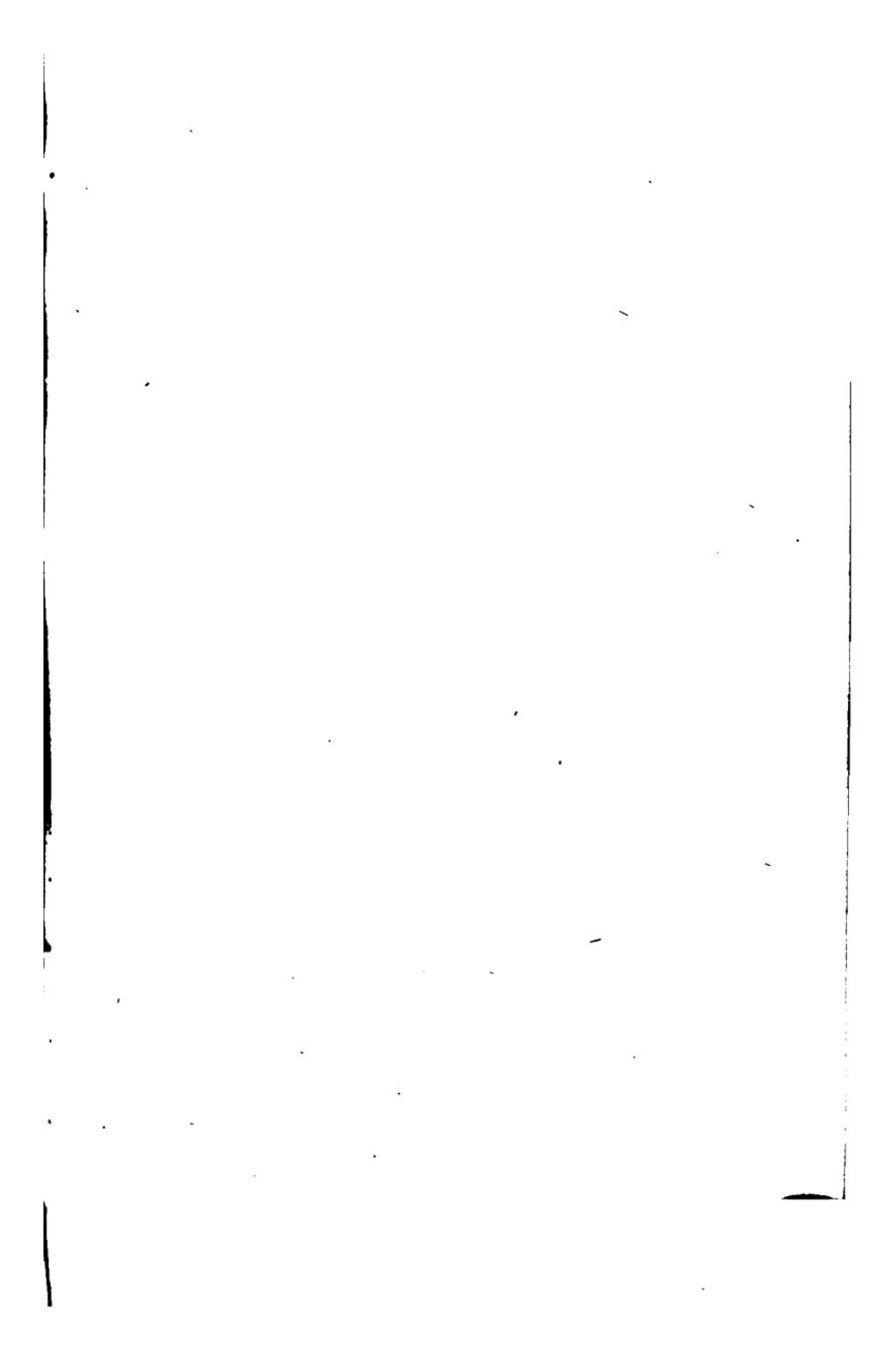
12. Society of Inquiry on Missions.

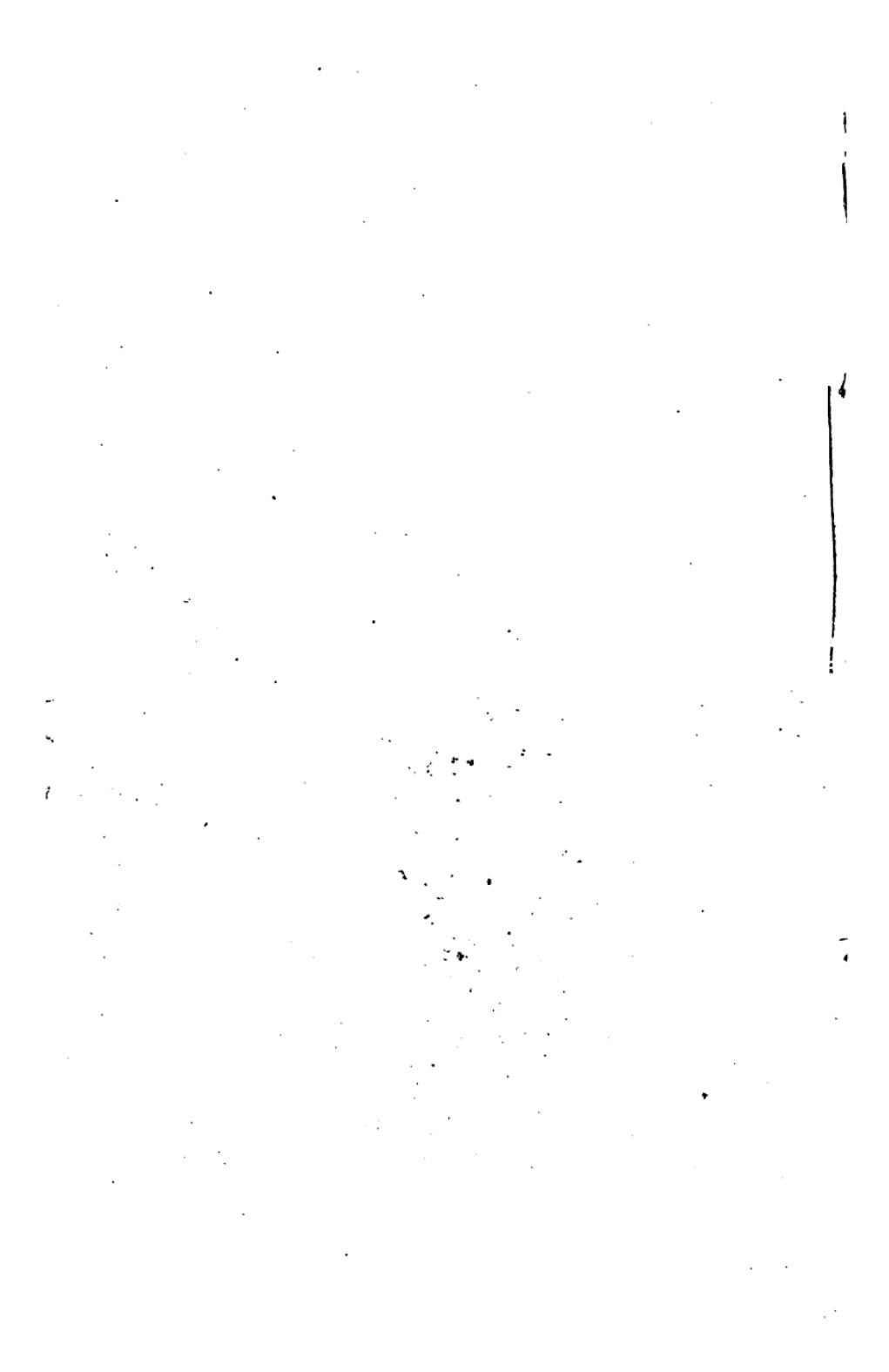
13. Mr. Homer Taylor, member of the senior class at the Theological Seminary, at Andover, recently preached his first and last sermon, in the chapel of the Institution, and then entered into the joy of his Lord.











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